2 vols
02247 8.50

A SECOND SCRAP BOOK

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TORONTO

A SECOND SCRAP BOOK

BY

GEORGE SAINTSBURY

Always we pay for our whistles : and sometimes the payment is heavy.

MARTINUS REDIVIVUS, *Philosophia Banalis.*

MACMILLAN AND CO., LIMITED
ST. MARTIN'S STREET, LONDON
1923

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PRINTED IN GREAT BRITAIN

PREFACE

Most people who know anything worth knowing have heard, I hope, of the agreeable Irish member (I am ashamed to confess that I myself am at the moment not sure of his name) who many years ago delighted the House of Commons by remarking that other people might fear the *Times*, the *Morning Post*, the *Saturday Review*, etc., but that for his part the Press had no terrors for him, except those wielded by the *Skibbereen Eagle*. Since the appearance of the first of these *Scrap Books* I have developed a *Skibbereen Eagle*, which has not the excuse of representing "constituents." For several months reviewers and private correspondents were so kind to me that

my finger-tips grew quite sore with touching wood, and I had constructed a whole liturgy of deprecation to Nemesis. They said my little books were quite nice ; they sent me sausages ; they even asked for *more* Scraps (whence this volume). Then in the sixth month arose the *Bloemfontein Friend*, and made itself a Court of Cassation in the most uncomfortable sense of that term. After one of the crafty ways of reviewers (who knows them if not I ?), it made nearly half its judgement a laudatory summary of the criminal's contrasted past. But "the venerable scholar" (a sort of brevet lay-archdeacon), "very nearly within the shadow of the eighties, has recently given to the world later works" (please note that plural). "The last is pathetically called *A Scrap Book*," the pathos apparently consisting in that it is "just a collection of scraps—odds and ends—many of them very musty—the sweepings of an old man's desk." ("Study-sweepings" one has heard of,

perhaps written of, but the broom in a desk is a strong measure surely !) Then the *Friend* becomes quite a lachrymose friend, talks of "sadness," "mournful memories," and finally informs the once more venerable author that "this is a busy age ; and there are few who will be sufficiently interested to investigate this strange medley of fragments."

Well, well ! perhaps there was not much likelihood, from what I have read and heard of South Africa, of my writing a "best-seller" for Bloemfontein tastes.[1] But, you see, unluckily some other people and papers had got the start of this *Friend*, and had not only been sufficiently interested in the original "strange medley" to investigate it, but so left to themselves as to ask for another, which I had actually begun before the warning from the *ci-devant* Orange Free State reached me. So here goes—as vulgar little boys say. The *Friend* need not

[1] Johannesburg, in its *Sunday Times*, has since come nobly to my rescue !

read it—indeed I rather doubt whether it had read anything of the other except the Preface. There was, at any rate, no evidence of such reading. And from the plural above noted, and a mysterious reference to "empty *bottles*," I suspect my *Cellar* rather than my *Scrap* Book was the real offender. Pussyfoot never forgives.

Nonsense on nonsense, however, though it has some high authority, should not be carried too far, as being doubtful heraldry, and this *Second Scrap Book* requires hardly more Preface than the mention of the requests already referred to, and a modest hope that the requesters will not be too sorry they requested.

A word or two may, however, be added as to the opening, and individually most considerable, section of the book—the Oxford portions. "Request of friends"—friends with a very special right to ask—was rather strongly in evidence here, and the subject is one which, unless most unworthily handled, has generally

proved of some interest. I have no intention of making or provoking contrasts between "then" and "now," though of course I may have supplied some material for such things. But I think I may say that in my time a fair proportion of us were scholars; that the great body of us had learnt, or were learning, the supreme secret of playing the game in all things, so as to play it and not merely to win; and that so, with rare exceptions, we were gentlemen. When that can be said of any University, no more need be said or asked of it. But perhaps I may take the opportunity of reprinting, for the first time, the concluding words of an article I wrote many years ago for *Macmillan's Magazine* on University Novels and University Life:

"For there can or should be few passages in life with greater capabilities than that when a man is for the first time almost his own master, for the first time wholly arbiter of whatsoever sports and whatsoever studies he shall pursue;

and when he is subjected to influences, local, historical, sensual, and supersensual, such as might not only 'draw three souls out of one weaver,' but infuse something like *one* soul even into the stupidest and most graceless of boys."[1]

GEORGE SAINTSBURY.

1 Royal Crescent, Bath,
October 12, 1923.

[1] In *Scrap Book I.* there were only two articles which had appeared in print before. Here there would have been nothing old, except the above quotation and the brief note on the late Sir Henry Irving's Iago, had it not seemed not improper to reprint, by the kind permission of the Editor of *The Observer*, a paper (No. XLVIII.) on the *History of the Savile Club*, which appeared this summer (July 22). In regard to the important matter of bringing in other people by name, I have gone on the principle of mentioning in that way no one known to me as now alive, except persons already in one way or other known to the public. And I have endeavoured not to say anything ill-natured, though I may once or twice have had to say something not exactly *bonum*, of either the quick or the dead. Also in the opening pieces I have sedulously avoided the more formal particulars about my College which Warden Brodrick's and Mr. B. W. Henderson's books would have made it easy to "convey." Let me add a correction to p. 189 of *Scrap-Book I.* The author of the lines at the top was neither Lang nor Traill, but a most distinguished and, luckily, still living jurist.

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A SECOND SCRAP BOOK

I. *Oxford Sixty Years Since: I. Overture.*—On a fine spring morning in the year 1863, about noon of the day, two cavaliers—that is to say, one middle-aged clergyman of the Church of England and Oxford Don with one cheerful youth, his pupil and candidate for undergraduateship in the same University—might have been seen entering a bedroom in the *Three Cups* hostelry of the city so named. Oxford, alas! knows the *Three Cups* no more these many years past, its site being, I believe, occupied by a modern restaurant[1] a little short of Carfax as

[1] I once proposed to the late Mr. Thorley, not then Warden of Wadham, but Proctor, as I was paying him one guinea fine for dining at the *Mitre*, that the University should set up a restaurant of its own, by dining at which, if for any reason you did not wish to or could not dine in College, you could escape fines, yet at the same time profit that University itself. But

you come from the railway. The pair might, as far as surroundings went, almost have been "cavaliers" actual, in the special sense of that word, for the *Three Cups*, though small, retained the open yard, the gallery round it, and the bedrooms giving thereupon. In the particular dormitory they found another youth, in bed at that surprising time, and there was much laughter on both sides. But the recumbent member of the party had the best reason for laughing, inasmuch as his visitors had come to tell him that he had that same morning been elected to a Postmastership at Merton College, and that he ought to be calling on his Warden at that moment.

The reason for this incongruity was not altogether insufficient, as another word-picture (this narrative really ought to be illustrated)

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he did not "see" it; and in all the subsequent changes I think it has not been "seen," though so much better than most of them. Perhaps I should add that my suggestion was not a mere piece of "cheek." I had met Thorley at breakfast or wine with my tutor William Sidgwick, and, our pecuniary and statutory relations of the moment once settled, was quite entitled to speak as acquainted man to man or "as between two gentlemen"—like Peter Simple and the Captain.

will show. Not very long before, had a spectator been standing by the barges [1] he might have observed a young gentleman walking, not on the waves, but on the bottom of Isis, fully, as far as could be judged, clothed in ordinary raiment, but dripping as to his unmerged person like a river-god, holding his hat and a paddle in one hand, and towing by its painter a canvas canoe with the other. It is hardly necessary to say what had happened. The examination had finished the day before, and after other devices for passing the time till the fateful declaration, the candidate, not exactly unaccustomed to wield oar and scull, but chiefly familiar with the tub-skiffs of the Serpentine or the dinghies of the sea, had dared the more treacherous vessel and been spilt. There was no great harm done, for it was the vac., and there was nobody about save boatmen, grinning, but quite amiable, especially after being tipped. The weather was

[1] Which I have lived to see called, in a paper of high standing, "house-boats"!

warm, the water ditto, as well as low, and the distance to be "*dripped* through the public street" from the gate of the meadows by Christ Church to the *Three Cups* not great. But the adventurer was of course drenched literally to the skin, and, being in Oxford only for some three or four days, he had not brought full changes of inner raiment with him. Therefore a middle-aged and highly respectable chamber-maid (the *Three Cups*, despite its antiquarian charms, was rather a country farmer's inn than anything else) maternally suggested that for drying purposes and to avoid *the catch-cold*, he had better go to bed for an hour or so. This may sound molly-coddlish; but it is curious that while underclothing without upper is grateful and comforting, upper without under is nearly intolerable to unaccustomed flesh.

However, the dried garments made their appearances, and I (for it was I) went down to make my apologies and express my sense of the honour done me to Warden Marsham.

I need not tell any one who ever knew or heard of that very perfect specimen[1] of one of the best kinds of College "Heads" that I was not received by him as the then Dean of Christ Church or the then Rector of Lincoln would probably have received me. But it was impossible that he should not amiably and paternally suggest that, on the whole, it was well to know something about the management of boats and other things before going too far in experimenting with them. At any rate I went to town next day (as how many have gone before me and

[1] How much of a scholar he was I do not know; but he was very much of a gentleman. Indeed there was a wicked legend that a certain tutor, asked why he took a living and went down, said, "Well, you see, the Warden is a gentleman, and he brings his friends' sons here, and they're gentlemen, and I'm not, and they know it, and it's hard to manage them." Anyhow he looked and played his part to perfection, and in two very different ways he deserved eternal fame. For he produced no less than three sons who, as cricketers, had hardly been surpassed by any three brothers in the history of the game; *and* he saved Merton Library, which is almost, if not quite, peerless of its kind in England. At least another legend ran that when, our new buildings being in contemplation, a College meeting had determined, by a narrow majority, to pull it down, he, by judicious use of the not unlimited powers of his office, got that meeting adjourned, telegraphed to certain truant fellows who were idling in Italy or elsewhere, and prevented the abomination.

since !) with a Calendar to read in the train, and decide exactly how many firsts it would be most suitable to take. And Fors Fortuna doubtless laughed and said (though, as is usual in such cases, I heard not her voice till long afterwards), "I have given thee this day two commodities—a scholarship and a spill : learn as much as thou wilt and profit as much as thou canst from *both*."

II. *Oxford Sixty Years Since : II. The Scene.* —The College to which I went up in October 1863—myself being not quite eighteen years old [1] and itself not quite six hundred—was not a little different in structure and extent from what it is now. "The Grove"—the unbuilt-on space between the old buildings and the path to the meadows—was, indeed, cut down to a mere slice, and "Butterfield's Packing-Case," as the new building was contumeliously called, was being erected. But the Hall had not been

[1] And therefore not fit, according to some more modern ideas, to be served in public with a glass of the mildest beer for nearly a week afterwards !

rebuilt, and many years were to pass before St. Alban's Hall was to be absorbed into the College, the Warden's house removed from between the two and resurrected palatially across the road, and the whole so much altered and enlarged that, being a great dreamer, I have sometimes in dreams lost my way about a Merton filling all the space between street and river, and composed of endless quads, gardens, and the waste spaces so frequent in Dreamland. But it was then still the "right little, tight little College" of its song, and possessing

> Three quads and a garden,
> Four scouts and a Warden,

not a few non-resident fellows and a "Dons' Quad" sacred to its eponyms, with about forty undergraduates, almost equally divided between Postmasters,[1] Exhibitioners, and Bible Clerks on the one hand and commoners on the other.

[1] It may not be too officious to remind some readers that "Postmaster" is simply a corruption of "Portionista," a special name, like "Demy" at Magdalen, "Taberdar" at Queen's, etc., for the status on the Foundation more generally termed "Scholar."

The remarkable external beauty of the Dons' Quad, projecting to the meadows, was rather set off than spoilt by the remarkable and then stark-naked ugliness of its new neighbour, and the Chapel was what it fortunately still is—in appearance at least. I have sometimes wondered whether, if I had Aladdin's Lamp, I would remove Corpus, shut up the lane, and build a nave and et ceteras to the present adorable choir and transepts. But Corpus (though it did reject me as a fellow) is a highly respectable place,[1] and it would be unfair (though there might be a tunnel ?) to make people go round to the meadows by St. Aldate's or the Botanic Garden. Moreover, what is there that is finished and still has the charm of the unfinished ?

At the time of which I am speaking our Chapel was also the parish church of a tiny parish hardly extending, I think, beyond Merton Street.

[1] It offers, or did offer, luncheon to candidates for its fellowships—an exercise of politeness and hospitality unique in my rather large and not lucky experience of that situation, though I don't think I availed myself of it.

What precise inconvenience this caused—for there was naturally an entrance from the street, and there were, and I think are, gates between Chapel and College—I do not know. The living was, of course, in the gift of the College, and the incumbent was, I suppose, always one of the College chaplains. Also there was one practical convenience—undesigned and, indeed, not favoured by the authorities—that if you were late for Chapel and had not time to go to your rooms, there were, in a sort of *armoire*, parochial surplices which you could borrow.

Strictly speaking, the gates and doors of the archway in "Mob Quad" leading to the Chapel, and of the Chapel itself, ought to have been locked every night. But this was by no means always the case; and in the usual night-wanderings[1]

[1] I am inclined to think that this tendency, accused by the Philistine as waste of time, is one of the priceless mysteries of College life. You are a sort of humble copy of the Wandering Knight:

"I ride from land to land,
I sail from sea to sea,"

or at least room to room. But *v. inf.*

you could sometimes climb the tower and venture along the low-parapeted path or gutter between choir-roof and wall. (A sleep-walker did this once, but Providence, and the wisdom of those who saw him and did *not* shout or interfere, brought him safe back, though the turn of the parapet at the east end was scarcely knee-high.) As for the services—which till late in my time were untampered-with Mattins and Evensong, and were in the winter lighted with candles only, leaving the great roof-space and the distant altar in a divine darkness—nobody, I suppose, compact of any imagination, can have forgotten the Latin versicles from the Book of Wisdom and the Hundred and Twelfth Psalm which ushered them. Part of these may close this paragraph infinitely better than any words of mine could :

V. Justorum animae in manu Dei sunt,

R. Nec attinget eos cruciatus.

As for the "garden," which the poet above

quoted from mentions, it was in his time I suppose, and in mine I know, rigidly, though I do not think in the least improperly, reserved for dons and their guests, at least by day. (At night there was a way into it by a lecture-room window, which somehow or other was always left unfastened or easily opened, and by this way you could range the outer world also if you did not mind a rather perilous step down from the north-east angle of the wall on to a quarter-circle of spiked rail.) The most famous and remarkable part of this garden was the terrace along the other wall looking down into the meadows—a place of great charm. Hither, at least in old summer days, the dons used to adjourn after dinner instead of to common-room, and take their fill of dessert and drink. And here was the scene of a famous story which, though some of my readers may know it, others certainly will not. It was formerly the laudable custom at Merton always to invite candidates for fellowships to dinner. (Scandal said it was either the

only examination or the chief part of it, and that asparagus, cherry-tart, and other manners-testing viands were always provided.) At any rate on one occasion the (in his day) almost celebrated Mr. Thorold Rogers, whose centenary some papers noticed within the present year, was a candidate, was so entertained, and adjourned with his hosts to the terrace. There (under what exact circumstances legends vary) he proceeded to hop along the length thereof. He was greeted on return with the famous speech in Herodotus, duly adjusted, "You have hopped yourself out of your fellowship," to which, of course, he had wits and courage enough (indeed he never wanted either[1]) to make the original

[1] It was a pity that Thorold Rogers had such a habit of making himself offensive. I have heard him slang an unfortunate club-servant in a way that would have done credit, or discredit, to Thackeray's Captain Shindy. But he could be quite pleasant and very amusing. There are persons besides myself, I hope, still living who must have heard him once at lunch, in the club referred to, tell how the ancient and estimable Miss Carpenter had "put him to the blush" by talking about the Contagious Diseases Act. The details are hardly reproducible here; but the zest of them, and the notion of that venerable virgin putting Rogers to the blush, *and*, perhaps most of all, that of his blushing under any circumstances whatever, made a

response, "Hippocleides doesn't care." It has, however, often struck me that both in that case and this a rather crushing retort was still open: "Then why did you take, and give, the trouble to go in for Agarista's[1] hand—or the Merton Fellowship?"

III. *Oxford Sixty Years Since: III. First Year.*—In its condition at the moment the College was, of course, extremely crowded, and I had to put up, for my first year, with a set of rooms once only[2] to be occupied again by any undergraduate, though it had always been a sort of initiating purgatory up to that time. It was to the right of the entrance gate as you entered,

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unique appeal. Merton, by the way, if it did not give him a fellowship, supplied him, I believe, with most important details for his valuable *History of Agriculture and Prices.*

[1] This, one of the prettiest of ancient girls' names, has never, to my knowledge, been "spotted" by racing or yachting owners.

[2] I had written "never"; but I subsequently came on a memorandum, "Valuation from Northcote"—the late Lord Northcote of Exeter—who must have had the use of my old chairs before he sat in those of Bombay and Australia (unless he followed me in my *second* set).

and opposite the porter's lodge, part of which, I believe, it now forms. One window of the set looked on the Chapel, which was satisfactory, and another on Merton Street, where "*Slap's* noise" came at night, and you could gratify thirsty outside friends with drinks through the bars that made no cage for hospitality. There was also nothing much the matter with the sitting-room. But the bedroom was a mere slice off it, so narrow that till the bed, which was hinged, was turned up by your scout after you got out of it, there was no room for him to put in your bath, and very little for yourself to wash and dress in. Also the arrangement had a contingent disadvantage which might have been serious. If you were subjected (as I once was) to the playful process of "drawing" (they call it "ragging" now, I believe) and abode in your bed, and if somebody turned it up with you in it, the hinge coincided so nearly with the probable position of your neck that you might easily (to adopt the words of the Laird of Auchinleck about

Cromwell and kings) discover that you "had a *lith* in it." But I never heard of any actual catastrophe of that kind having happened. Henry Kingsley, through the mouth of Mr. Charles Ravenshoe, does indeed declare that only a few years before my time "they raised the Devil at Merton"—and I can quite believe it, in the usual picturesquely metaphorical sense, but not literally, nor in any such homicidal form as that suggested above.

I am inclined to think that they were right to draw me, and I think also that the process was salutary and truly educational. Indeed I am bound to think so, for I have practised the verb myself in the active as well as suffered it in the passive voice. And in my case it was quite the right verb. I don't think I had made myself at all actively objectionable—the people who "drew" at night were quite amiable next day. But I was rather like a badger, the *animal specialiter drawabile*, in being shy and ungregarious. Now Merton was the most sociable of

colleges, as from its small numbers and the almost equal division, referred to above, of scholars[1] and commoners it was bound to be. Of anything like the snobbery depicted in *Tom Brown at Oxford* and other books there was not the slightest trace. One at least of our Bible Clerks was also one of the most popular men in College, and every man who came to it was not merely welcome, but positively expected, without definite invitation or election, to take an equal part in the life of the place as a matter of course. Being, as I have said, young and shy, rather poor, and only *day*-schooled, I did not at first quite adapt myself to the situation. But I was not in the least uncomfortable there, accustomed myself more and more to its ways, and more and more fell in love with Oxford and with it[2]—love which certainly was of the

[1] Or their equivalents.

[2] I have often, in fact always, thanked the goodness and the grace which sent me there. "O Saint!" said a great pal of mine once, "if you had gone to —— [never mind where], *what* a beast you would have been!" Observe the delicacy of the conditional—precluding *actual* bestiality, while it still conveys mild reproof and warning.

kind (often declared impossible) *pour toujours*. And I did a great deal of reading—possibly more than I should have done if I had been less of a badger and more of a boon companion. Also, fortunately, the man who had been elected to the first as I had been to the second Classical Postmastership, himself a Cheltenham man and a thoroughly sociable person, was on the best terms with his junior, and we spent a great deal of time together, while every term and almost every day my special circle widened. There were too, of course, old school-fellows of mine at other colleges ; and there was much walking and a little driving, and more than a little boating, chiefly on the upper, or "Freshman's," river, and the world went very well, though I was not as yet making quite the best of it.

A phrase above as to my being "rather poor" might seem to involve a reflection, which God avert, on Merton as being an expensive college. As a matter of fact it was quite the reverse.

I have only one or two actual "college bills" of detail in my possession now, but I remember comparing some of them with those of men at much "quieter" colleges, and finding that in nearly all respects—tuition, room-rent, "kitchen" and battels proper—we were let off not less but more easily. The fact is that the College itself was rich and generous. We were reputed to have the best dinners in Oxford—excepting only the strangers' table (*we* prided ourselves on having no such table, but being always ready to entertain of our ordinary) at Christ Church and, some said, Trinity. (But I knew no Trinity man then or for twenty years afterwards, though I have made up for that sin of ignorance since.[1]) Part of the secret of this was that there was a strict though unwritten rule (broken through, I regret to say, later) that no man should ever "take his name off" when he dined out, so

[1] Rather curiously the scholarship examination dates of that year for Merton and Trinity coincided, so that I could not have gone in for both. The modern plan of conjoint "exams" had not come in.

that there was always a full dinner. But the College must have subsidised, I think.

I do not remember what was the "kitchen" limit per term, *i.e.* the amount that you might expend on food sent to your own rooms for breakfast, lunch, and (if allowed) supper,[1] exclusive of bread, cheese, and beer.[2] It certainly was not stingy. But it was, of course, sometimes exceeded, and one instance of what one may call regulated excess may not be out of place. There was a man, a good neighbour and a very fair whist-player, who, though not in the least a glutton, had laid down for himself the rule that he would not breakfast with less than four dishes on the table. It reminds one a little of that last of the really "Princely" bishops of

[1] Did the practice, well known from Thackeray, of allowing elaborate dinners, supplied from the College kitchen, in a man's own rooms at Cambridge, ever prevail at Oxford? *We* could, by special leave, during the season of boat practice, have modest early dinners at mid-day, but nothing in the dinner way at night out of hall.

[2] These three staples of life you could, I believe, always obtain without any permit—the buttery being open in the evening at, I think again, 9 P.M.

Durham who always had dinner for twelve, even if he had not invited a single guest—the surplus going to the poor. (My friend's surplus went to the scouts, which is not quite the same thing, but they loved him for it.) Now this was in a way magnificent, but it was not quite in accordance with law. About half-way through term this Lucullulus naturally found himself "crossed off." Then he set forth with a note-book, and obtained permission from as many amiable and tolerably economical colleagues as there were weeks remaining to have his "kitchen" booked by the scouts to them at the rate of a week each, the expenses being honourably calculated and discharged.

Money alone, however, will not make a dinner, or any meal, good; and Merton was well provided with what, assisted by money, will do so. There may have been better college cooks than the excellent Mr. Betteris; but I don't believe there ever were. I cannot remember anything that was not done as well as it could be, but there

were two things really deserving the *ne plus ultra*. One was hare-soup and the other was dressed crab. Now Saint-Evremond, in a solemn discourse on food, excommunicates hare ; but as he joins with it "*all* brown meats except snipe," he was clearly a fanatic. And Beau Brummell, according to Thackeray (on what authority I know not), called it " coarse food " ; but the poor Beau was rather a fool. Of course if you take the grandfather of all hares, and cook him badly, and season him coarsely, and make him like blacking in one direction or blacking and water in the other, he can be offensive or uninteresting enough. But otherwise, otherwise. And the great Betteris's concoction was of such merit that I once got him (for which I think he respected me ever after) to make me a half-gallon jar of it, which I sent as a Valentine to one of my angels, whose soul loved savoury meat—as why shouldn't it ? Of course I accompanied it with a sonnet, rhyming " sip " and " lip," and discoursing on the felicity of the

hare's destiny in a manner not unworthy, I hope, of Queen Henrietta Maria's page when she took up her abode with us, or at least with our forerunners.

As for the dressed crab, I think that was reserved for the high table or for common-room. I only remember it when dining, by invitation, in the latter during my seniorest days.[1] This was right : it was too good for persons *in statu pupillari*, unless caught up for special and partial beatification. I never saw any other done like it. The crab was not, as usual, made into a stiff paste with other things and returned to its own shell—a process as to the delicacy and propriety of which I have always had doubts. The softer and some of the harder parts were made into a sort of *purée*, cunningly seasoned, for the hollow centre of the dish, and delicate pieces of claw—again "finished" somehow or

[1] I have been told that, lately, undergraduates (the story was not of Merton) have been asked to high table itself. I can't help thinking this as great a mistake as the invitation to dine in common-room is right and profitable.

other—were set round, the shell being itself decently discarded. One was almost afraid, while eating it, of the consequences of the "eels of Bolsena." But an equivalent of the *vernaccia* which accompanied or followed those, in the shape of some peculiarly excellent brown sherry, of which you never got more than half a glass (though a large one) at a time, banished fear. After all, Pope Martin must have met Matilda before now.

To return to (and dismiss) the subject of undergraduate dinner, I need, I hope, hardly say that Merton disdained the horrid habit—then not uncommon in Oxford colleges—of dealing out dinners in "commons" as if the consumer were a convict or a dole-taker—plate- or dishfuls of meat and vegetables put in front of your *eating*-plate, and transferred in knife- and forkfuls according to appetite. *Our* dinner-tables were the usual ones of the time in civilised society before *à la Russe* came in; and men carved what was before them, unless they chose

to order a scout to do it. And, as I have thankfully acknowledged in *Notes on a Cellar Book*, there was cheese and "Archdeacon" to follow.

"But what did they *teach* you?" will, I suppose, be the cry, at this point, of the average University Correspondent or Education Committee-member of to-day. Well, I am a declared heretic on matters of this sort. All the things I have just mentioned, from the Latin versicles at Chapel to the Archdeacon at dinner, and from the thirteenth — or fourteenth, was it?— century library to the wanderings at night, appear to me to be agents of education of the highest possible value, far more precious than the purest pearls of Pelmanism, and putting to scorn and confusion the cunningest tricks of Experimental Psychology. But I have not the slightest intention of allowing any slur to be cast on my tutors of that time. As I hinted in *Scrap Book I.*, I think that with us, and indeed in Oxford generally at that time, the invaluable

maxim, "Can't you let him alone?" was better attended to than it is now. I have heard of prescribing men's "books" for Mods and Greats instead of letting them exercise their taste and fancy on the University's lists; of fixing the time at which they shall "go in"; even of entering their names and paying examination fees for them, as if they were schoolboys.

Not thus was it in the consulship of Plank. But, especially up to Mods—for which, though the original time had already been shortened, a longer space than the present was, I think wisely, allowed, and the examination itself was correspondingly stiffer—even Honours men had to attend lectures, bring in compositions, etc., for the greater part of the morning, the afternoon being left for exercise, and the evening, except now and then, for work. My tutor in Scholarship was the late "Johnny" King, an expert in his subject (as more than one college knew, and profited by the knowledge), and a very good fellow, but rather shy and extremely pudibund.

This latter peculiarity exposed him to some awkwardnesses. For instance, on one occasion he gave me,[1] at the end of one composition lecture and as part subject for the next, a piece of Catullus to turn into English verse, indicating it only by *number*, not by subject or first line. Now when I came to " turn it up " in my rooms I found to my surprise that this number belonged to one of Caius Valerius's undoubted naughtinesses. It was not the " Directions to Ipsithilla," to which Algernon Charles Swinburne was in a short time to refer so prettily ; and I do not remember exactly which piece it *was*, but it was certainly one which the bad old barrister in *Pendennis* would not have missed when he came home from his club. The secret, of course, was that " Johnny " was supposing me to use an expurgated edition, a thing I have never done in my life if I could help it, and of which, in the

[1] In a delightful set of rooms, originally on two floors, but where some " rich *fellow* enough " had broken through the middle floor and thrown up a coved ceiling at the double height.

case of this earlier "Veronese," I didn't know that it existed. However, I exerted my best efforts not merely in metre, but in paraphrase and drapery, and (greatly wondering) read it next time to King. He got redder and redder as I proceeded, and said at last something like this: "Ahem!" [I never *knew* anybody say "Ahem," or indeed "Hum," but these are accepted transliterations of the untransliterable]. "You've—er—done it very neatly. But—er—that isn't *quite* the piece I meant." For "Mods" *Logic* one went to Professor Wall's University lectures and Mr. Sidgwick's tutorials; but, having a natural appetency to the subject, I never found much difficulty there, and, indeed, somewhat later made the only money I ever *made* in Oxford at that time by coaching a little in it.

With the University as such in those days I had little or nothing to do but in Matriculation and "Smalls." The former process involved, of course, no fresh examination for holders of

scholarships, and curiously enough I have no remembrance of it whatever. In the latter I made a fool of myself in a way which (as I afterwards learnt) diverted my examiners not a little, and which, I fear, was rather characteristic of me in those days, and perhaps has not quite ceased to be so now. I had always at school been rather a "dab" at arithmetic and mathematics, and, indeed, had been advised there to go in for double honours, though the excellent Esson, the representative of Mathesis at Merton, to my great delight, threw cold water on the proposal. Therefore imagine my wrath at being presented with a "second paper" (even at this moment I think there must have been some mistake). It was only a single problem, so I stalked to a desk, flung my cap on it, did not sit down, but scribbled the solution straight off and standing, and returned it forthwith reproachfully to the almost, if not altogether, grinning tormentor. *Mon Dieu!* what idiots we do make of ourselves! and what fun it sometimes

is (by no means always) to remember the making !

IV. *Oxford Sixty Years Since : IV. Second Year.*—October 1864 was not, I think, a date quite ordinarily notable in the history of a College which even then counted its six hundred years from the original foundation at Merton itself, though ten more had then to pass before it could similarly commemorate its removal to Oxford. For by that time the "Packing Case" was ready to be packed, *not* with the Brobdingnagian piano, for which it had seemed to be intended ; and sixteen new sets of rooms added something like 50 per cent to the resident undergraduate population.[1] Personally, too, I had every reason to rejoice. As a Postmaster I should in any case have had second choice of rooms ; and as my senior did not wish to move, I had first, and

[1] At that time it was a law of the Medes and Persians at most, if not at all, Colleges that the first three years must be spent *in College*. This seems to me to have been one of the wisest laws ever made, and its antiquation one of the worst blows ever dealt to Oxford life.

chose the set at the top of the furthest staircase, with a glorious view over meadow and Broad Walk southwards by day, and at night almost half as much sky and stars as you could have in the desert itself. When the moon was up I always pulled the blind up likewise, and slept in its light for two whole years—whether with the sometimes alleged result others must judge: Pussyfoots, Socialists, and Trochaisers are welcome to decide in the affirmative. The only drawback to the set was that the sitting-room fire-place, agreeably enough built across one corner with a peaked mantel, had a curious habit of suddenly vomiting its contents on hearth, fender, and rug.[1] But Colleges (except Queen's) never, I believe, have been burnt, probably because it seems impossible that they should not be.

As for work in my second year, it was much

[1] I suppose the same fault of construction made it, in some winds, smoke horribly. This was not only uncomfortable, but in its effect on brand-new furniture very disadvantageous, when that furniture came to be valued at the end of one's tenancy.

as in my first,[1] though I daresay that, as throughout my life, I did a great many things that there was no need to do, and did not do some that I should have done. But I remember pleasantly the alarmed cry, "What *are* you doing? They'll surely never ask that!" of a man who came into my room and found me engaged on a new tracking of the famous route of Io in the *Prometheus*; also the mingled amazement, amusement, and dubitation on our librarian's face when I demanded a folio Gassendi to compare with Lucretius. And it came all right in Mods, in spite of my being (or perhaps partly because I had been) very much less of a recluse than in my first year. Bishop Creighton,[2] then in his third, set himself to "draw" me, not in the robustious sense already touched on, but out of my shell; and the large accretion of new men,

[1] I have a note of one of the usual College Examinations, "Collected and buttered."

[2] It was in the preceding summer term that we first became intimate, and that entries like "Desperate argument with C. and —— till 2.45" [A.M.] begin to appear in my diary.

consequent on the enlarged accommodation, could hardly fail to provide new chums.

I think, however, that it is not mere blind partisanship to say that the freshmen of Merton from 1864 to 1867 were rather an extra-representative lot in very fortunately mixed ways. There were good men among my seniors and exact contemporaries—Creighton, himself a host; R. T. Raikes, not long dead, and living again the other day at the College in the person of the late President of the O.U.B.C., who has inherited his oarsmanship; Gooch, who brought the High Jump to Oxford in the first Inter-University Sports (casting away all possible garments as he did so); Jenkins, a mighty hunter, who sold horses to Napoleon III.; Challis, afterwards of the Bar, who used to impress me as possessing more pure brains than any man I knew; and others. But the increase of members at the commoners' table was more than balanced, and the goodness of individuals among Postmasters and Exhibitioners fully kept

up, among my juniors. This and the next two years gave us a future Metropolitan of India in my Most Reverend friend, Dr. Copleston ; two or three other future bishops ; two more University oars, one of whom possessed (he will, I hope, pardon me if he still exists) the very largest back from shoulder to hip that I ever saw in a boat ; Alberic Bertie, Honourable by status, nature, and coxswainship ; Mowbray Morris, to whose varied excellences and long-maintained friendship with myself I have endeavoured to do miniature justice elsewhere[1] ; Forster Alleyne, great at clarets and curios, and afterwards dubbed by some Lay-Coadjutor of Barbados ; "our Russian," Bakhmeteff, a really delightful person, long afterwards diplomatist in Japan and America, possessor of a bulldog[2] almost more delightful

[1] *History of the French Novel*, vol. i. p. 265.

[2] The relations of this bull-dog with a tiny and very pretty tabby kitten named Paquita (I apologise for having forgotten *his* name, but I have photographs of both of them) were very interesting, and, in fact, made a miniature morality play, illustrating those of man and maid. Paquita (who belonged to the late Edward Conolly, *v. infra*) used to couch on the very edge of a large and deep arm-chair, in the recesses of which she would have been

than himself, and the most wonderful master of English classical and vernacular (especially vernacular) for a foreigner that I ever knew ; a Northcote, a Pakington and a Gladstone (guiltless of his country's blood, but apt to endanger his own by playing the piano too much, though otherwise immaculate) to represent " the governing classes " ; others whom I still see with eyes, sitting or standing on the steps of the *old* Hall, in a photograph which has outlived that Hall

perfectly safe from the dog, unless he had jumped on the chair itself, which he was not allowed to do. *He* would sit in front adoring her, and from time to time advancing a timid head, with an apparent intention of kissing. (He could, of course, if he had chosen, have swept her off the chair with one stroke and devoured her at one gulp.) Then a tabby paw, small, but by no means always clawless, would shoot out and rebuke this impudence with a sharp pat, or even scratch. After this had gone on for some time, the dog would withdraw as if despairing, and fling himself on the rug with a deep sigh, for bull-dogs—as all who have been privileged to know them know—*can* sigh. I do not know his fate: Paquita's was of the saddest. She *would*—with the usual obstinacy of cats and some other creatures, though, or because frequently, " told not to," and removed—lie on the window-sill of her master's room, which the fool of an architect, *prettificationis causa* I suppose, had bevelled. One day, of course, she slipped off, and staked her poor little self hopelessly on the spiked railing below. It was a real Morality, with Paquita and the dog for concrete figures—for abstract, Love, Coquetry, Despair, Disobedience, and Retribution.

itself. The same memorial holds a presentment of the late Professor Minto, whom at that time I did not know[1] (though years afterwards we were very good friends in Fleet Street), who only stayed "up" a year, and who was reported, no doubt with "embroidery," to have, before going down, informed the Dons collectively (whether in "Collections" or not the legend did not say) that apparently they couldn't teach him anything which he didn't know, and that it was therefore no use for him to stay.

There was a slight cloud on the first of these years, 1864–65, because abstinence from Hall and consumption of eggy teas in our rooms on Wednesdays and Fridays in Lent by Creighton, myself, and some other "Merton Popes" (as we were called) did not meet the feelings of others of the community, and led to attempted "screwing-up" and actual window-smashing. But it passed, and Midsummer 1865 saw me

[1] He came up after I went into lodgings, in which case one did not invariably get into touch with freshmen.

friends, I think, with every one in College; congratulated on my First in Mods by the Warden; rashly backed for one in Greats by my tutors against other trainers in other colleges, and looking forward to a spell of reading, walking, basking, etc., in the north of Devon. We had just made six bumps in the Eights; there were in London and elsewhere persons, quite plural persons, whom I have a little while before designated as "angels"[1]; I was within a month or two of *vingt ans*; my apartment, for position at least, might certainly be called a *grenier*, and as certainly things seemed to be well. But there is a goddess called Nemesis, and she is not merely *eine mächtige Göttin*, but one who never refuses an invitation, and sometimes comes when you think her uninvited. I am afraid in this case there was no lack of the invitation itself.

[1] At that time the supply of indubitable angels in Oxford itself was extremely limited: I question if it much exceeded two to every five hundred men. They have changed all that since, as well as much else; but I rather doubt. There should be *something* desirable that is not in Oxford. "Earth being so good," etc., as Mr. Browning says excellently.

V. *Oxford Sixty Years Since: V. Third Year.* —For if my second year at Merton was more enjoyable than my first, much more also was this the case with my third as compared with my second. I was myself now a senior man, and more good juniors came up to multiply friendships. It was now (or a little earlier ?) that there was formed that Whist Club[1] to which reference was made in *Scrap Book No. I.*, to which nearly all the men mentioned in my list, I think, belonged, and which caused dire jealousy among those who did not. A sort of *Contre*-club was, indeed, formed by them, and Caird, who had now come on the scene, appropriately, if borrowingly, described the College as "a tyranny tempered by epigrams"—epigrams duly posted in the place sacred to non-official college notices.

In the first term came that mighty bonfire, as to which some details will be found in Mrs. Creighton's admirable *Life* of her husband, and the history of which was celebrated in a

[1] For more on it *v. infra.*

great poem.[1] But neither the biography nor the epic mentions a fact which, I think, shows that the Merton of those days was either well entitled to, or did not in the least require, the famous motto of another college as to manners.[2] As a result of the *tamasha* the whole College was gated for a week; and, as may be imagined, the peace of the quads at eventide was not materially benefited by this. But one night early the Warden's butler came out and said to the nearest "stravagers," "Gentlemen, the Warden has a dinner-party." We could not know it before, because, though in those days the house was inside the College, it had an independent street-door for carriages. And all that evening the front quad, into which the house partly looked (the others were out of hearing), was in the proverbial state which "*doesn't* wake the baby."

[1] One of the choicest of Mr. Anon's works in this kind, and so rare that I have never seen it in a catalogue. (*V. infra* for a little more on it.)

[2] After all, manners *are* perhaps the only thing absolutely exigible by man from man. Brains, beauty, strength, riches, birth, etc., are gifts; morals are subject to fearful temptation; but manners every one can have merely by choosing to have them.

But in order once more to consider and console that lily, the Educational Expert, let us turn to "grind."[1] The "Greats" staff of the College was at this juncture enormously strengthened by the advent as Fellow of Edward Caird. That he introduced—or rather that there was introduced with him, though not, I think, quite at first—the practice of "Intercollegiate" lecturing, with the consequent irruption of external persons into our lecture-rooms, was naturally not altogether welcome to us. But Caird himself was popular from the very beginning, and if his lectures were perhaps a little of that kind which suggests an excellent chapter of an admirable book (*not*, I think, the very best kind of lecture), his private and individual tutoring,

[1] This word is one of those pearls of English which have the most incongruous meanings. It may be, as here, = work generally; or a walk, especially a Sunday one; or private College horse-races, to which—in order to make them more attractive, I suppose—the authorities used to object, though they were harmless enough delights, and acquainted one with all sorts of charming places, such as Stanton Harcourt, where Mr. Pope dropped the tear of sensibility that wicked Lady Mary laughed at, and to which you went by Bablockhythe, not the least celebrated of ferries in *this* world.

discussion of essays, etc., was unsurpassable. I may be prejudiced by his telling me—as I have, I think, mentioned elsewhere to defend myself from Signor Croce's verdict that I am "fasting from philosophy, though a stout man of letters"—that he "had never had a pupil who showed more of the philosophical *ethos* than I did, though I *would* get into logical coaches and let myself be carried away." This was, I think, occasioned by an essay of mine on the "Value and Interest of Falsehood." Truth, I pointed out, represents a scheme of things which has been already realised, and so is, to a certain extent, *passé* and fossil. Falsehood, on the other hand, *may* be, very likely *is*, and still more likely if not certainly *will* be, part of another scheme not yet realised, and therefore of the highest interest. Once more, how nice it is to be one's own Puck and see one's own folly—not too near!

Up to Caird's advent the Greats lecturing (which had not many patients at Merton) had,

I suppose, been almost wholly in the hands of William Sidgwick, and a considerable part of it still remained there — Jowett's University lectures, as I noted in *Scrap Book I.*,[1] and those of other professors supplementing the College teaching, while most men (*not* including myself) supplemented it further, and more or less largely, with private coaching.[2]

[1] Since it was published I have been told that Creighton (who was, of course, my companion at the discussion of Plato's statute, "De Haeretico *Necando*") used to tell the story differently, alleging that Jowett asked me, "Would you *burn* ?" and I replied, "Certainly." *J'en étais bien capable* ; but I have not the slightest memory of doing so, and some strong reasons for thinking I did not. In the first place, the question and answer do not quite adjust themselves to what I *do* remember ; in the second, if the question had been asked I think I was still more capable of answering, "Oh, that's a detail," or "*Did* the Greeks burn for heresy, sir ?" and lastly, I have never quite approved of burning for several reasons—one of which is that it is, on its own showing, an impertinent anticipation of the punishment to be allotted by a higher tribunal. I need not say that this is no slight on my Right Reverend, well-beloved, and infinitely respected friend. He was a first-rate *raconteur* ; and it is an inalienable privilege of good story-tellers to decorate the stories they tell. And after all he may have been right. I was *very* like Habakkuk at that time.

[2] It was some years after my day that the coaching system received a blow in the person of "Student" Williams, who was elected at Merton on one of the occasions when I—was not. He practically made First Classes a *peculium* of his pupils till the Examiners put their heads together, and after

Whether Sidgwick's own lectures were altogether "according to Cocker" I do not know; but they were exceedingly amusing and had a sort of "bush-harrowing" effect on the mind which I suspect was worth ten times more than that of the ordinary orthodox discoursing. For instance, let the subject be Moral Philosophy; the speaker Sidgwick on one side of an ordinary table, chair half turned round, legs crossed, and one hand playing with a book or pencil; and the auditors, or rather interlocutors (for these "lectures" were really conversations), two, or at most three, "Greats" men (perhaps one only). I am not sure that there were ever more than two in my time, for I went into the Schools so early that the men of the year next to mine had only then just come in, or came in later. We were discussing sanctions and that sort of thing. "Well, you know," Sidgwick would say (I can

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perhaps the most palpitating struggle in history, next to that recorded by Thackeray of the Bank and *Contrebanque* at Rougetnoirbourg, extinguished him.

almost swear to the words and quite to the substance), "*I* was brought up to think it wrong to read newspapers on Sunday. Of course it wasn't very long before I saw that it *couldn't* be wrong to read newspapers on Sunday. But the worst of that sort of thing is that you may possibly extend the process of relaxation to other rules which you have been taught at the same time, and which are of rather different authority." Nothing very original in that, of course, but both matter and manner sufficiently *maieutic* or fermentative—according as you may take your metaphor from Socrates or from Lessing. Even eccentricities like the Conference of Tutor, Postmasters and outside Don-assessors, which I mentioned in *A Scrap Book* (pp. 108-9), took one out of the rut—and if Education can do anything at all it is by pulling people who ought not to be in ruts out of them, and accustoming those who ought to the best kind of rut obtainable and suitable.

The worst of him was that he would not take

quite enough trouble about details. For instance, in reading for Greats I had taken a strong though most reprehensible dislike to the *Ethics*—not in the least because they were difficult, but because I was always wanting to argue the point with Aristotle. On the other hand, I rejoiced in the *Politics*, which were not on my list, read them thoroughly, and had them at my finger-ends.[1] When the time came for "sending in" I asked Sidgwick if I might not substitute the one for the other, as was statutorily quite correct. Now some tutors would have said "No!" because they had lectured on the *Ethics* and not on the *Politics*. But that was not Sidgwick's way at all; for he *had* lectured on the *Politics*, and if he had not he had no bad blood in him and no false pride about him. But it was a common idea that you *couldn't* get a First without the *Ethics*; and he endorsed that to me in the

[1] There used to be a property qualification for members of Parliament. If it were made an educational qualification that every member should pass a fairly stiff examination in the *Politics*, what a thing it would be for England!

strongest manner possible. So I took them in, did not take the *Politics*, did no doubt badly in paper-work with the others, certainly quarrelled over them idiotically in *viva voce* with the Senior Examiner,[1] old Wilson of Corpus, and became sealed of the Tribe of Seconds in due course. After which I found that certainly in one quite recent case, and probably in more, the *Politics had* been substituted for the *Ethics* and the substitution *had* resulted in a First. Of course it does not follow that I should have got one; but, without exaggerating the duties of a tutor, accuracy in such points as this *may* perhaps be expected from him.

In another case his *incuria* did not, I think, do me much, if any, harm, and gave me an opportunity for what at twenty-two one would stand much harm for—an out-and-out "score" over a person of distinction who had made himself obnoxious. When going in for a Fellowship the custom was, and I suppose still is, that you

[1] I make no complaint whatever of *him*. It was all my fault.

lodged with the Head of the College a document, officially furnished by the proper representative of your own, stating that you were a tolerably respectable person, had kept terms, passed examinations, etc., etc. The thing was a pure formality, and being "common form" was, I suppose, generally—certainly was in those days at Merton—drawn up by a college servant and signed by tutor, dean, or the like. Armed with a specimen of this, I duly presented myself to the somewhat celebrated Mark Pattison, Rector of Lincoln.

Now most interviews of this kind, as for my sins and to my shame I can testify from more than one or two experiences, are usually short, but quite sweet.[1] Nobody but a brute is likely to behave otherwise than pleasantly to persons who are *ex hypothesi* scholars and gentlemen,

[1] Old "Ben" Symons of Wadham was positively paternal, expostulating with me affectionately on my presenting myself at so early an age, and after so short a course, in a manner not in the least offensive or patronising. The President of Corpus, or his representative, I am not sure which, for I forget the details, was perfectly civil. Our own beloved Warden I had not to visit before my two rejected addresses to the College.

and who may, in at least one case certainly will, be colleagues of his own in a day or two. But Mark Pattison (to speak without meal on mouth or not *enfarinhadamente*) *was* rather a brute. Excuses or explanations of his want of amiability have, of course, been lodged—one may say by himself—the rankle of the *gran rifiuto* of his desertion not like that of Newman, but, in a different direction, of the principles which Newman himself deserted [1] : the fact that he was not made Rector as soon as he ought to have been, etc., etc. But let that be as it may.

When I came before him he, without any prefatory civility as far as I remember, looked at the document, looked at *me*, and said, "I see you are described here as B.A., sir. Why do you wear a Scholar's gown?" So I replied, "I believe, sir, the requirements include with Bachelors those who have passed the examinations required for that degree. You will find the necessary evidence attached. I suppose the

[1] *V. infra* "Lost Leaders."

B.A. is a clerical error," or words to that effect. Whereupon Mark, " This is a false statement (or was it " prevarication " ?), sir. You are described as B.A., and you are not one." Then up and spoke George, the son of George, whom the blood of his father bade stand no brow-beating. " That document, sir, was furnished to me and is signed by my tutor, Mr. William Sidgwick, who is, I believe, a personal friend of yours. Perhaps you will tell him, and not me, who am merely its porter, that he makes false statements or prevaricates." After which experience of " Mark's way " I left him.

That I did not get the Fellowship is not likely to have had much to do with this. And there was a pleasure consequent as well as precedent—a pleasure which I may have already put in print somewhere. A Latin essay was part of the trial, and the late Professor Nettleship,[1] interrogated by a common friend as to my doings, replied,

[1] Not yet Corpus Professor of Latin, but Fellow of Lincoln, and without superior as a Latinist in the University.

"Oh, well! none of them wrote Latin, but *he* wrote sense," and volunteered a testimonial for me, which was part of my armour in that most dolorous of quests, the search for appointments. I never asked "Sidg." (as we called him for love,[1] if not for euphony) whether Mark acted on my suggestion or not. I should imagine *not*. But if he did, I should like to have heard the rest of the conversation. Of course if Mark had said, "But how am I to know that you have not slain Mr. George Saintsbury, B.A., and carried off these papers?" there would have been a famous "solution by laughter." But then he wouldn't have been Mark, and it wouldn't have been "Mark's way." Peace be with him, for surely few men have ever, by their own con-

[1] It was impossible not to like him, for the edge of his wit was of the finest temper, and if the spirit that wielded it might have been extra-tempered by discretion, there was, as I have said, no bad blood anywhere in his composition. And if he had by omission, if not commission, any part in despatching me to that sharpest of all Purgatories, the Purgatory of the Seconds (if, indeed, it be not an Inferno), his brother Henry, long afterwards, though I knew him very slightly, helped to promote me to the comparative Earthly Paradise of my chair at Edinburgh.

fession, made for themselves such a purgatory on earth! Rousseau had his dreams to console him; but if Mark had any, they seem to have always been nightmares. Even his scholarship, sometimes a "Comfortress of Unsuccess," hardly less efficacious than Romance herself, seems to have been a school-marm rather than a nymph to him.

Another tutor of my time, Canon Papillon, who was elected Fellow of Merton just at the beginning of this third year of mine, though he left it soon for New College, is still with us. He took, I think, Mods work chiefly in succession to King, but I owe him not a little—for good acquaintance and kind hospitality I am still, and shall be always, his debtor. I think it was on one occasion when I was his[1] guest in Common-room that I indulged in one of my too usual blends of fun and fooling. I happened to be sitting next the Hon. George Brodrick, perhaps the best known, if not the most frequently

[1] But I may have been Caird's or Creighton's.

resident, of our Dons, a noted writer for the *Times*, a strong Liberal, and afterwards (I believe a most popular) Warden. It also happened to be the time of the hubbub about Governor Eyre ; and another pretty well known Fellow of ours, C. S. Roundell, was, I think, Secretary of the Royal Commission on that matter. The subject naturally coming up, I asked Brodrick if he knew what Roundell thought of it. Whereupon he answered, " All persons of sense and decency think alike on that subject," or words to that effect (I will swear to the first six words). Now I never was a box on which that sort of thing would fail to strike, and so I replied, " Oh ! then nearly all Tories, besides Tennyson and Carlyle and Ruskin and Kingsley,[1] are *not* persons of sense and decency ? " Whereat a gentle chuckle ran round the table ; and I think even the " Oxford Almanack " fire-screens shook a little at my audacity.[2] The honourable gentle-

[1] I am not sure that I mentioned all these, but I am sure I did some.

[2] Some of them may have remembered the celebrated " Mo " Griffiths,

man made no further observation ; but I fear I did myself no good with him on certain future occasions.

VI. *Oxford Sixty Years Since : VI. Fourth Year and Part of Fifth.*—Part of the events referred to in the tail of the last section did not take place till my fourth year—the smash in Greats and the first failure at Merton for a Fellowship occurring in its first term, while the three consecutive weeks of similar " frost " at Wadham, Lincoln, and Corpus came to give a cheerful close to the last. But there were reasons for anticipating the operations of Nemesis.

Once more, if my second year was more delightful than my first (and yet I think the kind rather than the amount of delight was what varied all through), and my third than my second, the

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who always used to have a screen put when he dined in hall, so that his eyes might not be polluted by the sight of undergraduates. But, as I have said, when Brodrick became Warden he was most popular. These changes are not uncommon.

progression of enjoyment certainly did not cease in my fourth, though I am not sure that the sons of David and of Sirach and of Jakeh would not have begun to shake their heads and point to certain well-known utterances of theirs. For my first term in lodgings I had the great advantage of Creighton's company—his former companion, an older friend, being merely a passman, and so going down at the end of his third year. The house—in the High to the east of University—has long been demolished, and must have been a very old one. In fact the floors were so uneven that intemperance would have been punished by an impossibility of going to bed unaided, the slope inevitably deflecting any attempt on the part of the legs of a person not strictly sober to cross it straight; while the brain of such a villain would scarcely be able to adjust the compass and "bear up" accordingly. They were, however, comfortable rooms enough; were kept by an old man and woman who were fairly efficient and not too predatory;

and we were the only lodgers. Ultimately, when Creighton was elected to his Fellowship, I had them to myself, and I have a sort of idea (which may be a delusion) that I was the last tenant. Anyhow there was a legend that my landlord and landlady came into a fortune in a sufficiently fairy-tale manner, through a niece with whom a rich man fell in love, and to whom he left his property. Then she died almost immediately afterwards, leaving the old couple her heirs-at-law.

I don't know what the future Bishop thought of it, but for my part I do not think that any two men ever got on together much better than we did for that October term in 1866. As I have said in *Notes on a Cellar-Book*, we used the two sitting-rooms in common, keeping one for an "eating" room (as the good old phrase went[1]) and the other for a study, whereby, among other advantages, there was always one room vacant for individual use if wanted. Neither "in-

[1] In Paterson's *Roads* you will find the most gorgeous dining-rooms and banquet-halls from Northumberland to Cornwall so described.

fested" the other, but we had continued from earlier days one rather curious rite, performed in common almost every Sunday night in tolerable weather, and often on week days at various times. This was, after dinner, or as the last thing before turning in, to walk round what used to be, if they are not now called, "the Vice's[1] Walks," that is to say, the paths at the southern edge of the Parks by Mesopotamia to the Marston road, and so home by St. Clement's and Magdalen Bridge. This expedition was supposed to be *verboten* at night, but the only serious obstacle was the main gate on the bridge of the Cherwell at the farther end, topped with an arch of spikes. You couldn't exactly climb it; but as the side railing was amiably continuous and unspiked on both sides, you could climb that and swing round from one side to the other of the barrier, bending your body

[1] Things recently seen suggest to me the propriety of explaining, in a popular style, that this word is not used in its moral or immoral, nor in its ancient theatrical, nor in its industrial sense, but as short for Vice-*Chancellor*.

outwards to clear the spikes, and holding by the spaces of the arch between them. To avoid their gashing your gown[1] was an additional amusement; and the rush of the dark water as you hung out over it and looked down on it was very soothing, and quite Sabbatical. It was, by the way, on one of these walks, but at an earlier time of day, that I saw for the only time in my life the sport of shooting (or endeavouring to shoot) water-rats from a bridge with a blow-gun. The sportsman was a person who has since filled some of the most honourable offices in the State, but as he is alive, and I did not know him (though Creighton did), I will not name him. His occupation seemed to me to approach, if not to equal, bottom-fishing as a Contemplative Man's Recreation.

I read a great deal at this time, despite walking

[1] If "The Wearing of the *Gown*" was not in my time so constant as earlier, when they seem to have almost gone to bed, and certainly taken country walks and caroused in it, it was still pretty common. One of the rare points on which I found myself in agreement with Mr. Gladstone was his denunciation of the discarding of the toga.

and whisting and otherwise associating with my fellow-creatures. Indeed, as I had (unwisely, as before confessed) made up my mind to take Greats as early as possible, so as to have time for Law and History afterwards, I *had* to do so. But I am afraid the "contrariness" which was my besetting sin increased rather than abated. I have said that I gave to the *Politics*, which I was not going to take in, the time I ought to have given to the *Ethics*, which I was. I took a fancy to Scholasticism and read Hauréau and Prantl, which couldn't possibly "pay," when I ought to have been reading other things that would.[1] And the result was the result. I wonder if there is anything, not involving severe bodily pain, utter financial ruin, real disgrace, or the death of a dear friend, which *hurts* so abominably and lasts so long as getting a Second?[2]

[1] Not that I *didn't* read Grant and Congreve and Archer Butler and Ueberweg, etc., but that I had better have given them the time devoted to the others. Some more as to my reading generally will be found *infra*.

[2] That most admirable oarsman and, I believe, very good fellow, but rather tough customer, the late Mr. W. B. Woodgate, did not quite think so. Raikes, to "stay me with flagons and comfort me with apples," asked me to

Cupid, avenging his own experience, can put you pretty sharply on a cross, but then he can take you very delectably off again; and though the old nail-marks may remain, it doesn't *so* much matter. What *he* can cause *he* can cure. But the sting of a Second is almost incurable.[1]

There were other things to make this term memorable and not, like the loss of the First,

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dinner on the very night of the catastrophe, and various kind persons, fellow-guests with me, condoled. But Woodgate, whom I had not known before, dissented. "Who are you to grumble at a Second?" quoth he. "Lots of better men than you have got Seconds." Which was undoubtedly true, and *meminisse juvat*, albeit at the time the comfort suggested that of Eliphaz the Temanite. It was consolation of a different sort—though not much more satisfactory at the time—to know on authority a little later that I had been voted for as a First, and that the voter was the late W. Newman, who died but a day or two before I wrote this note. His great edition of the *Politics* did not come till twenty years after, but I like to think that he may have seen my love for that book.

[1] Persons interested in oneiroscopy, even when the dreams are not Freudian, may not dislike the following note; and others can, by the virtue of footnotes, pay no attention to it. One of not the least frequent and one of the most various of my recurrent dreams was for many years that somehow or other I went "up" again and tried for Firsts and Fellowships. Sometimes I got the Fellowship, but never the First. And lo! when the College graciously remembered me after my forty years in the wilderness and made me an Honorary Fellow—all these dreams vanished. Which, however curious, is true.

and the subsequent, not exactly loss of, but failure to gain the Fellowship, discomfortable. Then did I become a member of the Inner Temple, and did eat dinners, and going up to eat them just at the time when John Camden Hotten took over Mr. Swinburne's *Poems and Ballads* from the recreant Moxon, did buy three copies and take them back to Oxford, so that next afternoon a gang of us sat from luncheon to chapel time in a room full of "triptychs and Madonnas," reading aloud by turns "Laus Veneris" and "The Triumph of Time," "Ilicet" and "In the Orchard," "Dolores" and "Hesperia." Surely never did old things become so new and new things so old as when one turned the page and came on—

Out of the golden remote wild west, where the sea without shore is,

and all the wonders from

I found in dreams a place of wind and flowers,

to

Night sinks on the sea.

From the end of that year—in the common, not the academic sense—I had still a twelvemonth of nearly full residence to the end of the next, 1867, though I did not "keep" the last term of it. In 1868 I merely went up for a few days, with no abiding place either in or out of college, and then departed,[1] as may be further dealt with below. In some ways, not, I think, in all, the time might have been better spent, but I do not know that any part of my stay gave me so much of the indefinite, various, rather mystical, and, to hide-bound moralists and educationalists, shake-headful *tempering* which Oxford has to give. Not that I did not read—very far from it. I should imagine, and may instance some things presently, that I have used for profit of various kinds, matters I learnt then, in every year, if not every day, of my life up to the present. My very extravagances, in more senses than the usual one, were at least to some extent educative

[1] Recovered notes tell me that I misdated the meeting with Lord Randolph Churchill mentioned in *Scrap Book I.* It was in October '67, not January '68.

in the very best sense. But I certainly did get into debt—unjustifiably. A gentleman whose total income is well under £200 a year, more than half thereof being provided by his by no means affluent family, with no breadwinner at their head, should not perhaps have entertained his friends quite so freely, however hospitable they were.[1] It was unnecessary, so long after Lord Cardigan's quarrel with the black bottle, that the same gentleman should buy a pair of duelling pistols (since he never shot anybody with them or any *thing* but packing-cases) for five guineas, to sell them afterwards for thirty shillings. He might have been contented, when he wished to give a pair of white gloves to somebody, to buy the best he could find, and not to have them specially made and sewn with a quincunx of blue silk crosses, ordering also a counterpart for himself—a black pair—the crosses

[1] Wise, if not exactly romantic, are the words of Foker, "You oughtn't to give dinners, Pen; you ought to eat 'em." But it is difficult for some persons of fairly high stomach to fill it *quite* parasitically.

in red. (These latter still exist, but are, as one of the most charming of Restoration songs says, "d—mn—bly mouldy"; as for the others—to borrow from America, altering it a little, something as charming in a slightly different way—

The mossy marbles rest
On the *hands they once caressed.*)

But after all the money was ultimately paid out of no other pocket than mine; and I should be deeply grieved not to have given the dinners (which were not, after all, so many or so lavish), and designed the gloves (that is to say, the white ones), and even bought the pistols—ridiculous as that was from some points of view.

So also it may be said that while it might be disproportionate to read Stallbaum's big Plato—read it, not skim it—right through, even while it could do one any good in "Greats," the disproportion became complicated with mild insanity when one was supposed to be reading for Second Schools. And further, it may be doubted

whether a severe auditor-accountant, inspecting the total schedule of reading for Law and History themselves, would not have disallowed a great many things besides Plato. Perhaps I had some bad luck—the sternest deniers of the existence thereof might be staggered by the fact that when I went in for the second time at Merton for a Fellowship, Caird and Creighton, who were not exactly the most incompetent of the examiners, were both strongly for me ; but neither had an actual vote, because Caird had already resigned on being appointed at Glasgow, and Creighton was still a probationer.

But that is all over now, and the days of my Mertonian mourning were ended years ago.

VII. *Oxford Sixty Years Since : VII. Extra-Mertonensia.*—These sketches would hardly be complete without a few glances at things, persons, and events connected with the University generally, and with colleges outside Merton, during the rather fateful years 1863–68. For they

were rather fateful in much more important respects than the affairs of this *Scrap Book*-maker. They saw part, and part only, of the most prosperous period of Oxford rowing, and Newman's *Apologia* ; not the least prosperous period of our cricket, and the starting of new chapters in the history of English poetry and criticism by two Oxford men, Mr. Swinburne and Matthew Arnold ; the ejection of Mr. Gladstone from his University misrepresentation, to the joy of all *bien-pensants* of my way of thinking ; the enlistment of Mr. Disraeli on the side of the Angels—whether to the satisfaction of the Angels or not I cannot say, but certainly to the amusement of some of the same *bien-pensants* ; and that "Shooting Niagara," the "After" of which is not finished yet. They saw nearly the last of the compulsory celibacy of Fellows ; and approached, though they still kept clear of, the more recent instructions to the University that "*Dominus* illuminatio mea" was to be interpreted in a sort of Pickwickian sense. The

fatal thin end of the Commission wedge had been inserted a decade earlier, but the wedge itself had not been driven very far, and one might still console oneself with the notion that the beauty of the temple was not seriously interfered with. Even the Hebdomadal-Abdominal-Abominable Board was only partly vulgarised; and you might slip *proventus* for *profectus ecclesiae* without much error in meaning.

After my first year, during which one naturally continues fellowship with school-fellows outside, and when I was not infrequently in Balliol, Brasenose (still, thank Heaven! inhabited by "Cain and Abel"), Exeter, Lincoln, and perhaps one or two more, I don't think I haunted colleges other than my own much, with the exception of Christ Church, where my friend, Sir W. T. Thiselton Dyer (who came up a term after me and resided during all my time), was a Junior Student. Do they still make such venison pasties at the House as they used to do? I doubt it; but the goodness of these certainly justified in

part Dean Burgon's celebrated campaign against the imported breakfasts which, at the gate opposite to Oriel, vexed his righteous soul.[1] And Brasenose I also frequented throughout with another school friend as undergraduate host; while, just at the last, the very great kindness of the late Rev. S. H. Reynolds was one of the chief refreshments of my Days of Tribulation. As for others, the attractions of Addison's Walk (is there anything in the world like it?) and of the passion-flower in St. John's Gardens—both these colleges being nobly hospitable of

[1] Was there ever an odder man than Burgon? The author of that admirable line, which by itself would even justify prize-poems:

"A rose-red city, half as old as Time,"

and of the epigram, as admirable in its own different way, on Jowett's appalling false concord of *nomen approbandus*, with its *panache* of mistake at the laughter following the offer to translate into English—he could yet be simply silly, as in the above-mentioned matter, and childishly petulant as in my own, and only, experience of him. At one time I took to going—gowned, of course—to an early parochial service which he used to have in St. Mary's. After a day or two he came up to me and said, "Why are you not at your College Chapel, sir?" So I apologised, but unluckily said something about "the University Church." "It's not the University Church, it's *my* Church," snapped Burgon.

their grounds—were of course irresistible ; but I don't think I was ever in a *room*[1] of either till I lunched with the present President, Sir T. H. Warren, and dined with the late Sir Walter Raleigh, at Magdalen not long before the War. With "John's" my relations are still wholly extra-mural. I had a rather intimate friend at "Botany Bay," or Worcester, where there were again attractions of garden as well as a delightful library, specially full of eighteenth-century books, and a weird new chapel, adorned in a sort of South Sea fashion, but dear to High Churchmen because of the legend of its super-altar, obtained by innocent practising on the Provost's wife.[2]

I was never inside the gates of Trinity—then open to the street—though I once was in danger

[1] Mansel used to lecture in the Hall at Magdalen.

[2] She was (though, unless I mistake, Pusey's sister) a bitter Evangelical. But she had given a splendid velvet altar-cloth, and a cunning man suggested to her that the candlesticks (you might have candles, you know, but you mustn't light them unless it was dark) would mark and spoil this dreadfully. A "little ledge" would save it. And the words "the little ledge" became a standing little joke.

of being so, to my extreme disadvantage. I had been (in one of the pony-carts mentioned in our last[1]) with another man to the Merton Grinds somewhere about Headington, and in driving back had had to give up the reins to him, because, in trying to combine the operation with that of lighting a cigar, the round and red-hot head of a "Vesuvian" had fallen up my sleeve, thereby inventing an ingenious form of torture, and ultimately making for many years a nice little cup-mark on my arm. For what reason I know not, when we got over the Bridge, instead of going straight on, we made up the Long Wall, and so westwards. The Trinity gates stood invitingly open, and my companion ejaculated, "What a lark! Let's drive in!" and turned the pony's head that way. Luckily I had time to wrench it back and continue straight on. I suppose we should both have been sent down, which, to me at least, would have been something more than unpleasant.

[1] *A Scrap Book*, p. 110.

Of several other colleges I have reminiscences even more unsubstantial than this. Men of University I knew, but only in days of seniority, when they were not living in College.[1] At Pembroke I had one school-fellow, but saw little of him.[2] Jesus was then a sort of "peculiar," sparsely undergraduated. It was said that recently Exeter (then a very populous college, for reasons which its late Rector once kindly explained to me) had "planted out" six undergraduates in Jesus, and that they had all been eaten—with leeks and cwrw, of course.

With New College, then the most meagrely populated of all in proportion to available space, I had the associations referred to in *Notes on a Cellar-Book*, thanks to my friend Marshall, afterwards well known as a London clergyman, then occupant as a Scholar of three rooms and a

[1] In my Diary I find that I did once dine there with Mr. Claude Delaval Cobham, afterwards *potens Cypri*, and I hope not yet gone West instead of East.

[2] *V. infra* for a later and pleasant experience of the "nest of singing birds."

garden, and Dispenser of Eggs, simple of themselves for Lenten high tea, and admirably "flipped" for consumption at any time. With its neighbour Queen's I had again a school-fellow connection earlier, and later two of a more august kind. When, not long before I went down, one of its Fellows, a former Postmaster of Merton, had asked me to dinner, we either did not proceed after it as usual from Hall to Common-room, or adjourned pretty soon thence on the invitation of the late Mr. Falcon (afterwards Falcon-Steward) to his rooms. Now Falcon was one of the best of fellows in both senses, and the hero of one of the most picturesque of old Oxford legends concerning his success in the Schools and the statue of Queen Caroline, and Thomson, afterwards Archbishop of York, and the respective feelings of First and Third classmen. He divested himself of his coat, put on a blazer, established himself cross-legged on a table, and presided over one of the merriest wines,[1] within the limits

[1] I was told some time ago, to my great horror, and I hope falsely, that

of becoming mirth, that I ever had the luck to attend.

But my debt to Queen's is far greater than that, both in point of merriment and in other ways. For it was through the recommendation of Dr. Magrath, then Fellow and afterwards (and still) Provost, that I went to his native Guernsey, and

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undergraduate wines are things of the past. If so, it may be all the better to correct an impression derivable from some books, and sure to be encouraged by the Pussyfoots, that the "wine" was necessarily an orgy. I know not what it may have been when Mr. John Thorpe's young friends drank five pints per man of his very particular port, or even in Mr. V. Green's time, when he conceived that touching affection for the "joll' lill' birds." But in mine, if not everywhere, certainly at Merton, whether in club-form or privately, "wine" simply meant the dessert of an ordinary dinner, supplementing Hall, at which men dropped in or not as they liked, and went out to billiards or cards or reading as their fancy or habit took them. "Supper" was quite a different thing, and *had* rather a tendency to become orgiastic. "Leave" for it was required, and not indiscriminately given, but naturally was sometimes taken in the French manner. Whence another Merton story. A clandestine feast was being held when tidings came that the Dean was on the warpath. The feasters fled; but the dignitary's progress was slow, and it so happened that an innocent strayed into the empty banquet-hall before his arrival, and was found there. "Then he taxed him as he axed him," to quote a beautiful poem, "Mr. W., have you been having supper?" Receiving a well-justified denial, the Dean walked round the table, inspecting every plate and dish, and holding up glasses to the light. "Then somebody else has," he observed at last. And it was so.

abode there, as in an Island of the Blest, six years, teaching the classics and other things to decently bred youth for hours at which even a trade-union leader could hardly grumble ;[1] enjoying the bounties of King Bacchus and my Lady Venus (as Prior Aymer saith) ; walking, whisting, waltzing ; reading immense quantities of French and other literature ; writing my first reviews for the *Academy* on Théodore de Banville and the Goncourts ; "regarding the ocean" like my august neighbour and fellow-*incola*, M. Victor Hugo—in short, possessing almost all desirable possessions save one—to wit, money. And it was rather a comfort not to have that, lest one should be in hopeless danger of Nemesis again.

To go back to Oxford, and finish its Colleges in relation to me infinitesimal, All Souls was impervious to undergraduates, except its own

[1] Latterly, however, I worked pretty hard there, with outside lectures and private coaching, not to mention reviewing. Once I find "11 hours' work" noted in one day.

mysterious Four. I did not know that many years afterwards, and for not a few years after that, while I was sitting most un-Peri-like, except in disconsolateness and exclusion, at the gates of Paradise, it would be my frequent and gracious refuge.[1]

As for the Halls, they were all still in existence, if existence of a rather curious kind. Magdalen —the biggest and the only one which, instead of being absorbed or abolished, has not only survived but grown into a college—had not long before had an awful character given to it in Winwood Reade's novel. One of its tutors, the Rev. George Ward, was an old friend of my family, and got me rooms there when I went up for a Christ Church studentship in the spring before I was successful at Merton. It was rather noisy at night, but I cannot say that I received the slightest molestation of any kind, such as one would think likely to be visited on an intruder at "Liberty" Hall. And its

[1] *V. inf.*, "Little Necrologies: V., W. P. Ker."

Principal, Dr. Michell,[1] was nearly as much the right hand (perhaps I might say right *fist*) of the Tory party in the University as Mansel was its brain. Of "Skimmery" I knew practically nothing, only in my latest days meeting, once or twice, one man thereof who was, I am bound to confess, not a representative of the best type that Oxford produces. "Teddy" was thoroughly respectable, and I seem to remember its quaint little chapel as lent to some functions of the B.H.T. Our own neighbour—in a way, if I am not mistaken, child, though we behaved later to it as Saturn did to *his* children, and ate it up—St. Alban's Hall—had quite a good name,[2] but sometimes served, as it was rather the custom of the Halls to do, as a place of refuge for those who had difficulties with the Schools and their own Colleges. It was hardly a *rock* of refuge, for when they pulled it down

[1] Nominally *Vice*-Principal till the last year of my residence.

[2] It had, of course, not so very long before been dignified by the supervision of Whately, Newman, and, I think, some others of the greater quality.

the architect was, I am told, astonished that such a honeycomb of walls, dug through for doors, cupboards, and passages, should have held together. As for "The Tavern," it had long unblushingly given itself to be a refuge, and nothing else. But I think it was approaching extinction even then. I never was inside it; and I don't know that I should ever have been inside St. Alban's if a refugee from Merton had not set up there one of the earliest afternoon-tea resorts in Oxford. Not that I ever have cared for that intrusive and unnecessary meal: but he used to stand at the gate, like the pseudo-Virgil's Copa Syrisca, and implore anybody whom he knew, and saw approaching the more majestic portal next door, to come in and partake.

But at last, as anticipated in the last "Scrap," it was all over. My Postmastership would have run to midsummer 1868. I *might* have got a First in History, and I *might* have got a Fellowship. But I had a very shrewd idea that my irregular fashion of reading and my habit of

indulging in alarums and excursions[1] were against both ; while in regard to the latter, I met with a proof of friendship, rare, and perhaps not entirely according to Cocker, but, as I think to this day, right pleasing to the Recording Angel, as he set it down to the credit, not debit, of my benefactor.[2] I shall, of course, not mention his name or the college of which he was himself a Fellow. I knew him well enough to ask him if I had much chance, and he answered plumply, " No : I think we have made up our minds as to whom we shall elect, bar the unexpected." And I did not go in ; and they elected the person I did expect, and they were perfectly right to do so.

As for me, I was weary of ill-luck and doubtful doing, and I did not want to be a further burden to my folk and an unprofitable incubus

[1] At my " second time of asking " I was credibly told that the real reason of my failure was something like this : " They didn't know what on earth you might or mightn't do."

[2] I daresay the Accuser submitted that it was *not* according to Cocker. But if he did I hope the Angel said, " You and Cocker go to your own place."

to the College ; and I was engaged, and did want to be more than engaged ; and so I went down and, like Mesty, boiled kettles, not of *pay*-soup, but of Greek and Latin and English and *tout ce qu'il fallait* for young gentlemen —eating no more dinners at the Temple, and for many years never going to Oxford, except to put my Master's gown on (it is useful for persons who boil those kettles) and take my name off—for I was still very impecunious. But many years later still—and *before* Merton had reinstated me—a person of wealth and position happened to consult me, being unhappy about his son who was at the University, and rather " dispendious." " *Do* you think it's worth sending them there ? " said he. " Sir," I said, being then a Professor and the owner of more than two gowns, though scarcely " a rich fellow enough," " if it were possible, and somebody offered me twenty thousand pounds *not* to have gone to Oxford, I would say, ' Thy money perish with thee.' "

Which is the conclusion of this part of the matter.

VIII. *Oxford Sixty Years Since: VIII. "Work."*—When I began these notes I had intended—and some evidence still remains of the intention—to make the purely scholastic part of my Oxford life a subordinate and, so to speak, allusive part of the record. But it has occurred to me that merely to do so would be hardly fair even to myself, and, which is of infinitely more importance, directly unfair to my College. None of its tutors took the obliging line of Southey's at Balliol: "Mr. Southey, sir, my lectures are not likely to be of much value to you, so if you have any studies of your own you had better pursue them." So let us, at the cost of a little repetition and expansion, see more fully what they *did* do. The merely schoolboy construe-and-exercise business, which seems from some accounts to have continued hardly altered at other colleges, was, at least in

the case of Postmasters, wisely cut short,[1] and individual " tutorials " substituted for it. I have already commented on the singularly stimulating quality—informal and " quodlibetal " as they might seem to be—of Sidgwick's interviews with his pupils. I don't think there was a better Mods tutor in the University than King. As for Caird, there is no need to " crack up " his philosophy ; and I remember Roman History discourses from him which, as *parerga*, were worthy of his main work ; while, though by mere chronological accident, as noted above, I had a smaller share of Canon Papillon's shepherding than of the others', I owe him all sorts of thanks for his conduct of the peculiar relation which exists, or should exist, between a junior Fellow and a senior Scholar of his college. With Esson, our mathematician, and the only inhabitant of

[1] It was by no means abrogated : I find in my diaries as many as *three* lectures—on Virgil, Demosthenes, and Logic—in one morning. As for composition, essay-writing, etc., that was, of course, additional, and Sidgwick had the rather irritating habit of taking such things sometimes in the evening. I think men should be left alone after Hall.

the Dons' Quad when I went up who survived to welcome me as an Honorary Fellow, I had practically nothing to do, except as concerns hospitality at breakfast, etc. But he was always a very good fellow, and when I went back to Merton he had one of the most beautiful collies that, in twenty-two years of Scotch residence and in my walks in the most out-of-the-way parts of the Highlands, I ever beheld. The delightful function of "Chapel-Sweeper" (*νεωκόρος*,[1] as I once had the honour of reminding a much older and better scholar than myself) involved no direct contact with undergraduates. It belonged at that time, with the Deanship and the Principalship of the Postmasters, to our pluralist Sidgwick.[2] And, if I am not mistaken, one of our chaplains

[1] The Latin *aedituus*, perhaps better known generally, and certainly to readers of Rabelais, is not nearly so close to the Greek as our form; though there is, of course, the usual squabble about *-κόρος*. Are there Chapel-Sweepers anywhere else?

[2] Edwardes the Bursar was a man eminently respectable in the true, not the curiously degraded, sense of that word. But I did not see very much of him, and found him rather more "donnish" than the rest of our dons, though I remember no *casus belli* between us.

combined that office with a partly non-resident living in the Scilly Isles. I can hardly imagine a more delightful bigamy for a modest cleric. It was his colleague (again I *think*) who used to disapprove borrowing the parish surplices.

Of the Warden I have spoken ; one did not see much of him (he invited one to dinner, of course), but I am not sure that a certain god-like retirement, with occasional revelations, gracious or severe, is not the best attitude for a College Head.[1] I suspect that Dr. Marsham was not good at severity—there was a legend of our Russian being had up for censure, and the scene being rather marred because, as the Warden began pontifically, " I am bound, sir, to state," the excellent Russian, who, as I have said, was perfectly familiar with all *clichés* of English, broke in with, " I'm free to confess, sir." As for graciousness, his congratulations on my First

[1] The Canadian freshman who, according to a recent story, took the Head, who came to his door to take him for a walk, for his scout, had ample justification.

in Mods (alas, the only opportunity he had !) were most agreeable.

There was therefore nothing lacking in the officers ;[1] I am afraid I cannot say quite so much of this more than full (as being a Postmaster) private. Until my last year, and even then in a manner, I can clear myself from the charge of insufficient quantity or slack quality of reading.[2] But I am afraid I have all my life been a rather *unconcentrated* reader, though, latterly at least, I am not sure that, as I may even have said already, there has been no advantage in this. But even before I went up, when I was reading extra hard, partly for school work and partly in preparation for scholarships, a proper pedagogue would, I fear, have shaken his head over this entry in my diary :

[1] Their politics may have "left to desire." I find a note, "Breakfasted with Sidg. and many Liberal dons." But they never brought politics into their proper business, as I fear too many have done, and for my part that is all I have ever asked of poet or parson, tutor or tale-teller.

[2] I note in diaries at least one entry of 5½ hours, besides lectures. I should say the average was 3 to 4 *hard*, besides what might be done in the evening.

> "Read 4 hours—Heine, *Les Trois Mousquetaires*, Hebrew, and Thucydides."

Hundreds of others, to the day when I went down for good, would have equally, I fear, hurt his feelings. For though he might be relieved by

> "Refused 4 wines. Read Logic and Lucretius, 4 hours,"

he would be dashed again by

> "Read the *Choephoroe*—and *Pickwick*—all the morning,"

or

> "Finished the *Eumenides*, wrote Greek prose, and read *Pickwick* and Spenser."

I don't know whether he would more approve or disapprove the reading of two books of Homer in five hours—the continuity and freedom from mixture being signs of grace, but the total expenditure of time perhaps, in his eyes, inadequate. And I fear this would quite upset him :

"Logic, Browning, Cosin, and *Dr. Syntax*, $2\frac{3}{4}$ hours."

According to his nature, he would, again, approve or disapprove my not being able to read Virgil without going off to Apollonius Rhodius; but only a *mere* pedagogue would object to my apparently equal enjoyment of the first appearance of *Rhoda Fleming* and a lecture[1] of Mansel's on Heraclitus. I fear the entry, for a single morning, of

"The *Ethics*, *Peter Wilkins*, and the *Cornhill*"

would again upset him hopelessly.

Here is a prescription which I can recommend:

"Read the *Times* and got a headache. Took it away by reading Descartes' *Third Meditation*."

[1] Did Mansel ever publish this? His lectures and sermons were the greatest things for the intellect, and nearly the greatest for the sense of style, that I ever "heard with ears." But he was not very liberal of them by speech, and, I think, by no means careful to print them. And it is many years since I possessed his *Letters*, *Lectures*, *and Reviews*, though I have *Phrontisterion* pretty well by heart.

And there were no Labour members then!

> "Read some Trendelenburg, and a great deal of the *Journal pour Tous*"

(this was on a reading party of two, without a coach, in Brittany [1]) may seem a relapse; but Mr. Arthur Pendennis at least would admit that a man reading for Modern History could defend *all* parts of a morning spent on

> "Heine, *The Last Chronicle of Barset*, the *Saturday Review*, the *Church Times*, and the *Standard*."

Not to weary the reader, let me end this part of the matter with a little bouquet of similar instances, and then a *moralitas*:

> "*Peter Simple* and Mill's *Utilitarianism*."
>
> . . . . . .
>
> "Read the *Epinomis*, Spinoza, and Mansel."

[1] *V. infra, Le Temps Jadis.*

And next to these :

> "Read *The Pilgrim's Progress* (which I hadn't taken up for some years) and rejoiced in it."

Enough of that : now for two bigger instances and their moral——rather *anti*-pedagogic.

Late in my career, when I was hanging loose upon Oxford, I went down to stay with a married sister and write a "Stanhope" Essay. The essay was quite unsuccessful, and a mere waste of a month's time.[1] But among my brother-in-law's books was a copy of Weber's *Beaumont and Fletcher*, and, according to my habit, I read "B. and F." a great deal more than my essay-subject, and added thereby no little to the pretty fair knowledge of Elizabethan drama that I already had. And perhaps something came of this later.

Again, and to finish. One of the latest

[1] Except that writing it gave me some knowledge of Spanish history, I think.

entries of reading that I can find—just when I had failed all my failures and fooled all my fooleries in that particular chapter—is this: "Read Greek Romances, especially Longus." Now the Greek Romances could have "paid" extremely little for the University work I had left, and still less for the School work to which I was going; but, oddly enough, the very day after I had rummaged out this old entry (which I had entirely forgotten), fifty-five years after date, there came to me by post an "advance copy" of a new edition of *Daphnis and Chloe*, "With an introduction By" the reader's very humble servant.

Therefore it would seem that there is some justification for a variant on "Cast thy bread upon the waters"—though it would have to be carefully drawn up.

But this Mahomet's Coffin existence of half Oxford, half nothing had to come to an end, and its last day's occupation—though not quite so

picturesque as my original advance up the bed of the river to a position on the foundation of Merton—had something dramatic about it. I seem to have got up early and voyaged some sixty or seventy miles by rail to see Somebody ; and to have seen Somebody, in thoughtfully provided conditions of isolation, for most of the day. Then to have voyaged back to Oxford in the same way. And when I got there very late I appear to have found a letter offering me, without condition or delay, an appointment, the emoluments of which a Labour Member of to-day would regard as unworthy of a bricklayer or a window-cleaner, but such as in those benighted times gentlemen of some breeding and more than some education were very glad to accept. And the evening of that day fitted on to the morning not at all unhappily.

IX. *Oxford Sixty Years Since : IX.* "*Play.*" —It may not be quite impertinent, though something has been said of amusements sparsely,

to "collect" a little, as in the case of the main occupation.

Lack of early practice,[1] very bad sight, and the same malformation of the hand which has made my writing an astonishment and a hissing and a curse to all mankind,[2] prevented me from taking much part in University sports, even scratch-fours finding me a worse than passenger, though, as I have said, I could potter about in tubs and "walnut-shells" not unsatisfactorily

[1] I join my friend, the late Mr. Frederic Harrison (who, by the way, had voted for me at Wadham twenty years before we ever met, and fifty before we became friends), in not believing that the lack of "playground" of any proper kind in old King's College School, and the largely subterranean, or at least basement, character of its class-rooms, had the slightest ill-effect, hygienically speaking, though modern pseudo-scientific coddling and fadding may think differently. Athletically the situation was, no doubt, not very favourable. At a previous "preparatory," however, the playground of which, in the fifties, stretched from Westbourne Grove nearly to the Great Western, there was plenty of opportunity, and I remember enjoying actual play in not very rigid Rugby football, though I have never thought it an interesting game to look at. Cricket, on the other hand, I was always too blind and too clumsy to play in any real sense, though I can look at it, bar mere "stone-walling," for hours.

[2] "No *man* can read it," as De Quincey says of something else. But, oddly enough, women sometimes can.

to myself. I have been spilt on the Upper River as well as on the Lower, and have enjoyed the shameful delights of pulling through hedges when the floods were out. But my one really athletic gift and pleasure was walking. When I was in earnest my average time from milestone to milestone was 12½ minutes, without any kind of training—and that real *walking*, not the ingenious compound of hop, skip, jump, spring and stride which calls itself "heel and toe." The longest distance I have ever walked thus in a day was, I think, forty-three miles ; my average on a walking tour, twenty-five to thirty ; and the chief measured spurt of which I have record, seven miles in 1 hour 27 minutes. But this was on a horribly slippery road (from Oxford to Bicester), and practically no real test, except of endurance ; for the slips strained the muscles, and the accomplishment of the whole six-and-twenty there and back was not a physical rapture, and meant lameness for some days after.

However, it would be idle to pretend that

I had any athletic pretensions, or that the designation (in the great ballad-epic above referred to) of "the *active* Saint" was not as ironically undeserved in the adjective as in the substantive, without the play-on-words excuse of the latter. Still, I could do my *thirteen* and a half minutes to the mile for a twenty-mile day up to past forty, when a slip on wet asphalt and a *mis*treated broken small bone above the ankle did for my walking (except mere constitutionals) and my waltzing at once. Billiards I used to play to some extent, but very badly, for the simple reason that I never could see the edge of the other ball. I, following my father, could not keep my temper at chess—the only *game* at which I ever did lose a temper none too steady in serious matters—and therefore gave it up early. I believe I was a rather good whist-player,[1] and was fond of most card-games, especially piquet and loo.

[1] Though by no means a lucky one. I turn up some old notes and find at strict hazard the following entries for one week and five sittings: Lost 36, 1, 7, 23; quits *once*.

But, after all, the best diversions (or most of the best) are to be found in pastimes not discoverable in Dictionaries of Games. You look at a fifty-year-old diary of a seaside visit, and find that you saw cricket matches and regattas and races and things of that sort ; played pool and whist, etc., etc. Are these the entries that represent real diversion ? No, it is something like this : " Evening—Balcony and A. Z." " Evening—Balcony and A. Z."—the said balcony looking over the sea, of course, and the conversation being probably of the following type :

You (rather abstractedly). " I'm not sure that I like china-blue eyes."

A. Z.[1] (in a small voice). " What do you call mine, *please* ? "

(You look at them, as invited, and point out that they are not *china* at all, but star-sapphire, love-in-a-mist, pale *lapis lazuli* (an audacious

[1] It will be observed that this, at least disjunctively, will fit anybody from Amaryllis to Zuleika. But persons from Abel to Zerubbabel need not apply.

invention of your own at the moment), or anything else entirely free from the opaqueness and materiality of porcelain.)

This, however, is sporting with Amaryllis in the shade. Out of the shade you waltz with Amaryllis ; and I really think walking by yourself and waltzing with Amaryllis (or Amaryllides) are about the best physical diversions, for ordinary and more or less continuous use, that have been invented for man.[1] I have endeavoured in these little books to keep as free as possible from that frequent and fatal disease in " praisers of the past " which induces them to run down the present ; but I cannot help thinking that the absence of freedom, which excessive reliance on mechanism and system has involved, is a pity here also. The old *deux-temps* or galop—precisians separated them, but the one's elegance and the other's energy were best blended—was

[1] Dancing presents so many pretty problems ! Some of the deeper investigators of life hold that two people who suit each other exactly in dancing should *not* marry : the vulgar, I believe, are of a contrary opinion.

what one may call intuitional—I believe Adam and Eve did it. You caught firm hold of your partner ; your partner hung lightly on to you, and then you both mutually surrendered independent existence and became intermingled *vortices*. The vortex is a great mystery. Now modern dances—if I may speak with the disadvantage, but also the advantage, of a looker-on merely, and not a frequent one recently—seem to me mechanical and over-elaborate in comparison, not to mention other points which might take us out of our way.[1]

So in the other division. There is hardly anywhere in the world—at least the civilised world—such absolute *αὐτάρκεια* as that of the knapsacked pedestrian. The cyclist passes him —possibly splashes him—at *x* miles an hour, and a little later he turns a corner and finds that cyclist wrestling with pump and tyre, or gazing

[1] I only know two passages in literature which really do justice to waltzing—that in Rod's *La Course à la Mort*, which I have translated in my *French Novel*, in prose, and poor Amy Levy's " O sway and swing and sway " in verse.

helplessly at some much more irremediable damage in the solider parts of his machine. So also—and much more also—with the motorist—not to mention that *he* is really taking no exercise at all. Driving[1] is good—very good—and being driven is a pleasant form of laziness, inclining (unless you have something really pretty to talk to) to sleep ; but the first only exercises the arms, except in rare cases, and the other only the eyes and tongue, while wheels can come off, traces, etc., break—and there is the cost always, though sometimes it does not fall on you. Of course actual *riding* escapes some of these disadvantages ; but it is, like driving, infinitely more expensive, and even a horse may break down or cast a shoe.[2] As for mere speed, that, when not self-produced, as in walking, is a very childish delight, and, such as it is, is paid for by loss of " prospects."

[1] Real driving with horses, of course : not pulling about wheels and levers.

[2] I ought perhaps to confess that, though I was regularly taught riding, I never was at home *on* a horse, though fairly so behind him.

No, there is nothing like walking, and, bar certain "show" districts, I will back the neighbourhood of Oxford against most places for it.

But there *are* places as good to walk about as Oxford, as well as better; and Oxford, as I have confessed, was not in my time (except at Commemoration, when the necessary objects were imported) a place for dancing, save in the most imperfect and unsatisfactory form glanced at below. *The* special diversion of Oxford—if not (without prejudice to "the other shop") of Oxford only—lay in those curious "night wanderings," as I have called them, from quad to quad and room to room after the gates were shut. It is in this that the enormous superiority of a residential over a non-residential University consists. People may, of course, to some extent wander from "digs" to "digs"—and there are things called "hostels"; but in the former case there are obvious limitations, and in both the complicated and mysterious but infinitely powerful and specific influence of the College

proper is absent. The older the institution and the buildings, of course, the better, for the more saturated they are with tradition, though this tradition very soon extends to and pervades new accretions. A hundred generations of men like unto yourself have forgathered, quarrelled, argued, worked, played, where you are forgathering, quarrelling, arguing, playing, working; have contemplated the Leonids in November,[1] sweeping the sky over the quads; have "boarfought"[2] and talked, and read and thought, and eaten and drunk, and even danced (*manca voluptas!*) in the rooms.[3]

[1] It was in November 1866, I think, that there was a specially splendid show of shooting stars. The August, or Perseid, displays are out of term, and, as a functionary of my time was wont to say when people asked him for leave to stay up even at Easter, "The College, Mr. ——, is not a hotel." But this, like other things, has been changed, and both Oxford and Cambridge in summer have become the temporary dens of many doleful creatures.

[2] Who first invented this magnificent double inflection? The shift of zoological picture and that of vowel-music from "bearfight" combine wonderfully.

[3] The "History of One Set" for 600-700 years is a grandiose but rather terrific idea.

I believe prigs[1] and educational experts (which is too often tautology) say that this sort of thing leads to a great waste of time. Of course it *may* so lead, just as a man *may* drink and be drunk, *may* fight and be slain, and, in the acme of the situations recorded by the verse, may *not* be welcome back again. But why, as Mr. Bennet says, take such a gloomy view? They dine later now, I believe, but in my time dinner was at 6, and between it and going to bed was an elastic period of from, say, five to eight hours. To read all that time would be nearly impossible, and I should say would do more harm than good — as, if I do not mistake, the old *Pass and Class* of Captain and Professor Monty Burrows, a perfectly serious and very sensible manual, observes magisterially: "The men who read ten or twelve hours a day are not generally successful." So you made a sort of hotch-potch of reading in your own or other

[1] Somebody the other day contended—ironically let us hope—that the prig is what financiers call, though he did not, "a wasting asset" now. I am unable to agree with him.

people's rooms, playing cards, taking forty winks to put off sleep, brewing punch and drinking it, indulging in the gymnastic exercises above alluded to, discoursing on every possible subject on earth, and occasionally touching on things of Heaven. We used to call the more elaborate and serious of these latter functions *séances*.[1] The whole thing, of course, I suppose familiar still—certainly so to men of standing running back in stages to my own—may be illustrated by such diary entries as these :

> " Wine with M——. Quiesced.[2] C—— came in. *Agamemnon* with him nearly 3 hours. Went to F——'s rooms and played *écarté* till 1.30."

. . . . . .

[1] Sometimes also the noun and verb " puss " was used for these occasions. This was, I believe, a purely Mertonian or Mertonensian ἄρρητον, a sacred word, the origin of which was known, but never to be divulged to strangers. It signified intense and earnest action or discussion—to be " on the puss " was a frequent variant. I have known it confused with " fuss " *putidissime*, or at least most mistakenly, though in accordance at least with rhyme, for it did not go with " the vocative of ' cat ' " but with " discuss " itself.

[2] Dialectic for the " forty winks " above mentioned.

> "Wined with C——. Walked and sat with the Professor.[1] Came in—went to Sidg. for Plato. Proceeded to write an essay under difficulties in F——'s room. Finished it in my own—sore let and hindered by smoke."

And hundreds more. All *archi-connu*, of course, and I hope not obsolete yet. But certain things make one doubt a little. Of course play-acting in College, etc., is of the best. But it would be sad if Oxford succumbed to the modernist or nursery craving for being amused instead of amusing oneself, and for "going out" at any price; and more than sad if it gave itself up to "movies"—the most entirely brainless form of relaxation on record, and excusable, even for the *demos*, only on *one* of the attempted explanations of the Aristotelian "purgation"—that the frequenters might be doing mischief if they were not there.

[1] Bishop Creighton's undergraduate name. I don't know who gave it him, with its shortened form "The P." But it persisted even when he was rowing.

I seem to remember how, a good many years ago, a critic—not τῶν τυχόντων, or the first comer—seemed either seriously or ironically surprised at my including "University Sermon" among University diversions. In my time, unless a man were hopelessly frivolous, it certainly was one of them. Not everybody might, as I honestly did myself, rejoice exceedingly in the Bidding Prayer, which, with the famous Forty-fourth of *Ecclesiasticus* and Eleventh of *Hebrews*, excites the generous spirit of ancestor-worship like nothing else. But, except in the seventeenth century, I doubt whether there was anywhere, or at any time, a much better collection and choice of preachers than at Oxford in the sixties.[1] The extraordinary charm of Pusey's voice, which I mentioned elsewhere, was reinforced by a certain devotional intensity which I never heard from any other man, free from the slightest theatricality, and poles asunder from mere rhetoric.

[1] I glanced at some of them in *Scrap Book I.*, but may enlarge the view a little here.

To listen to Mansel was a logical education, with the better if severer rhetoric serving as play-stuff; while with Bishop Wilberforce you were never sure where you would have him, and certain floating doubts about absolute sincerity were nearly always, sooner or later, forgotten in admiration of art. I once spoke rather slightingly of Liddon, and I seldom thought very highly of him; but in fairness I ought to say that I find at least one note of applause in the diaries I have since overhauled. Nor were these the only, though they were the chief, performers in this kind at that time; and a good sermon is a very good as well as uncommon thing. The handicap of most sermons is that they come after something so much better than themselves. From this (for the Bidding Prayer, though excellent, was but an introduction) University Sermon was free. And a confirmed optimist may even suggest, as a slight palliative to the mischief of a revised Prayer Book, that it will give the preachers of the

future a much less heart-breaking task in coming after it.

We did not here obey the precept as to beginning *Ab Jove*: let us at least have concluded with His matters.[1]

X. *Mr. Irving's Iago*

[*I thought that this—my only theatrical criticism in half a century of critical writing—might amuse, in this or that way, some readers, and perhaps serve, being in a double sense a "scrap," to perform the office of the bits of old stuff that potters and metal-workers put in their new concoctions. It appeared originally in a long defunct—indeed hardly more than still-born—periodical called* Our Times, *which, like so many others, was marked for early death by the fatal complaint of not paying its contributors. But whether* this *specimen be good or not, it had other stuff in it not unworthy. What*

[1] A few more details, frivolous and not frivolous, but belonging to Oxford, will be found below in the sections headed *Le Temps Jadis.*

follows was, of course, as every one with even a slight knowledge of stage-history will recognise, written at the time when Mr. (not then Sir Henry) Irving and the American actor Booth "changed rapiers" on successive nights in the parts of the Moor and the Ancient. The estimate of this latter part in itself, *given here, is of course not given as anything novel* now. *But forty and more years ago it was neither orthodox nor common.*[1]]

It is, I believe, acknowledged that in matters of art the criticism of a layman, unprejudiced and tolerably well informed, sometimes has interest. The only excuse that I can offer for the few remarks that follow is that, with something of a distaste for the theatre, I have a tolerable familiarity with the whole range of English dramatic literature. Nor, though as a rule I do not care for theatre-going, am I so little of a theatre-goer as to experience the attraction of mere novelty. I have seen (not often, it is true,

[1] The text is practically unaltered; but the notes are added here.

but I have seen) most, if not all, of the more famous actors and actresses of the last quarter of a century.[1] Also I know my Shakespeare as well as I do the multiplication table.[2] But though I have written on most subjects, I have never hitherto[3] written a word of dramatic criticism in my life, and it was something of an accident which made me a not wholly willing spectator at the Lyceum on the second night of the performance of *Othello*.

The play is, on the whole, my own favourite among Shakespeare's graver works,[4] and the character of Iago is the character in it of which I have formed the clearest and the highest idea. That idea has never been in accordance with the traditional notion of Iago given either by the stage or by literature. A well-known passage

[1] *I.e.* 1855–80. I began with Charles Kean in *Louis XI.* and Marie Wilton in her very earliest stage, "gagging" something about Blink Bonny's Derby.

[2] In the same sense, of course. God forbid that I should pretend, or ever have pretended, to "know" him in any other!

[3] Or since.

[4] Not including *Antony and Cleopatra*, where the glory counts the gravity out.

of Macaulay's essay on Macchiavelli, and Hazlitt's formal criticism, may be said to embody this tradition (of course in rather different forms) well enough. According to it, Iago is a sort of human fiend, or rather a kind of Mephistopheles-monkey who delights in mischief, if not absolutely for its own sake, yet with only the faintest occasion or excuse. He is a person who says, "Evil, be thou my good," and who has a spontaneous and quite genuine pleasure in harming and hurting and debasing everything and everybody he comes across. I do not so read Shakespeare. It seems to me that, in the first place, Iago is a gentleman. He is known to Lodovico as "a very valiant person." He is treated as an equal by every one, and "three great ones of the city" sued to Othello for his lieutenancy. Venetian magnificoes did not usually interest themselves for kinless loons. In the second place, he is not a middle-aged villain, but a young man; he gives us his age, eight-and-twenty. He has evidently a blameless

reputation with those who have known him long, and must have had plenty of opportunities for observing any innate diabolism of character in him. No doubt he is something of a soldier of fortune, and the camp has a little tarnished both his breeding and his morality. Probably his means were not equal to his birth, and he had no doubt got into an easy habit of "making his fool his purse," a habit not unknown in other armies besides the Venetian. To estimate his character, it is very important to scrutinise narrowly the part of Emilia,[1] a part much curtailed, and, as it seems to me, badly conceived in the acted version. Emilia is a little afraid of Iago, somewhat suspicious of him, vexed at his cavalier treatment of her, but it is by no means clear that she suspects him of any positive villainy, or thinks him capable of anything worse than waywardness. Her surprise when

[1] She, like Maria in *Twelfth Night* and others, suffers from the constant modern forgetfulness that such parts are those of "ladies-in-waiting," not "ladies' maids."

the Moor tells her who is his informant shows this, and that the passage (sometimes taken as a hint at Iago's underhand dealings) in which she suggests that Othello must have had his mind poisoned by somebody does not point in that direction is shown by the words, "Some such squire he was," etc., which would be absurd if she had been referring to her husband himself.

Therefore I think it is fair to suppose that, up to the time of the Cyprus voyage, no one knew anything of a serious kind against Iago. Now incarnate devils, doing harm for harm's sake, do not live till eight-and-twenty without giving some sample of their disposition. Iago appears to me to have been a person with a strong sense of humour, darkening into cynicism, no sense of morality, an Italian tendency to revenge and self-indulgence, and an extraordinary subtlety of brain. He is mortally offended by the putting of Cassio over his head, and he is certainly jealous, if only in a general and suspicious way, of Cassio and Othello himself. Those who

believe this jealousy to have been a mere figment not only overlook Emilia's reference to it, but also forget the additional poetic value given to the play by the fact of Iago communicating his own disease to Othello. Despairing of inflicting the direct *peine du talion* (though he seems to have had some notion of that too) on his general, he will at least make him feel what he has himself felt.

The motives, then, in his mind at first reduce themselves to a desire to exploit Roderigo to the uttermost, a wish to avenge himself on Cassio and Othello for the slight put upon him in the matter of the lieutenancy, and for their supposed relations to Emilia, and perhaps also a kind of cynical anger with Desdemona for what must have seemed to him her *bête* purity and innocence. To turn Cassio out, to bubble Roderigo of as much money as possible, to plague the Moor, to discredit Desdemona, and perhaps to gain some influence over her, may be said to sum up his earlier objects.

But the means to do ill deeds present them-

selves with almost bewildering facility, and the pleasure of playing the game, the sense of his superiority to his victims, and of the completeness of the revenge obtainable, by degrees overmasters him. He plays for ever higher and bloodier stakes. He loses some of the cautiousness which would hardly have deserted a simple amateur of devilry. He confesses to himself that "this is the night that either makes him or foredoes him quite," and only positive hatred and revengefulness could have blinded him to the fact that the chances of his being foredone were much the greater. At last he loses, and he pays the stake with the coolness of a veteran gambler. He neither cringes, nor snarls at his foes, nor gloats over the evil he has done with the clumsy glee of a stage villain. He has won the game, if he has lost the rubber, and he dies in silence. All Cassio's tortures, if that good-natured person ever really brought himself to carry out Lodovico's threats, did not, we may feel sure, make Iago quail.

This, in the main, is the conception I have formed of the character in many years' reading of the play, and this, to my great delight, was the conception which, as it seemed to me, Mr. Irving carried out in the main. Of course there were differences, but the tenor was the same. I had heard a good deal of Mr. Irving's mannerisms of speech, and though they were certainly perceivable, they did not seem to me to interfere much with the part. Probably the truth is that, mine ancient's language being, as usual with Shakespeare, somewhat of the euphuist kind, a certain artificiality in its utterance does it no harm. The outward presentment of the part pleased me particularly. The rich dress, bought, doubtless, with some of the unlucky "snipe's" gold and jewels, was exactly that befitting a gentleman-adventurer. The manner, at first merely scornful, and with a slight touch of soldier-like brag about it, hardening gradually into that of the conspirator, yet without any affectation of mystery or stage fiendishness, was

equally appropriate. Mine ancient, as is but too well known, was loose in his language, as persons conversant with camps, and not remarkable for gravity or piety, are too frequently wont to be ; and Mr. Irving kept just enough of this in his version to season the presentment of a man destitute of principle, eager for pleasure, profit, and the indulgence of the luxury of revenge, not already or inevitably a villain, but capable of villainy at almost any moment when the opportunity came.

The set *tirades* of a part are, I suppose, never its really difficult passages ; but few things could have been better than the " put money in thy purse " harangue. Generally, indeed, Mr. Irving's manner in the Roderigo scenes, the rapid and fantastic oratory with which he bewilders the poor chuff, his lavishness of gesture and pantomime—all calculated to distract his hearer's attention and keep it from unpleasant despondency and still more unpleasant inquiries as to the employment of the money he spends

so freely—appeared to me masterly. The well-known scene with Desdemona on the port, with the matchless character of woman which sums up in half-a-dozen lines everything libellous that had been said from Simonides to the Fabliau-writers, was equally good.

In the development of the plot, it seemed to me that Mr. Irving might have been a good deal hampered by the excision (usual, I believe, on the stage) of the Bianca scenes. Without these the stages of deception and intrigue follow each other somewhat too rapidly ; many of the confirmatory incidents, which best show Iago's skill, and most excuse Othello's weakness, are left out ; and the plot, to read (though I have never read it in this form), would, I should say, lose much of its plausibility. It is all the more credit to the actor that no lack of such plausibility was actually felt. There was no time to feel it : the various actions of the machinator following each other as easily and speciously as possible.

Specially remarkable, as it seemed to me,

were Mr. Irving's soliloquies. These much abused things are, of course, the only chance a dramatist has of giving his audience direct intimation of the workings of his characters' minds: and though both dramatists and actors ought, no doubt, to supplement this with much indirect information, it cannot be omitted. At the same time, the folly of a certain kind of soliloquy, in which the speaker kindly describes to himself his own motives and intentions very much after the fashion of that Scotch act of worship which has been described as "informing the deity of his own attributes," is notorious and nauseous enough. Mr. Irving makes the very utmost of the soliloquies of Iago, and the successive stages of the "monstrous birth" are made absolutely clear.

My readers would not thank me if I were to go through the play, scene for scene. There are two, however, which deserve especial comment. The feigned consolation of Desdemona which brings upon Iago the unintentional weight

of his wife's violent language is a very trying one. Nowhere is he more morally detestable, nowhere is he intellectually greater. He does not "protest too much," his speeches are brief and almost constrained in mere words, though those words are admirably chosen. The actor thus has to throw in a great deal of expression, and yet to remember that Iago is "honest Iago," a plain, bluff sort of person, not a fawning, wheedling courtier. Mr. Irving does this consummately, and the single genuine utterance of the scene, the short "You're a fool; go to!" to Emilia, is given at once with such an apparent pooh-poohing of the absurd suggestion of there being a "cogging knave" somewhere, and, at the same time, such a hearty intensity of double meaning, as to make it admirable. Yet, again, in the last scene of all, when the game is up and he is at bay, the short retort to Othello, "I bleed, sir, but not killed," is equally admirable. Stoical composure, outward preservation of respect to the general, and yet a covert suggestion,

of the same ironic kind as that which Othello himself had made on the futility of his wrath, are all implied in it.

I can only say in conclusion that I rather hope Mr. Irving will not give us many more impersonations of this force. I should have to take to going regularly to the theatre, which would cost me a great deal of time, some trouble, and not a little money.

XI. *Sandwiches.*—My scrap about Sausages in the preceding volume appears not to have been disliked. It procured me from one gracious lady of the North a beautiful long string of excellent stuff, not twisted into pieces, reminding one in miniature appearance of Mr. Kipling's white cobra, with no nasty head or fangs (indeed the white cobra *had* no fangs, I think). Also from a most (in more ways than one) Civil Servant in that great country which we are throwing to the dogs, the indication of a purveyor in Cornwall who supplied things as delectable as the

Duchy they came from, and of a skinlessness worthy of either Athens.[1] Therefore I venture to take up my parable about something else of the edible kind. But it will not be an invective ; and, if a complaint, only of men, not things.

I have never understood the abuse of the sandwich, which is too common. Even Thackeray, I think, though I cannot at the moment " place " the passage, sneers at them ; Trollope describes them as usually consumed by stationmasters' dogs, and apparently as deserving the fate. And a Fifth Georgian, for whom on several grounds I have a great respect, though I do not know him in the least, Mr. St. John Ervine, pronounces them to be " known to everybody " as " the most unappetising form of nourishment that human beings can consume." I am bound to say that I regard all these denouncers as being *pro tanto* and *pro tempore* in the gall of bitterness and the bond of iniquity.

[1] I believe there is a controversy whether ἀλλᾶς means " sausage " or " sausage-*meat*." But I like to think that Cleon's enemy sold *Oxford* sausages, as he clearly ought to have done.

"Iniquity"—want of equity—is, in fact, an exceptionally appropriate word for their sin. It is perfectly true that there are sandwiches—far too many of them—which it would be an insult to any respectable dog to set before him, and others (or the same) which any human being of taste simply *can't* "consume"—so that the question of nutrition does not come in. On the other hand there are sandwiches, if not so many as there should be, which no wise person would dream of leaving—except as in pure self-denial and ascetic renunciation, or as a mark of affection, or because of at last attained satiety—to the very nicest of dogs, sandwiches the very appetisingness whereof is their only fault, because it tempts you to eat an unfair number of them. In that Isle of the Blest—already less blest, alas! now than it was then, and threatened by most impudent and sturdy begging on our part with having still more blessings taken away!—where I once lived, in Guernsey, some of us, besides playing whist at the club, made an

informal coterie of some half-dozen—with a deserving visitor sometimes added—to play at our own houses.[1] One of these held an office corresponding in miniature to that of the Solicitor-General; his superior, or Attorney-General, was another. Now Mr. Solicitor, who was a bachelor or widower, I forget which, had a housekeeper, who made the most perfect sandwiches—generally ham or anchovy—that I ever ate. They were very small; the bread was as thin as it could be not to show the colour of the middle element—a quite fatal fault; and unless a man were as great a *polydaknist* or multiple-biter as Mr. Gladstone (I think I am nearly that), they disappeared down one's throat with disgraceful rapidity and multiplicity, especially if the party was of five only, and one was solitary at "cutting-out" time.

But though ham, tongue, beef (salt or fresh),

[1] I fear that (as, indeed, the wise will guess already) one object of this was to avoid some other persons whom we couldn't avoid at the club. There were two or three in especial whose goodness in other matters was only equalled by the incredible badness of their play.

and anchovy[1] are the commonest—not in any depreciatory meaning of "common," but as indicating the rank and file—of the sandwich army, the materials of it are extremely numerous and of very various value. There used to be—still is for aught I know—a place in Glasgow where they were said to have four hundred kinds of sandwiches—a place which, near as I was for long to Glasgow and fond as I am of sandwiches, I never explored. But I see little reason for any limitation of mere number. Any kind of food, animal or vegetable, that can by any possibility be laminated and inserted between slices of bread, buttered or not, becomes *ipso facto* a sandwich. But, as in most other cases, to be a sandwich and to be a good sandwich are two quite different things. A clumsily and coarsely made sandwich *is*, I grant Mr. Ervine, "one of the most unappetising," etc. But almost as much may be said of any dish from one end of the cookery-book to the other. It is with the

[1] Admitted by special licence.

material sandwiched that the specific difference comes in. Generally speaking, Scotch ideas on food are sound. The people who regard haggis and sheep's-head as things that the lips should not allow to enter them and the tongue should refuse to mention are (begging their pardon) fools. I believe it to be a fact generally, and know it to be one in some actual cases, that haggis extracted from its bag and presented as mince, a wedge of cold sheep's-head pie offered as a sort of galantine, do not fail to deceive and delight the average Southerner, unless he has somehow been put on his guard. For my own part, without having one drop of Scottish blood in me, and long before Scotland gave me "a place with a pinsion," I accepted both haggis and sheep's-head at first trial. But I cannot forgive Scotsmen for making sandwiches of mutton—as people who have (and who has not?) been driven to "refect" at Perth Station will know that they do. No fresh meat except beef and venison (which makes some of

the best of all) makes really good sandwiches, but mutton (unless minced and seasoned out of all taste and nature) makes the worst of all. And here I would enter a protest against this "mincing and seasoning." Some professed cooks seem to think it inartistic to sandwich things in any other way—even cheese being sometimes thus presented *en tartine*. Of course those very doubtful blessings, tinned foods, most of which tend to the pasty condition, encourage this habit. And there are some pasty things besides anchovy and bloater, especially the good old "*Patum Peperium* or Gentleman's Relish," which deserve all praise. But paste is contrary to the truest *ethos* of the sandwich, which should either be flavoured bread and butter, as in anchovy and bloater, and also in those simplest of all, but by no means contemptible *tartines*, rather heavily peppered and salted, but otherwise unsandwiched—or else solid food reduced to slim proportions, but still solid. *This* need not be absolutely "simple of itself." A ham sandwich, lightly spread with

chutney (of the hot and liquid kind, not lumps of mango), is one of the finest studies in blending for an intelligent mind and palate that can be found. It need not be simple *in* itself; for brawn, galantine, sausages of various kinds, especially mortadella, and real[1] *pâté de foie gras* make admirable sandwiches. But there should, if possible, be a certain *substance*—sardine sandwiches, than which there are few better, should consist of the actual fish, delicately boned, skinned, and fitted together; not of a sort of *mousse*.[2]

Chicken, unless "hocussed" in the manner just deprecated, seems to me to be of too faint a taste to make that contrast to the bread which the sandwich requires. But all game birds big enough to yield fair slices make famous sand-

[1] Unfortunately in nineteen cases out of twenty so-called *pâté de foie gras* sandwiches are made of a *purée* specially vended for the purpose. It is to be avoided.

[2] Some talk much of caviare sandwiches; but I think the bread, especially the *upper* bread, "blankets" the caviare. It demands toast beneath and nothing above. Cold curry, sufficiently fine in texture and not knobby makes very fair sandwiches.

wiches, and I would again draw attention to the, I think too little known, excellence of venison for the purpose. It must be well hung, but not "high," the bread well buttered and mustarded, and the meat like Mr. Woodhouse's gruel, "thin, but not *too* thin." If a packet of such sandwiches finds itself in the possession of a person of good taste, appetite, and sense on a fairly long journey, I think it will be well for a wise stationmaster's dog at the farther end not to count too much on it for provender.

XII. *The New Psalter.*—Some years ago I was able—in a book which, entirely contrary to my expectation, has reached a second edition —to deal pretty faithfully with the Revised Version of the Bible. It was not going out of my way, for the book was a *History of English Prose Rhythm*, and you could not easily find better examples of that than in the A.V. or worse than in the R.V. Except in a definitely religious treatise, it would be out of place—in size as well

as subject—to deal with the more recent attempts to tinker the Prayer Book, though perhaps a glance at the *sacra* (following on similar glances in No. 1) may be permitted. Here I wish to deal faithfully, but politely (I should be sorry to be thought, like the man in Macaulay,

> 'Gainst ladies and bishops excessively valiant,
> But very respectful to a dragoon),

with Bishop Ryle's apologia for the New Psalter in the *Times* of March 16 in this year.

The Bishop-Dean is, indeed, a *reus* so nearly *confitens*, and so agreeable an expert in the art of apologising, that nobody but a brute could be rude to him. He admits that he and his fellow-conspirators have attempted to reconcile "two things that are strictly irreconcilable." He is "afraid we have pleased nobody." He is himself so very polite as to admit further that "the people who don't want any change" are "the well-educated people, whose taste is naturally fastidious" (one purrs and arches one's back

and tail and feels inclined to walk round this adroit stroker, or at least to rub against his gaiters). Only in one place does twentieth-century cocksureness emerge. "We understand the position of the people of Israel better than they did in the sixteenth." Would it not be better to say "*We think* we understand"? And one result of this improvement in understanding—the substitution of "nation" for "people"—is perhaps the unhappiest of all the fruits of the characteristic just glanced at. "Nation" and "national" are among the unfortunate words of the present day, whether you look at the political or at the sporting columns of the newspaper. "People," in the "class" sense, has got defiled too, but "nation," which first came into much use in the French Revolution, always since then has had defilement about it.

The—I wish I could find a nice single word, but let us say—occasional absence of alert intelligence which seems to beset revisers is perhaps nowhere better shown than in Dr. Ryle's

remark that "make them like unto a wheel" is "almost nonsense"; but that "as the driven dust" gives an idea which at any rate is intelligible, especially to people who have been in the East (the "ordinary working man" is elsewhere said to be catered for by the Revisers, and he, of course, has been there) and seen the dust driven in a kind of whirlwind. May it be gently suggested that there is no absolute necessity to go to the East to see this rare and mysterious phenomenon? In the merry month of March, when the Bishop-Dean was speaking or writing, he might probably have seen it without going many miles from Dean's Yard—perhaps even without passing the gate thereof. And it *is* very "like unto a wheel."

Did the Bishop ever hear of a Bishop's *stool*? He surely must have done so; and yet he thinks "stool of wickedness" "extraordinarily difficult." And, most marvellous of all, he "cannot make out how the words 'he is thy Lord God' got into the Psalter" in that perhaps most

glorious of all the not-melancholy Psalms which M. Renan and others would have us associate with Jezebel. "The words evidently refer to the royal husband of the princess," says Dr. Ryle. Did anybody ever think they referred to anybody else? The Dean would seem to forget that whether this obviously delightful creature was the youthful Jezebel or anybody else, the respective status of husband and wife throughout the Bible fully authorises the phrase as a poetical exaggeration at least, and hardly that.[1]

But I do not want to plague readers with too much verbal criticism, though, as a matter of fact, there is hardly a single point on which the Bishop-Dean could not be met. I must, however, quote some words which practically cut the ground from under the Revisers' whole position: "It is possible that the difficulty is so great because the text has not been preserved accurately." *Very* possible indeed! And even this, though pretty fatal, is not the fatalest

[1] Cf. Isaiah liv. 5.

demurrer. The excuse for revising the Bible was that it was the Word of God, and you could not possibly translate it too accurately. But nobody says that the Prayer Book is directly the Word of God, and though much of it is reproduced from, and nearly all inspired by, the Bible, paraphrase, as well as literal translation, is obviously permissible. The very fact of the Psalter in the Prayer Book being a reproduction of Coverdale's and not of the Authorised Version, is important. Why were not the Psalms left to be "taken in" from the Bible as the Lessons are? Obviously because people then knew when they had a good thing and took care to keep it. They knew that Coverdale was more "singable" than King James's men. Our fathers did *not* eat sour grapes, so that it is rather hard that some of their descendants should set on edge the teeth of others who like the ripe ones.[1]

[1] Absolute fairness being the motto of these Scrap Books, let me say that actual edge-setting seems to have been less the object of these particular Revisers than of the others. But those others could not have been beaten at it, so it was wise not to try.

There is a little more to be said. The constant plea of the advocates of revision is that "the working man," "the uneducated," "the lower classes"—all the pets and spoilt children of the present day—are *so* puzzled by the dreadful old words, the strange constructions, etc., etc.! Now for more than fifty years we have been expending at first several hundreds of thousands and at last something nearer hundreds of millions on the education of these poor dears: and what have we taught them? The answer is not readily forthcoming; but we seem to have *un*taught them a good deal. They can't, it seems, understand "quick," so we must make it "alive," and sacrifice one of the greatest phrases in English, "the quick and the dead." (Fancy "the alive and the dead"!) And "quick-silver"? and "quick-sand"? But I suppose modern education does not concern itself with so treating a child that it will say to itself, "I wonder why this difference between 'silver' and 'quick-silver'?" and be told and under-

stand. Phonetics and civics and instruction in sex-questions, and statements of fads instead of facts about alcohol, no doubt leave no time for anything of that sort—or, indeed, for Bible and Prayer Book lessons at all.

XIII. *Warnings.* — All superstitions, except political ones and *one* other, are respectable. (This "other" is that—perhaps the most prevalent of all—about thirteen at table; and it is unworthy of respect on its own grounds, for how many times had the Master summoned that number, with Himself, of guests to meet and share the Cup, before one turned traitor?) But there is one of them which—though it has not got itself enshrined in common use and phrase, like going under a ladder, or spilling salt, or crossing knives, or many others—is, I think, also one of the most respectable of all. It is what I have ventured to call the belief in Warnings. Its master —or fountain—story is, of course, that of Balaam and the Ass, *qui parlait si bien*, and the Angel

that was seen by the wise beast and unseen so long by the foolish man. (One can't help liking Balaam somehow, for he was a great poet, and an intensely human creature; and he died fighting; and he inspired Bishop Butler with one of the greatest sermons and pieces of *real* "psychology" ever written.) Construed in the best way, it means the observation of peculiar and persistent *hindrances*, or disastrous accompaniments of apparent success, in some undertaking or adventure, and the taking of them as equivalent to "No Thoroughfare!" I have had several of these in my life—two especially which may be scrappily amusing, and help funny people to jokes about the ass.

I was born in one of those houses, not infrequent in the earlier nineteenth century, which had the name "Lottery Hall," because they had been built out of winnings under that system of public lotteries which our more intelligent and less canting forefathers permitted and utilised. The obvious consequence was that I have never

had any gambling luck, the portion of such luck appurtenant to the place of my nativity having been previously exhausted. I did once win a pair of big hair-brushes in a sweep ; but they were so enormous that they hit each other when one used them in the proper way over one's head, and were practically useless.[1]

I have never been able to perceive any moral harm in what is called gambling, unless you lose what you can't pay. And this is wrong, not because of the form of the loss, but because of the fact—just as if you built churches and alms-houses, or subsidised strike-breakers, or did anything else intrinsically virtuous, when you couldn't afford it. *One* experience of having lost more than he could pay at some time of a game, even if he has pulled round afterwards, ought to be enough for an honest man. But gambling in itself is simply " buying a chance," as a most attractive and intelligent lady once summed up for me, while we were looking on

[1] This, of course, was the reason why they were raffled, being unsaleable.

at tennis, a more clumsily worded argument of my own. And why you shouldn't buy anything you can pay for, unless it is intrinsically bad, it is hard to say; while to say that there is anything bad in chance itself is not so much hard as idiotic.

As to one kind of gambling—betting on races[1]—I had two curious instances of "warning" in the less obvious form, not "hindrance," but unpleasantness attending success. I never betted much, and I only remember winning solidly twice. Once it was in backing for Doncaster an animal that had failed at Epsom. But, alas! my *parieur* was not, like Colonel Altamont's, "a good man": he said he couldn't remember the bet. "Had I formally booked it?" and, alas! again, I hadn't. In the other case the other party did pay up; but then he went and got engaged to one of *my* only two angels then possessing archangelic quality, and married her.

[1] See more on this in next section, "The Sin of Betting." The controversy on that subject had not taken place when I wrote "Warnings."

The Angel's right and left were much too evident, and I never made another bet.

The remaining instance was of quite a different character and one of pure "hindrance." I have all my life desired to visit Lochleven Castle; and as I lived for twenty years within easy distance of it, and over and over again stayed at a country house nearer still, it would appear that I could hardly be disappointed. Somehow or other, however, the Angel was always in the way. More than once, when a day had been fixed and an expedition planned, the weather was impossible; and few people likely to read this book need to be told what impossible weather in Scotland means. At other times the horses would exercise their mysterious right of having "something the matter with them"; at others, again, inconvenient news or accident of some kind would put the journey off. At last it seemed that things *could not* go wrong. The day was perfect; the horses looked as if they were going to a show to sweep the prizes; and our conductors were

the younger members of our host's family, who were not likely to exercise too parental authority in any way. We got to Kinross—and every boat on the lake was engaged in one of those abominable fishing competitions common there in summer!

The warning was too clear; and as we turned the horses from that never-to-be-returned-to beach, I kissed my hand to Queen Mary's enforced sojourn across the water with the appropriate—

Adieu for evermore!

XIV. *The Sin of Betting.*—It is indeed amazing to what precipices of paralogism some good folk are tempted by their good intentions. A most excellent cleric, an object always of my private affection and (occasionally) of my public admiration, endeavoured some time ago to argue against the proposed Betting Tax, and, as an implication, against the rather heavy metal of Bishop Welldon. *Inter alia* he seemed to compare betting to

drunkenness and prostitution as a sin, if not a crime. "Good Heavens!" as yet another divine and dignitary of the best kind, Archdeacon Grantly, would say. Drunkenness *is* a sin, if not necessarily mortal. It is, as the Scripture says—the New Testament Scripture by its most logical mouth—"excess"[1]—disproportionate, covetous, and unseemly consumption of one of the best gifts of God, of which other good people have not nearly enough. It incapacitates in all sorts of ways, not the least bad being the sin against yourself of consuming, with unpleasant results, what, divided, would supply you with wholly good ones twice or three times over. I could preach against drunkenness for a month of Sundays and hardly repeat myself. So, again, prostitution is an undoubted sin—according to Christianity because it is pronounced to be so,

[1] The original word *asotia* is rather general for "profligacy" or "wastefulness" of any kind, "the conduct of a debauchee" or ἄσωτος. But our "excess" brings out very happily the *special* profligacy of drunkenness as above unfolded, in that the drunkard takes to himself more than his fair share of a good thing, and so is guilty of *pleonexia* as well.

and because of the great mystical argument of St. Paul; and, barring Christianity altogether, because it involves the selling and buying for money of what ought only to be given and taken for love.

But betting a sin? Where in the name of every ethical or theological system in the world does it come in, unless, perchance, you resurrect and re-erect the prohibition of "increase" which every Christian Church in the world, I believe, has admitted to be cancelled; and which, I believe again, every rational person who has looked into the matter sees to have been, like many other Jewish ordinances, simply a corollary of the special *fraternity* of the Jewish people? The old "dead money not capable of increase" argument was always absurd; for it is not the dead money but the excessively live use to which the money is put that brings the increase. And in the case of racing bets, the strength and speed of the horse, the knowledge and energy of the trainer and jockey, are very live things indeed. Otherwise, where on earth or out of

the earth is the conceivable wickedness, or even naughtiness, of saying, "If Pharos wins the Derby you shall give me six[1] shillings, and if he doesn't I'll give you one"?

Of course, as usual, it is by side-ways of "example," "consequence," "temptation," etc., etc., that the attack is made. How often is one to point out that pretty nearly everything in this world is capable of abuse, or of being combined with something that is bad? If I bet so that I can't pay when I lose, I am a rascal; but so I am if I send some one else's money, with which I am entrusted, to a hospital or a missionary society. If I spend on betting, and going to races, the money and the time I ought to spend on providing for my wife and family, I am what we call "doing" wrong; but it is in what I don't do, not in what I do, that the wrong consists. If I welsh I am a

[1] These were, according to the newspapers, the correct odds at the moment when I wrote these words. Alas! it was a case (not with me personally, as I point out below) of the one only.

much worse rascal; but under the plain old Eighth Commandment, not under some new-fangled inferential imputation of the badness of betting. If I "dope" or "pull" a horse I deserve thrashing within an inch of my life; but for the doping or pulling, not for anything else. As for "temptation," did not Dr. Johnson say, most truthfully, that "where young ladies are there is always temptation"? And are we therefore to make female infanticide obligatory for the remarkably short time in which the world would continue to be inhabited? and the still shorter in which it would be worth inhabiting?

That positive good would, certainly from some points of view, and probably from nearly all, be the result of taxation, may be said to be an inferior argument, in view of the possible reply that you mustn't do evil that good may come. It is safer to urge that in betting as betting there is no evil at all. But the resulting money would for once be a pure "benevolence"—coin put in the pocket of the State as cheerfully as,

and a great deal more lavishly than, it is put in the boxes of the Church. The necessary regulations would, again certainly to some extent and probably to a very large one, interfere with, if not put a stop to, the present abuses by which rascals and fools bring a guiltless practice into discredit. And I say this having, as mentioned already, not made a bet for something like sixty, certainly fifty years, and having this year resisted a strong desire to go for a double on Pharos and Tranquil in the hope that an Earl of Derby might at last land, not only the Derby, but also the Oaks.[1] Alas! it came not off; but wouldn't the ghost of "Rupert" (whose life I once had the impudence to write) have been pleased if it had!

To return to pure seriousness, is it not rather sad to find people in these days sticking the label of "sin" on something that at worst is extrava-

[1] I debated for a short time whether it would be worth while to bet *against* the double in order that my bad luck might carry the pair, or one of them, through!

gance? Would that good Bishop who licensed play on the certainly onerous terms of giving to charity all you won and as much as you lost, have licensed *sin* for money? No: while the poor, if they do not themselves covet,[1] are incited by their leaders to covet the goods of the rich; while the rich, or some of them, throw away their riches on mere senseless and vulgar waste; while legislators engineer more and more domestic misery and wrongdoing by facilitating divorce; while clerics take moneys and dignities though denying the faith they swore to in order to obtain them; while Pussyfoots blaspheme the gifts of God; and while the friends of Bolshevism at least condone, if they do not share, the negation

[1] The word reminds me of one amazing creature who brought betting in as sin under the *Tenth* Commandment! In that case it is obvious that every commercial transaction is sinful likewise. For all buyers in this sense "covet" the object they buy, and all sellers "covet" the price they are to receive. Another, as really if less glaringly muddle-headed, first threw Plato at our heads, and then made betting out an attempt to get something "without service rendered." The service is *on each side* the promise to pay something if something happens—*quid* and *quo* both unquestionable. But the muddlement of the brains of these fanatics is hopeless, whether it concerns vaccination or vivisection, the tavern or the turf.

of God Himself,—while all these things go on, there is surely something to correct, something to fight against, something to thunder about as "sin" and "evil," and so forth, worse than the practice—perfectly guiltless *ab initio*, and only not innocuous afterwards inasmuch as everything mundane may be made noxious—of "putting something *on*" in hopes that another something will "come *off*." It has been urged that it is folly to combat "extinct Satans," and it might be so if real Satans were extinguishable, which they probably are not—just yet. But to get up sham Satans, for the purpose of extinguishing or trying to extinguish them, is surely folly of the foolishest, if it is not something even worse.[1]

[1] One of the best exposures that I know (though only made indirectly and in a way *obiter*) of the folly of at least some objections to gambling, is to be found in some of those queer early *Salons* of Thackeray's which, with all their faults, are about the only things we have in English to set against Diderot's in French. (See "Letters on the Fine Arts," contributed to the *Pictorial Times* in the spring of 1843 and to be found in *Works*, Oxford ed., ii. 581-593, on the subject of Art Unions.) And Thackeray had very little reason to love gambling! (For more *v. inf. An Omnibus Box.*)

XV. *Laughing at Tennyson.*—I cannot exactly remember the context of some words which I saw some time since, "We have been laughing at Tennyson for a good many years," and indeed I do not think it was one of further derision. There have, of course, been frequent signs of abandonment of the *risus ineptus* in that matter lately. But the form of the phrase seemed not a bad text for a very short explanation why "we"—another "we"—have been laughing at these laughers all the time, and are doing so (in a way) now.

Few things are more curious in that Museum of Curiosities, the History of Criticism, than the revival of the critical attitude of which Rymer is our stock example, as La Harpe a hundred years later is that of the French. It originated in the "Revolt of Pose" during the latest years of the last century. Pose is supposed by the vulgar to rely chiefly on eccentricity; but in reality it mostly relies, and indeed is forced to rely, on that "anti-convention" which is the

easiest and the worst form of convention itself. It was not, however, so much in respect of any general conventionality in Tennyson's strictly poetical characteristics—in fact there seldom, if ever, has been a less conventional poet in those ways, so much so that even Lockhart found fault with his diction and even Coleridge with his metre—that our deriders derided. It was because of matters which lie strictly outside of poetical criticism altogether—as when Rymer fulminated against Iago for being a deceiver and a traitor, while soldiers ought to be frank and faithful ; or as when La Harpe would have none of "*monstrous* beauty." They don't like "the blameless prig"—as Mr. Mallock,[1] long before them and with a cleverness they have not often reached, called the central hero of the *Idylls*—and so they don't like the *Idylls* themselves. Well, *I* don't like the blameless prig. I never did like him from the first, having fortunately known the original *dans son naturel* from Malory before-

[1] *V. inf.* the sections headed *Le Temps Jadis.*

hand, and I like him less than ever now. I cannot free myself from a suspicion that Arthur Hallam was another prig. I am as reluctantly afraid as a loyal subject of His present Majesty can be that I should not have liked His Majesty's grandfather as much as I should have liked to like His Majesty's grandmother's husband. I have been, almost from my cradle, unable to be properly sorry for the May Queen ; and I don't love Dora at all, though the blank verse of her history is marvellously managed.

But what has all this to do with the poetry ? On the lines of these laughers I ought to think Shelley a bad poet because he wrote himself down (nobody asking him to do so) " an atheist," and Swinburne one because he thought himself a Republican ; refuse admiration to Dryden because he was a " 'vert," or allow no merit in Pope because he was a viper ; and decry most, if not all, of the glories from the *Ode on the Nativity*, through the *Allegro* pair and *Comus* and *Lycidas* and the *Sonnets* and the *Paradises* to *Samson Agonistes*,

because Milton was not only a rebel and an insulter of the Majesty to whom he was false, not only a kind of heretic, but also a rather unamiable person, and so untrustworthy a critic that he sneered at the very methods in which he had written his best poetry. No: a poet's opinions, tastes, principles, actions, ideals, character, and so forth, matter absolutely nothing when he is considered as a poet. You may hang him *as a poet* "for his bad verses," but for nothing else.

Of course some people may say, "But it is for his bad verses that we do hang him, or laugh at him." Well, for myself I do not know where these bad verses are, though some of his are better than others. It might seem uncivil to ask, "Are you so very sure that you know a good verse when you see it?" Yet it is by his good verses that a poet is to be judged, and by those only, though of course their extent and number may be taken into consideration. And if anybody is dissatisfied with Tennyson on this

count from *Claribel* to *Crossing the Bar*, from the varied rhythm of the *Ode to Memory* and *The Dying Swan* to the steady sweep of the *St. Telemachus*—why, as the Scripture saith, " *Let* him be dissatisfied still."

One more curious instance of uncritical criticism and I have done. Somebody else recently did not invent, but quoted from one of the early cavillers, the complaint that *The Palace of Art* was " like an auctioneer's catalogue." I wish I had all the catalogues that Christie ever issued treated in the same way ! This caviller was evidently thinking of the *subjects* only. Dante on the Angel at the Gate of Purgatory is pretty exactly like an item of an auctioneer's or exhibition catalogue too, I fancy ; and as for that fellow Shakespeare—why, he's simply full of such things. And *ut pictura poesis* ?

But the fact is that there is no end to the exposure of such hopeless *para*-criticism. The best of it is that it always dies sooner or later, and that this particular variety of it seems to be

booked for "sooner." Those who live a little longer will be like Browning's Legate: they will have seen another revolt—if not any particular leader of it—disappear.

XVI. *Diaries.*—I have ventured elsewhere to hope, *salva reverentia*, that if I have ever to request the help of St. George in respect of some Deadly Sins, it will not be of *Invidia*, diabolically "logical" as we know the Black Cherubim to be.[1] Somebody the other day said that everybody grudged to everybody else "conditions better than his own." The Labour Party does—we know that on their own confession; perhaps others do. I don't. I have looked in Arundel Park at the castle, and at the stateliest stag I ever saw in my life, and have not grudged either in

[1] "Tu non pensavi ch' io loico fossi."

Inferno, xxvii. 123.

When I wrote this I had hoped that it would "meet the eye" of the late Mr. W. P. Ker, instead of being included (*v. inf.*) in the same volume with a "Little Necrology" on him. It was a favourite quotation of his, and we have exchanged it in letters—more than once or twice, I think—during the last thirty years.

the least to His Grace of Norfolk. I have wandered about Alnwick Park for half a day without any feeling in regard to His Grace of Northumberland except profound gratitude for his letting me do so. And to come to hard literal close quarters, I have found myself at one time very much in the position of Thackeray's Philip, with no income at all, with no prospect of any from any thing or body but Fors Fortuna, with a wife and two children to maintain, and with less than a hundred pounds in the bank. In the innocent and general sense, no doubt, I "envied" people who were not in this precise position; but I am quite sure I never grudged them theirs, nor would have deprived them of it. I claim, of course, not the slightest credit for this. A more unprofitable servant even than the man of the Scriptures is he who merely doesn't do what he oughtn't to do.

The nearest approach to "deadliness"—and it was only "a passing spasm," as Shelley says—occurred quite recently when I saw that

Mr. Arthur Ponsonby, M.P., had "anthologised" Diaries. It was so obvious an idea! it was so much in my own line! it had so miraculously escaped any one else! The suggestion that I should probably not have carried it out so well naturally did not alleviate the sting; nor even the other suggestion that when I had access to the books I was too much occupied with other things to make this use of them, and that the access itself had since been barred. No doubt the "logical" person, with black wings, and a head to keep the logic in, and "nodings else," saw his chance.

But I have repented—in time, I hope—even of this slight lapse. And I am quite sure that if Mr. Ponsonby had revealed his intention to me beforehand, and I had been possessed of the awful power of "Potztausend!" like the student in Hood's *Up the Rhine*, I should never have exercised it in order to do the thing in his place. But diaries, especially as they have helped to provide *this* little book—and had done

so before his appeared or was talked of—may, I think, without wickedness give a text for a short "scrap" here.

The brilliancy of the idea, and its waiting so long for adoption, depend as usual on a certain obviousness, the case being rather similar to that of the well-known prisoner who, after *x* years' confinement, perceived that the door of his cell was open and walked out; or that other, less well-known but still more delightful, when it occurred to Marko, the mythical hero of Servia (the *v* is so much prettier than the *b* !), to drop a letter in the bag of the postman who always passed the window of his bone- and snake-filled dungeon at *x* hour *y* minutes A.M. or P.M.[1] The essential character of an *un*-"faked" diary is that it has stretches of uninterestingness, with

[1] We have, of course, known Marko in England since that rather doubtful person Sir John Bowring introduced him to us all but one hundred years ago. But he is better in M. Petrovich's *Hero-tales and Legends of the Serbians*, published before the war, and still better in his latest and, I think, fullest appearance in the version of an old student of mine, Mr. D. W. Low, *The Ballads of Marko Kraljevics* (Cambridge University Press, 1922).

oases of interest. Of course there are some exceptions—that rather uncanny person Pepys makes his accounts interesting and his medical experiences tolerable. Rousseau's *Confessions* are not a diary ; and they *are* "faked," though as genius fakes. The acknowledged imitations in the *Spectator* are charming, but they are also acknowledged *extracts*—in the possible originals, if extended, "Mr. Nisby"[1] would probably have overpowered the marrow-bones and the Brooks and Hellier ; the fashionable lady would hardly have kept up the contrast of Miss Kitty's recitations and the exercises of Cupid and Veny.

It is, in fact, the consciousness of imminent dulness that makes the regular keeping of diaries so difficult—except to people who have no sense of humour or to those who are deliberately writing them for publication. Pepys had as little sense of humour as any man who ever lived ; and this is perhaps the reason why he succeeded so marvellously. The successful

[1] There is a theory, is there not, that this *is* partly genuine ?

fictitious diaries, like those referred to above or Lancelot Smith's in *Yeast*, are "done on purpose." Therefore in the "real" specimens you must pick and choose. I have read an unpublished and very much dismantled diary, in which, amid a Sahara of mere detail of the "Joneses came to tea and Julia sang" order, you now and then come on things like this:

> "Read St. Thomas à Kempis *and the Card-player's Handbook* all the morning."
>
> . . . . .
>
> "Went down to St. ——. Am I *never* to see those girls again?"

or a reference to another default in church of a different kind, when the once notorious Brother Ignatius, having been announced to preach, *non erat inventus*. The incumbent—one of the old Anglo-Catholics who did not play with cradles and babble about Masses,[1] but had a sense of humour

[1] Heaven forbid that I should use this word disrespectfully! There is, of course, no objection to it in itself, and I am told that some other

—apologetically crossed his arms on the pulpit cushion, leant forward, and said in a mournful voice: "No monk! no Brother Ignatius! Now I'll give you five minutes, for anybody who has been enticed here on false pretences, to leave the church; and then I'll do what I can for those who stay." And I believe the diary-writer seldom heard a much better impromptu discourse (for, unless somebody chooses to suppose a most improbable conspiracy, it must have been impromptu) in his life.

I do not say that these particular things (the chief merit of which is that they are genuine) are worth anthologising; but only that they typify, in a more or less humble manner, the *kind* of thing that *is* so worth, and that therefore justifies sifting out from the mass of inferior

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National Churches which have dissolved partnership with Rome keep it. But the Church of England has pointedly *dis*used it (the all-important plurals in "Sacrifices of Masses" are not for us here); and the revival of it is therefore a piece of childish disloyalty.

material that a genuine diary (except in the most extraordinary circumstances) must contain. I understand that even modern war has not acquired increased interest in proportion to its increased ghastliness ; and, except for the rudimentary pleasure of knowing that you are costing your country a good deal of money for nothing, I cannot see from actual records, and the nature of things, what matters worth recording, except the inevitable fiasco at the end, a modern " Conference " can provide. At home chronicles of cocktails and cinemas must require much luck and clever management even to make them anthologisable, and without the severest discipline in that way must be simply hopeless. As usual, in the past there is refuge ; but even the past won't give it you everywhere and always. Still, it will give it you in many places and at many times ; and it is a good hearing that Mr. Ponsonby intends to pursue his explorations.

XVII. *Le Temps Jadis: Wallet*[1] *I.* (1).—A very stale text, of course, *in general*; but any number of instances could be produced to show that it is not always found stale in particular, even if the details concern other people. As for those who find their own past stale, I have no use for them—the one phrase of modern slang which is really to be welcomed, because it combines vividness, force, and dignity. And I think *jadis* is infinitely preferable to Béranger's "*perdu*." Time, in respect of things done and suffered, is never, for good or for ill, *lost*, though it is when nothing has either been done or suffered, possessed or neglected.

As the result of many "moves" and two or three partial givings-up of housekeeping, with one pretty complete clearance of that kind, my records are not very full. But I never

[1] "Time hath, my Lord, a wallet at his back
Wherein he puts alms for Oblivion,"

as Ulysses says in that fine speech of the most rhetorical of Shakespeare's plays, in which he also kindly observes, "Those *scraps* are good deeds past." Let us hope that some of the alms may be salvable, if only for a little time.

could help keeping some of them, including one or two "pockets" of oddments, some old diaries and accounts (without which I could not have included the Oxford part of this little volume), etc., etc. Old ball-cards one hardly writes much about, though an entry I find in a diary, "*Bought* the *Mabel*," at a date long previous to that at which Mr. Kipling made that most charming of waltzes part of English literature—indeed I think before he was born—may be worth noting.[1] But as a rule Thackeray has written, once for all, what has to be written on these documents, though he was not writing *on* them, though they were, indeed, hardly fashionable in his time, and though not the whole of Wamba's song is pertinent.[2] But there is

[1] I should imagine that I bought it to give it to some one with whom I had danced it. But I have neither note nor definite notion on the subject.

[2] "Gillian's dead. God rest her bier!
How I loved her twenty years syne!
Marian's married . . .," etc.

I wonder how Wamba would have put it had he lived to see, in the *Times* of his day, the death of Gillian's husband, long after his *second* marriage, and the golden wedding of Marian, herself unseen for more than the fifty years?

before me a pouch—yea, two pouches—of mixed material on which one may perhaps draw.

The first drawing from Wallet I. yields a ticket for the Manchester Athenaeum, Summer Quarter, 1868. The Secretary probably thought I was a German Jew ("which many of them there was about," as Mr. Ridley in *Philip* would say), for he made my name "Santzburg." I was too much a bird of passage—for part of the time a newly married bird of passage, too—to attempt any of the clubs of Cottonopolis, even that very attractive and semi-Bohemian "Brazen-nose" which I enjoyed as a guest. But the Grammar School had absolutely no common-rooms for its masters (indeed, during part of my time the very classes were held in soon-to-be-pulled-down tenement houses), and both I, and later we, lived some way out of the centre. So some kind of a sojourn where you could not merely, as the ticket informs me, "advance and instruct yourself in knowledge," but read the papers, smoke, play billiards, and, I think,

lunch lightly (or was that at the Parthenon, which I also frequented?), was useful. Before I fetched my wife to Manchester I used to dine early, rather than lunch, at divers places, of which I remember specially the big restaurant under the Exchange. What they there called a "dinner steak" I have never known surpassed, and rarely equalled, in London. My memories of the Mancunian Athenaeum are less succulent.[1]

Next worth noticing comes a cut-off envelope flap of a certain short-lived club to which I once belonged, for an even shorter time, somewhere in the 'seventies. It was in the neighbourhood of the Strand, had not unhandsome rooms, fairly good food, and a light subscription. They used in the *menus* to call sprats "winter white-bait," one of the neatest variations on "agricultural implement" I have ever known, except "Irish seal," of which I once had a travelling-

[1] Both my visits to Manchester—this in the earlier half of 1868 and another in that of 1877—were short, but very agreeable—especially the second, when Mr. C. P. Scott gave me, wicked Tory as I was, an invaluable apprenticeship to journalism on the *Guardian*, and much hospitality to boot.

cap, and which was undoubted cat-skin. But it was, as was to be expected, a little too "promiscuous" in various ways; and though my only other club, the Savile, was rather far from Fleet Street, I learnt to be content, and more than content, therewith.

Then comes a *menu*, "Tuesday, April 6, 1886," most elegantly adorned with primroses and bearing nine names of guests, of whom I myself and another are now, so far as I know, the only survivors. It was the "6th Combination" of a set of "Harmonies in Bordeaux" which a dead friend of mine[1] used to give; and the clarets vouchsafed to us were (of course not in this exact order) Beychevelle of '64 and '74, Langoa of '68, Léoville of '64 and '70, Larose of '74, Haut-Brion of '65, Pichon Longueville of '64, Latour of '64, and Lafite of '57 and '64. Just think of it!

[1] Forster M. Alleyne, already mentioned in "Oxford Sixty Years Since," the owner of the rooms where we read *Poems and Ballads*, and provider to me of many other memories.

A copy of *Malbrook* and several monograms in the elaborate style of the 'seventies, including a purple and gold "Louisa," lead to a collection of less luxurious and languorous documents. A blue ticket in French, permitting the holder to dispense himself from effective service by contributing to the Artillery the sum of twelve shillings and sixpence, might not be a thing to speak of if it were recent. But as its date was a time of profoundest peace, and as Elizabeth College, Guernsey, was a State establishment, one could not serve that State by caning small boys and loading and firing guns with blank cartridge at the same time.

Then there comes a bundle of little cards particularly neatly printed—School Sports Programmes in the same *Île Fortunée*, for the same excellent foundation. It may seem that a confessed non-athlete could have little to do with these ; but, as everybody knows, there is a lot of administrative work to be done with sports ; and I believe I have done various kinds

of such work—from chairing committees and arranging curricula to dividing pools at loo—as well as another. Indeed I once acted as handicapper, and was complimented on my truth to results. We used to have our sports in Guernsey most frequently on L'Ancresse Common—since, I believe, well known to golfers—or at Ivy Castle. But once at least they lent us a ground at Fort George—it was in the fateful year '70—and I remember going up very early in the morning to see that the gunners—whom their amiable colonel had lent us with the ground—had done the measuring, etc., properly. Of course they had ; but what fixes the scene in my memory was the sight of that same happy warrior lounging out of his quarters to meet me and ask if I wanted anything more, with a pipe at a certain angle in his mouth. Now this was between seven and eight in the morning, and not more than half a dozen hours before I had left the same officer, with the same pipe at the same angle in his mouth, on the same steps of the same

building, after an evening's whist.[1] "Colonel," I said, "*has* that pipe been alight all these hours?" He laughed; but as he confessed to me, at another time, that he did not consider a quarter of a pound of tobacco more than an ordinary allowance for a day, the question was not utterly preposterous.

XVIII. *Le Temps Jadis: Wallet I.* (2).—There is another batch of little book-wise things in this "poke" (I take its contents as they come, without chronological or subject order) about the same size as the Guernsey Sports Programmes, but different in subject and of an earlier *lustrum*. These are the manuals and member-lists of the Brotherhood of the Holy Trinity at Oxford, an institution which I have seen calumniated in some partisan quarters. The lists contain many familiar names and not a few famous ones. As nearly always happens, the original rules—very sound and fairly elastic—got messed about and

[1] It was *not* the ghost-whist night (see *Scrap Book No. I.* p. 99).

tightened rather foolishly later; and, if I remember rightly, I scandalised the Master of the time by pointing out that even if you strictly observed one (not to take more than three glasses of wine *after* dinner), the absence of any limitation of the size of the glasses, and of any limitation at all *at* dinner, would leave tolerably perfect freedom.[1] But it was a good disciplinary institution, and in my time, at any rate, absolutely loyal to the Church. If any went from us, it was because they were not, and not because they were, of us.

Here, too, is a receipt and lecture-ticket admitting me to be a student of the Honourable Society of the Inner Temple. I did not avail myself of its privileges much, or derive (except a certain sense of dignity and association which perhaps was worth £40 or £50 to start with and some shillings yearly for nearly half a century) much profit therefrom. Elsewhere I find a

[1] I had not then seen the gallon and half-gallon toddy-glasses not infrequent in old Scotch houses; but as adventures are to the adventurous, so sensible ideas are to the sensibly-minded.

note, "My first dinner at the Temple—Hood, Selfe, and Hardy." The late Mr. Registrar Hood and His Honour Judge Selfe—the first my fast friend till his death, and the second a most agreeable acquaintance for a time—assimilated that dinner to much greater future advantage than I did.[1]

Then, scattered about, are bills—hotel bills of a memorable journey across the north of France and Belgium with my wife in 1869. None of them directly touches (because we did not stay) the most striking *incident* of the journey —the frontier bookstall, where the line of that frontier ran right through the middle of it, so that at one end flagrant piles of Henri Rochefort's[2] *Lanterne* reposed quietly, though it would have been treason to sell it at the other. But even that becomes commonplace as you open a

[1] Both of them were also at the Claret Dinner chronicled above (p. 161). Who "Hardy" was I am ashamed to say I cannot clearly remember. I do not think I should have mentioned him thus if I had merely met him by chance, and it certainly was not the great novelist, who never was a Templar that I know of, and whom I only had the honour to know later.

[2] Otherwise M. le Marquis Victor Henry de Rochefort-Luçay.

folded paper, the thin joints almost cracking, and find printed therein "Hôtel de la Couronne à — Mons!" "J. Garnier Dessoigne" there gave us two in 1869, for the modest sum of twenty-one francs, omnibus, *bougie*, and service, a very fairly comfortable room, a capital dinner, with a bottle of excellent *real* Chablis (in those days it used to be said that you got better Burgundy in the old dependency than in Burgundy itself), and the most deliciously cooked mussels I ever ate, besides a modest coffee-and-pistolet breakfast. For five and forty years I never saw the word "Mons" without thinking of the mussels and the Chablis. Since 1914 there have been other associations.

Other associations still, with those contrasted dates, has now the famous Leo Belgicus, who, on his pyramid, adorns the top of my *Notte* [sic] *pour monsieur* at the Waterloo *Hôtel du Musée*.[1] We were three there, having found a

[1] Alas! at the moment when I correct this proof, Hotel and Museum both are announced for sale.

pretty girl whom we knew at school in Brussels, and carried her off for a day. I am sorry to say that a glass was broken. Which of us can have done it? And as I am in the questioning vein, who can have recommended me to an extraordinary little pot-house on one of the Antwerp quays, where a double bedroom cost two francs fifty? But we seem to have stayed there two days, and I don't remember that anything awful happened, though it was decidedly noisy at night. And, after all, we had only paid fifty centimes more for a room at a quite good hotel at Cherbourg, while at Caen it was actually two francs *only*.[1] Rouen was the scene of wilder extravagance, for the room there was six and the double dinner seven francs! And even a week at the Hôtel de l'Europe, Brussels, let us off for some ten pounds, though there is champagne in the account. I wonder what

[1] These prices seem fantastic *now*; but I remember paying in 1863, at a Yorkshire inn, not by any means in the wilds, 3s. 6d. for an abundant high tea, bed, an equally abundant breakfast, and all etceteras.

these bills would be now, without the help of exchange ?

The only *letter* in this queer collection would not interest the public, for it is one from my father, very scientifically and anatomically instructing me, six years old, how *not* to fall off a pony which the twelve-year-old daughter of a country-house where I was staying would have me mount. But neither the paternal explanations nor later professional teaching ever made me a horseman ; it would have been as useless as it was unnecessary for Care to wait till I offered her a pillion.

There is, however, among the contents something of the nature of a letter, folded as such, and evidently having contained some solid enclosure, not there now, which may deserve publication. It is a very neat Latin epigram by my friend the late Canon Maddison of Lincoln, who with the also late Edward Conolly and the fortunately living Bishop Copleston made up, I think, our trio of best humanists at Merton in

my time. My own compositions I have already confessed were weak (the "poke" contains some, but they are bad, sir! bad):

> Hanc Madisoniades tibi solvere gaudet amico
> Versuram, veteris munus amicitiae.
> Sint bona fata tibi, tibi rideat alma Minerva,
> Sit quoque cum nummis consociatus amor.

I can't remember the occasion of this in the very least. But *versura* is a rather technical word meaning "money borrowed in order to pay it in satisfaction of another debt." So, I suppose, I had lent Maddison money to pay losses at cards or entrance to some entertainment, or very likely collection-money at chapel, or something of the sort, and he was returning it. It looks, too, as if the date were late in our careers, from the *veteris amicitiae* and the last line. As to the latter, the *amor* obeyed his call pretty quickly, but the *nummi* were a confoundedly long time in doing so, and have never done it too copiously. In itself I do not think it is a bad example of a

kind of epigram not far distant from Martial's *Xenia* and *Apophoreta*. Maddison was not a member of the elsewhere-mentioned Merton Whist Club ; but its rules and its list of members accompany his verses, themselves accompanied by quite a lot of the outside specimen-cards of divers-patterned packs, kept, I suppose, "for love," though not played for it. The rules strike me (not an impartial judge, perhaps, as being one of the Committee who drafted them) as excellent, but Number 18, "That there be no smoking in the room," surprises me not a little. Fond memory, however, when invoked, brings the weeds of other days around me, and suggests that we occasionally declared the Club meeting over early, and subsequent play to be purely by invitation of the owner of the room, who, of course, could smoke and permit smoking just as he liked.

Two odd numbers of *The Oxford Spectator*—they appear to have escaped destruction with their companions (see *A Scrap Book*, No. XLI.,

p. 157) by being posted to me at some particular address—and two "Shooting Star" play-bills of *Ariadne* and *The Follies of a Night*, with some Fellowship Examination Papers, the venom off their barbs, complete the Oxford matter. But there is a map of Ghent; a programme of *Jeux Athlétiques d'Amateurs à la Caserne de Saint-Servan par permission de M. le Colonel du 75e de Ligne* for August 14, 1866, where "les gentlemen de toutes les nations" were admitted to compete, where the Honorary Secretary was the late Mr. J. L. Molloy, barrister and burlesque author, and where the Commissaires included the present unworthy writer; with lastly, of much later date (1892), a vet.'s bill for attending my loved and lost bulldog, Cherub. Also there are three little books which perhaps deserve a section to themselves, in order to round off this rather curious collection of *Épaves*.

XIX. *Le Temps Jadis: Wallet I.* (3).—If (as I most certainly did *not*) I had deliberately

selected the contents of this octavo "Stone's envelope," or miniature portfolio, to make a sort of pepper-pot of oddities, I think I could not have done better than put in the three pamphlets, or whatever you may call them, mentioned above. In order of size, though they don't differ much, they run from 5 inches × $3\frac{3}{4}$ through 6×4 to $6\frac{3}{4} \times 4\frac{1}{2}$; of pages, from 16 through 32 to 40. Their subjects are, as shown by title, *Crawfish Tails, Butter, Heads, and Powder*; *Every Man his own Poet, or The Inspired Singer's Recipe Book*; and *A Letter to Mr. Stevenson's Friends*, the original issue privately circulated by Mr. Lloyd Osbourne in December 1894.[1] Of this last I need say nothing here, and of the first—except in the way of a cheerful *fanfare* after a funeral silence or *Vale*—not much, though I am sure Stevenson would have enjoyed it. Perhaps Messrs. Morel, who originally issued it,

[1] The copy was most kindly given to me some three years later by Mr. Gosse, who had a duplicate. It was, I believe, printed only to the number of thirty-five.

do so still; but as it is an obvious translation from the German of the German firm whose agents they were, it may have gone out of print during and since the war. It contains some poetry:

> All with care and moderation,
> Not too small or large—each ration.

Ingenious, but unfortunately careless of two facts—that we don't like identical rhymes in English, and that if we did, "rā̆tion" does not rhyme to moderā̄tion. But Rubelius and Voit, Purveyors to the Imperial Court, impress on "the smaller middle-class households" the indispensableness of their wares, the improvement of white cabbage by crawfish butter, and the excellence of crawfish noses stuffed with chopped pork or veal, eggs, nutmeg, and grated best bread. I am bound to add that we ourselves used to try some of the recipes and found them very good.

But the middle pamphlet[1] requires fuller

[1] *This* was given me by the Rev. W. B. Duggan, a school-fellow of mine at King's College School, an undergraduate at Lincoln in my time at Oxford, and afterwards incumbent of the church in Jericho (St. Paul's ?), which

treatment than the *In Memoriam* on R. L. S. and more serious treatment than the Crawfish Nose Cookery Booklet. It is anonymous, or at least "By a Newdigate Prizeman" only, and not everybody nowadays is likely to recognise the real authorship—that of the late Mr. W. H. Mallock. It was only a week or two after Mr. Mallock's death this spring that I, having forgotten that I possessed it, came across it in turning over the contents of this portfolio. Now it so happened that I had been as much surprised as any one of my age is likely to be by the operations of Oblivion, at the very slight notice which had been taken in most papers of the author's decease, and had had a mind to say

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you see from the railway. He was a man who never made the mark he ought to have made, probably owing to his very peculiar temperament. (I procured for him once an opportunity of reviewing theological books for the *Saturday*; but he never achieved the parcel sent him. And many years earlier he had made me very angry by refusing to come and lunch with me "because his clothes were so shabby." Now, whatever we were at Merton, we were not snobs.) But I have (or *had*, for I cannot find it) a sermon of his on "The Body of our Humiliation," which would not have disgraced any of our greatest Anglican preachers.

something about it. I hope this may not be considered an inappropriate place.

I had no personal knowledge of Mr. Mallock —I think I only saw him once at a club—but if this disqualifies me in one way, it at least relieves me from the risk of having felt that rather modified personal affection which I have been told he sometimes excited. On the other hand, his general views on politics and religion[1]

[1] These words, and, indeed, the whole passage on Mr. Mallock, were written before it was announced that the Church of Rome claimed another of her interesting "*sub*-mortem" conversions in his case. I say "interesting" in no sarcastic sense. I never write anything intentionally offensive to that or any other branch of the Church, Catholic, Apostolic, and One. But they are, psychologically speaking, *very* interesting. And as *sub* is classically used for "just after" as well as "just before," it may be well to fix the meaning as "immediately *preceding* death." But as in consequence of the fact the words in question might be misunderstood, I beg to inform all my friends, and others whom it may concern, that if, after my death, they see any such claim made in respect of *me*, they may rest assured either that the report is false, or that I was *non compos mentis* at the time of the alleged conversion. I claim no very great credit for having been born an Englishman, and consequently a member of the Church of England; but in both cases, as without my will I was born, so with my will I hope to die. For the conditions of birth were the Act of God, who might, had He chosen, have made me a Spaniard or an Italian, and so a Roman, not an Anglican, Catholic. And with the Acts of God I think it is as well not to interfere. Advantage seldom comes of such interference.

coincided very nearly with my own ; and it was pleasant, some fifty years ago, to hear that in the next generation of Oxford men to mine, one of the most brilliant, if not *the* most brilliant of all, was a *bien-pensant*. Mallock was one of those peculiar people about whom stories begin to crystallise early, and do not soon dissolve again in the Sea of Forgetfulness. That which Canon Lacey revived in the *Times* just after his death concerning Jowett's prophecy, "Mallock will write *a* second-rate novel," and its fulfilment in *The New Republic*, was probably (as, I think, the Canon admitted it might be) made up after the event. And it is not altogether *ben trovato*, for though the taste of that once-famous satire may be sometimes atrocious, it is not exactly a novel and not a "second-rate" anything, while the recoil on the prophet is distinctly boomerangish. *A Romance of the Nineteenth Century* would fit in better. But this is a digression. Only those old enough to be contemporary can appreciate

the kind of vague *aura* which for several years surrounded Mallock. It was not limited to—it was by no means always welcomed by—those of his own party. There were people, not very young or very sympathetic, who said that there had been nothing like it since Canning's early time.

And yet how little came of it! The pamphlet which has been serving as text is, of course, only an undergraduate "skit," rather cleverer than most. The analysis of the Tennysonian Arthuriad ought to please the Tennysonophobia of the present day, and certainly will not annoy any intelligent Tennysonolater. The conclusion, "Then wound slightly the head of the blameless prig; remove him suddenly from the table, and keep in a cool barge for future use," is very neat and good. The whole of the Matthew Arnold section is better still [1]; the Swinburnian

[1] "Take one soul-ful of involuntary unbelief, which has been previously well flavoured with self-satisfied despair. Add to this one beautiful text of Scripture. Mix them well together, and, as soon as ebullition commences,

one is far inferior to the author's verse-parody, the context of which I cannot remember, but which, I think, contains this sublime apostrophe to the beloved :

> Come ! let me crown thee Queen,
> *Do to thee divers and disgusting things !*

But, as has been acknowledged, it *is* undergraduate wit and skit—not much more.

On the other hand, any one who says that there was nothing but undergraduate wit in Mallock shows himself to be blinded, either by natural incapacity or by acquired partisanship. He had astonishing acuteness, great argumentative power, wide and accurate knowledge, excellent style. He might have seemed—he

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grate in finely a few regretful allusions to the New Testament and the Lake of Tiberias, one constellation of stars, half a dozen allusions to the nineteenth century, one to Goethe, one to Mont Blanc *or* the Lake of Geneva, and one also, if possible, to some personal bereavement. Flavour the whole with a mouthful of 'faiths' and 'infinites,' and a *mixed* mouthful of 'passions,' 'finites,' and 'yearnings.' This class of poem is usually concluded with some question, about which we have to observe only that it shall be impossible to answer." I do not know that, in its way, this can be beaten.

actually did seem, I believe, to some—to have in him the making of an Aristophanes or a Swift of not so much lessened degree. The sentence pronounced on him in one of the frightfullest of the many frightful legends of interviews with Carlyle was not just—save tropically.[1] And yet after the chiefly scandalous success of *The New Republic* he never "came off." To attribute this to the principles he advocated is to nail on those who dislike those principles their own favourite gibe of "the stupid party." *We* know brains when we see them, even if they belong to the enemy. Exactly what was the flaw, the rot, the "dram of eale," I do not know—it lay in faults of taste and temper, perhaps.

But there is one more thing to say—again, I hope, without impertinence. I was surprised by the surprise expressed in the best notice I

[1] Mallock, they say, had talked his best for a considerable period with no interruption, good or bad, from the Sage, who smoked quietly all the time. When the visitor rose to depart, Thomas conducted him most politely to the door. Then only did he open the lips of wisdom to say, "Oh, man! but ye're a *poor* creature."

did see[1] of Mallock's death, in regard to his fondness for Lucretius and his orthodox principles. Now I fear I myself might have difficulty in showing my faith by my works ; but I will vouch for it on my honour and conscience. And like Mallock, and before Mallock, and always, I have felt the marvellous attraction of the *furor arduus Lucreti*. (I have always hoped that Statius got into the " milder shades," partly as a reward for those words.) Now we need not here fall back on the impregnable position, " A poet is to be judged by and prized for his poetry, not his principles." There is no need even of the special pleading that it was not against Christian theology or Christian religion that the greatest of Roman poets warred—if he did war. It is that a certain kind of passionate scepticism is really compatible with—is perhaps almost necessarily, in some dispositions at least, conjoined to—orthodoxy.[2] It is not for nothing that there is

[1] Except one which only appeared later, and which informed me of the " conversion " above noticed.

[2] I need hardly bring forward Pascal to support this.

actually a whole book, entitled *Ecclesiastes*, of such complexion in the Bible ; it is perhaps for even more that in almost all the not merely historical texts flashes of confession of the ultimate darkness of the Infinite occur. And, perhaps best of all, there is the *exiguum clinamen* postulated for the atoms. It is enough to ask, as some of us asked when something like that was borrowed the other day for a quasi-new scientific assumption, " Who started that *clinamen* ? and Who is the Keeper of its course ? "

XX. " *Princeliness* " — *in History and Elsewhere*.—It will be remembered that one of the haberdashers at the important town of Newcome had in his windows a pink stock (not flower, but necktie) marked, " The Princely." This, however, would not lead the inquirer into the qualities of Princeliness much further, for it was merely a compliment to that delightful and almost perfect representative of the French nation, Paul de Florac, Prince de Montcontour and

Duc d'Ivry. It did not even pretend, in its pinkness, its stockiness, or any other quality, to be characteristic of his claims to the title.

But when, not long ago, the Right Honourable H. A. L. Fisher, ex-Minister of Education; ex-Vice-Chancellor of Sheffield University; graduate of Oxford, London, Paris, and (O shade of sweet Matilda!) Göttingen; Lecturer and Author, more particularly in History,—when *he* selected for Princeliness among historians the late M. Ernest Renan, it might look as if, in one class of Principalities at any rate, one had got a positive ruling. Still troublesome memories came in, memories having nothing to do with any *odium theologicum* or *amor theologicus*, though, the subjects of M. Renan's historical studies being mostly[1] theological themselves, it may seem difficult to keep these affections out. If Mr. Fisher had called M. Renan a prince among

[1] Not entirely; and the strictures in this articlet apply much less to his mediaeval and literary exercises than to those in the history of religion. But those strictures themselves, it may be repeated, have nothing to do with the theological side of the matter.

writers of French, there would have been little or nothing to say; though even here the again troublesome person who sits in the chamber that "seemed ruinous and old," and is called "Memory," suggests that Mérimée, a critic of some eminence and a French writer of more, has to be heard on the other side. But a Prince of *Historians*? "The first duty of a historian of religion is to discard the supernatural." This seems a little odd. For every religion that history knows of is directly concerned with the supernatural in some form or another, so that the dutiful historian seems to be rather *bombinans in vacuo*. A history of astronomy which discarded the stars would surely be either rather jejune or rather fanciful. M. Renan was never jejune, but were not his dealings, say with "Jacobel," rather fanciful?

However, the present subject is Princeli*ness*. What are the methods and forms of procedure which show a Prince among Historians? Luckily we have them described by an absolutely

unchallengeable authority, the late M. Scherer, who had "discarded the supernatural" as completely as Renan himself, and who, if his taste was as austere as the other's was luscious, was undoubtedly a critic.

> "Il [M. Renan] fait usage du document condamné comme s'il ne l'avait pas condamné."
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> . . . . . .
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> "Il généralise des faits individuels, il érige des faits accidentels en usage constante." [1]
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> . . . . . .
>
> "Il lui arrive parfois d'insérer dans son récit un détail qui complète l'image et la situation, sauf à nous déclarer en note qu'il n'en faut rien croire."

No one who knows M. Renan's work can possibly deny that these *are* his methods, with many others of the same kind. And such, it seems, are the methods by which you attain Princeliness among Historians!

[1] This might have been written of Macaulay.

XXI. *The New Snobbery.*—Many years ago—nearly as many before the beginning of the present century as have passed since—the present writer wrote a "Preface to a New *Book of Snobs*." It pleased, he believes, the people whom it was intended to please, and annoyed those whom it was intended to annoy, which is as near to the Whole Duty of an Article as any reasonable editor can demand, or any not superhuman contributor supply. But its topics would be a little out of date now; and as a "Preface" it was necessarily rather general. Nevertheless it started the game that is still (and much more also) with us—the Snobbery of Democracy. Let us, if we can, flush and hit a bird or two of that feather.

I had already put the present title on my list of candidates for scrapping, apropos of a letter (in the *Times*, I think) wherein a good lady, not, of course, for the first time, suggested that the solution of the eternal servant question was to be found, and found only, in the dropping of the word "servant" altogether. Call young

women "domestic workers,"[1] and the air will at once be as dark with smiling aspirants around you as it once was with majors round the lovely heroine of legend. Call them "servants," and you *may* call, but there will be no voice, neither any that answers. Now it *may* be possible to find or imagine a better example of pure, refined snobbery—snobbery "absolute," as they say of alcohol—but I should decline the attempt. It is true, of course, that an accurate and adequate definition of this loathsome vice or malady is difficult, and that Thackeray's own is neither adequate nor accurate. The French (it is sometimes counted to their credit and sometimes not) have notoriously been unable to comprehend it at all, and have not seldom identified *le snobisme* with the certainly objectionable, but infinitely less objectionable, failing of priggishness. Some people in England appear to confuse it with good manners; and many use it as a simple term of obloquy.

[1] "House-assistant" has also been suggested.

But that "shame of things not shameful" is at least one of the forms of purest snobbery can hardly be disputed. And what possible element of shame is there in Service? There is nothing required of any male servant, from butler to boot-boy, of any female, from housekeeper to housemaid, that any gentleman or any lady who *is* a gentleman or who *is* a lady would be ashamed to do for him- or herself or for any one else. "Then why don't they?" says the kind of silly smartness of which there is so much about now. The remark happens to be absolutely off the point, for the objection is not to the doing of the things but to the name and status attached thereto. It can't be even to doing them for money, for in that case the more money you got the more objectionable the thing would be—a feeling which, from comparative wage-tables now and formerly, would hardly seem to actuate "workers," domestic or not domestic.

"Pauper" is almost actionable now, is it not, when used as a word? though to *be* paupers,

in the sense of being wholly or partly supported at the expense of other people, is the ardent, and to a considerable extent achieved, aspiration of a large proportion of our population, and of an entire political party. The objection to "asylum" and the substitution of "mental hospital" may be regarded as not exactly snobbery, but only silly squeamishness, combined with that insane desire for change which marks the time. But there is something of the *new* snobbery—the shame of things not shameful—in it. Indeed it is a curious and interesting instance of the abidingness of certain characteristics that emancipated servility (there is a word, if you like, which has no worthy connotation) turns to snobbishness, and misplaced education inclines people to call a table-napkin a *serviette* and an eyeglass a monocle.[1]

[1] This scrap was written when the notorious inquiry into the woes of Mary Ann had not so absolutely stultified itself as it did later. For my part I have no objection to Mary Ann, and think she makes a much better servant than John Thomas. Nor did the worst absurdities, bad-blood-shed, and mischievousnesses of the inquiry come from her, but from persons of the Committee-woman or bad school-marm type, from whom (except in very rare instances) the Lord deliver us!

Perhaps the *radix malorum* in snobbery, new and old, is the constant confusion of class with personal status. I once made Mr. Swinburne very angry (though he didn't know it was *moi chétif*), and inspired him to write the beautiful poem beginning, "Clear the way, my lords and lackeys!"[1] by pointing out the indisputable historical fact that no legislative institution of ancient or modern times, taking length of existence, dignity of character, merit of performance, and brilliancy of individual examples together, could compare with the English House of Lords. Since that time the don't-care-a-damnativeness of a Prime Minister here, and the obvious interest of another in weakening the House there, may not have improved matters. But the double status, personal and class, remains. No personal credit attaches to a duke for being a duke; no personal discredit to a scavenger for being a scavenger. Which things so long as

[1] My acquaintance with Lords is not extensive, but I *don't* think those few I have known would consider my attitude to them lackeyish.

anybody keeps in mind in regard to him (or her) self and others, there is little danger of snobbery. Otherwise there is much.

XXII. "*After a Sort.*"—There are, I believe, if only among the aged, still some readers of Scott, especially among Scotsmen and those who know something about Scotland. They will remember Bailie Jarvie's story of the ingenious warrior who served King Charles II., "after a sort," by fighting against him. And perhaps some of them thought, as I did, of this phrase when my acquaintance and student of old days, Mr. J. M. Hogge, M.P., found fault with the Budget for being kind to beer and unkind to Scotland—a country despising beer as effeminate, and not drinking it.

Possibly not very many people on the Conservative side, though certainly many of the Labour party, knew the "sort" after which the average frequenter of a public-house in Scotland shows his contempt for, and practises his abstin-

ence from, this effeminate liquor. He orders what is called a "schooner" of it—an irregular (and in the time of Dora the accursed, I think, illegal) vessel about corresponding, I believe, to our "reputed pint"—and a glass of the more masculine whisky. He takes this latter straight off neat, and then washes it down with the cargo of the (after the habit of ships feminine) schooner.

This is the way in which Scotland despises and abstains from beer. It is rather picturesque and rather poetical: one might write a mystery—"The Marriage of the Son and the Daughter of Barley"—on it. But—it is contempt and abstinence *rather* "after a sort," isn't it?[1]

XXIII. *Losing and Finding.*—It has often been remarked that one of the perennial advantages of knowing the good literature of the past is that it is constantly providing apt parallels or

[1] I have been told that, since the days of Dora, the schooner has often become an *imperial* pint—which, according to the drift of temperance legislation generally, I can well believe.

semi-parallels—agreeable associations, at any rate —with sordid or annoying events of the present. Here is one rather extra-comic instance of this. "Thucydides and Tennyson" might seem to be a quite reasonable and obvious coupling beside Congreve and a modern Labour leader. And yet when one of these honourable gentlemen complained the other day that his clients, the "workers," had "lost £700,000,000 in wages" (or whatever it was, the sum not mattering), the famous affair between the sisters Frail and Foresight,[1] anent the lost bodkin, could not but occur, with a delightful mixture of parallel and disparate. "If it comes to that, Mr. ——, where did your clients *find* those seven hundred millions?" And there could be no answer but "In the pockets of the middle and upper classes." But the millions certainly have not gone and

[1] One of whom (for, alas! everybody does not know Congreve now) has lost the bodkin in a house not of the best reputation, and the other has found it there. She rashly reproaches the first culprit, who, inspired by Belial, retorts on her "sister every way" the question quoted above, "Where did you *find* that bodkin?"

never will go back there. Alas! neither of these classes is likely to see the latter circumstances of Little Bopeep, however much they may be blest with her earlier ones. Indeed they are threatened with a further "levy" of about four times the amount, according to the latest Labour estimates.

XXIV. *A Symptom.*—Some months ago a well-known newspaper correspondent on Irish matters, though sympathising with what they call the "Treaty," remarked on the reluctance of Southern Irish manufacturers to advertise. They apparently wanted, he said, a Gaelic League or something to do it for them.

I wonder whether even that would suffice? For the article reminded me of a little—quite little, but significant—experience of mine, some forty years ago, when I had something to do with Irish affairs in my working times, and wandered about England and Wales on foot in my holidays. At Bangor or Holyhead, or some-

where in the district where Irish things can wash up almost of themselves, I found on one occasion some super-excellent soap. I can't remember the name of the maker which it bore : I need hardly say it was not that of M'Clinton, who is an Ulsterman, and therefore possessed of business-like ways, as well as productive ability. But it was quite excellent soap, and in soap I am very particular. There is, no doubt, less, but hardly so very much less, difference between soap and soap than between wine and wine. Greasiness and asperity attend it as opposite dangers, like Cerinthus and Apollinaris in Gibbon's famous passage. And, worst of all, there is bad scent in hideous variety. Indeed, much truth as I admit in the late Lord Lytton's

> You may live without friends, you may live without books ;
> But civilised man cannot live without cooks—

I should add in margin :

> You may live without faith, you may live without hope ;
> But civilised man cannot live without soap.

So I bought one box of it (I was travelling light), under the impression that I could easily procure more in London, and did not even take the name and address of the Welsh chemist from whom I bought it. But it was not obtainable at any shop or store that I could find in town. So I persuaded our home purveyor of such things to write to the Irish makers and ask for a supply through middlemen as usual, offering at the same time to take a dozen boxes direct if they had no agents in England. The answer was a polite but flat refusal : " It was not worth their while," and they did not want to set up an English connection.

Don't you hear one of the voices of a milder Shan van Voght ? or, if something quite non-political be preferred, of our old friend the sluggard ?

XXV. *Some Wishes in Literature.* — The famous Essay on " People one would like to have met or seen " suggests a humble appendix

on "Things one would like to read." Here are some that I should put on my list :

Donne, John. On the coincidence of Ash Wednesday and St. Valentine's Day, 1923.

Traill, H. D. The Conferences of 1819–23.

Spenser, Edmund
Swift, Jonathan } The Present State of Ireland.

Smith, Adam. On the proposal to compensate for the Capital Levy by an increased Income Tax: and on that to use the Levy, not merely to reduce debt, but to nationalise land.

Report of Committee composed of soldiers from Clive to Roberts and civilians from Hastings to Dufferin. On our recent dealings with India.

St. Paul. On Prohibition.

XXVI. *Pre-Corridor Terrors.*—I suppose it must be admitted that corridor carriages on railways constitute one of the rare changes that are, on the whole, really improvements. At the best they are, of course, far inferior to what the best closed compartments can be, for the exclusion of one's miscellaneous fellow-creatures on a journey has a strange and special fascination. The height of luxury was probably the old G.W.R. broad-gauge[1] first-class carriage, which was subdivided by a door, complete with window and window-blind, in the middle of the compartment, so that each half held four seats. This was equally advantageous (though from different points of view) in travelling *à deux* with a person of the other sex or *à quatre* with three mere males. The suitableness in the first case is obvious ; in

[1] My own opinions about broad-gauge and longitudinal sleepers may be dismissed as half-ignorant and half-prejudiced. But I remember once travelling up from Plymouth to Paddington with an American who had just landed. He told me with manly frankness that he had always understood our travelling arrangements to be infinitely inferior to those "over there"; but that he was, at that moment, more comfortable than he ever had been, or had ever thought it possible to be, in a train.

the second the four corners facilitated whist-playing remarkably, enabling you to take position and support a folding board on your knees better than when there were only two available, and much better than when you had to play from the middle of the long seats. But of course the corridor or saloon is good for the timid, rendering murder, or unpleasant adventures of the kind that lost us a good soldier in Valentine Baker and the corresponding one that lost Joseph his garment and his situation, as well as card-sharping, pretty unlikely, not to say impossible.

Of the terrors of the timid before corridor days I myself saw two curiously different examples. When we were going up from Oxford to " eat dinners " we used, if possible, to arrange a table beforehand at the Temple, at any rate one for whist on the way. On one occasion when we had done at least the latter, it happened that there was an old gentleman in the carriage with us. And when we had safely started and were producing board and cards, one of my

companions—alas ! now dead, but whom in his lifetime, I think, all his very numerous acquaintances would have agreed to be not so much courteous as Courtesy itself—asked the senior (not in the least jibefully) whether he would like to cut in. The terror on the invitee's face ; the agitation with which he said, " N-n-no, th-thank you," and the rapidity with which he bolted at Didcot, where the train fortunately stopped, were simply charming.

In the other case, many years afterwards, when corridors had already been introduced, but only on main lines, the terror was of the Josephian kind. I was " seeing off " on a branch-line, but from the junction whence it started, a lady, who had been staying with us, I need not say of unblemished character, and, as it happened, married, but fairly young, comely enough, and possessed of what the Rev. Mr. Poundtext described in Jenny Dennison as " an ensnaring eye." Most of the compartments, if not all, had somebody in them, and the one

we pitched on (or rather took as it came) had one man in it. He looked a little troubled even at first ; but after a minute or two, when he saw that I stood at the door talking to my lady instead of getting in, he grabbed his bag, pushed past us with hardly a " beg your pardon," and fled down the platform to put himself out of the danger of Zuleika. I grinned ; but Zuleika herself, who was not only quick-witted and not at all shy, but, like Lalage, dulcirident, sent after him " a sudden peal of silvery laughter," as they call it in the novels, which ought to have turned the fool's ears a colour distinctly *not* that of silver. " He's afraid of ME," she gasped ; and then she " went off " again in one sense just as the train went off in the other. Her expectant victim had got into his new carriage rather hurriedly, and it would have served him right had he fallen in with a real Charybdis after shunning the claws of a fancied Scylla. But anyhow it was, as in the other case, fun.[1]

[1] I can conceive an intempestively charitable person saying, " But perhaps the poor man only wanted to smoke." In that case I may point out—

XXVII. *The Apologists of Nationalisation.*— I should like to discover to-day (having previously, in some miraculous fashion, got hold of money to pay him handsomely) an artist who would paint, in Sir Joshua's early manner, "History as Cassandra," or, perhaps still better, a large panel like a page of a fifteenth-century Missal, with History as Cassandra in the centre and instance-giving miniatures all round. That History *is* Cassandra no one who knows her can doubt. She never lies (though historians sometimes do nothing else), and she is never believed. At the present moment there are two rather ghastly subjects for the miniatures. One is the "disappointment," real or alleged, of certain persons at a state of things in Ireland which was much more certain to happen than the average seed is to come up when sown. The

(1) That there was a smoking compartment certainly not full, and into which (I think I may say) he did not get finally.

(2) That he could hardly expect to keep a *non*-smoking compartment for himself to smoke in.

(3) That he ought to have got out *at once*.

second is to be found in the attitude of not a few other persons—some of them of very high position and repute—to what is called Social Unrest. It might seem impossible that such men should not remember that while Revolutions almost invariably eat their own children sooner or later, they generally begin by eating the kindly members of the aristocracy, bureaucracy, and upper bourgeoisie who have encouraged their coming into existence,—encouraged, let me hasten to say, in the most honourable and, after a fashion, blameless way, not in the least after the fashion of Egalité or even of Barbaroux. And if anybody retorts, "They are not so selfish as to think of their personal safety, but only of what they think fair and right," there is another line to take, "What are the arguments which they use to arrive at fairness and rightness?" One of these arguments has a curious mixture of cogency and discreditableness: "You have given these people," it is said, "a say in the management of the kingdom, and yet you won't

allow them a share in that of the businesses in which they work." Now if this is to be interpreted, as logically it may be, "You have given Dick Turpin your pistols, and you object to his using them so as to make you give him your purse," there *is* something in it. As an argument against the folly of giving the pistols, it is admirably conclusive, though sadly belated. Otherwise it is belated only.

Those who advocate the abolition, or great modification, of the private business system—variously nicknamed as "Capitalism," "Autocracy in Business," "Wage-Slavery," and the like—put forward various schemes, coming more or less under three general heads, Profit-sharing, Participation of Labour in Management as well as Profit, and "the whole hog" in breeds or sizes progressing from National Workshops to pure Bolshevism. As for profit-sharing, there is, of course, no objection whatever to it in principle, while in practice it is that of the medietarian or *métayer* arrangement, which is age-old,

in regard to the land. I have, as I remarked elsewhere, often done well, if sometimes badly, with it in the book-publishing form of half-profits or royalties; and everybody knows, or ought to know, that there are large businesses carried on at the present moment under varieties of the system. But there are obvious difficulties about it—at this same present moment especially. The first is that profit-sharing necessarily implies loss-sharing; and that is by no means what even a real "working man"[1] likes to face, or (to speak fairly) is in quite the position to face, while the present stamp of Labour leaders won't hear of it. Indeed they dislike profit-sharing altogether. "Profit I take; loss you stand" is *their* system.[2]

[1] Of whom, in spite of Trades Unions, I know there are some, and I hope there are many.

[2] The curious debate in June on Miners' Wages seemed to go even beyond this on the Labour side. Profit and loss of production, as well as the interest and the means of consumers, appeared to be left entirely out of the question. A comfortable and rather lazy existence (family, etc., included) was to be provided for as many miners as could be got into the mines for the shortest day's work possible. That was all they cared for. It was to be an absolute first charge—profit or no profit, demand or no demand, taxation heavy or taxation light.

As for the other extreme, our Cassandra at once steps in. "No system of National Workshops, supervised by the State, or of workers running the State themselves, has ever worked," she says, and in her prophetic way she adds, "None ever will." The lessons of France in '48 and of Russia now are decisive, but they were hardly needed. Co-operative Societies, so-called, have nothing really to do with the matter —they are simply capitalist companies with an extraordinary number of shareholders, taking their dividends in a special way.

So we are left with the middle proposition, the approval of which has so startled us, of management-sharing, involving, of course, indirectly, if not directly, profit-sharing. Now this is the maddest of all. We know what comes of joint generalship. We can imagine what would come (indeed we are already seeing what *does* come) of a dynasty of cat and dog. We are aware that the old piratical system where the cabin-boy to-day might be the captain to-

morrow did not work *quite* smoothly. But all these things would mean Success, Peace, Harmony when compared with a junta of Capital and Labour, as Labour is at present constituted and tempered—as, alas! it is certain to be constituted and tempered as long as Trades Unions exist for anything beyond "benefit" purposes of the old-fashioned kind—to which, of course, no sane person has the slightest objection, if they "kept themselves to themselves." The idea of Labour is to hold a bank, so arranged that it may win to a dead certainty. To effect this it must in "management" overweight returns with expenses, supply in teeth of no demand, pay dividends out of capital, do anything till it has bled that capital itself white, and must then go off to fasten upon more. These propositions are not—like what has been very appropriately called "the Hymn of Hate and Gramophone of Grievances" of Labour itself—inventions of the enemy. They are, on the contrary, simply derived from the Hymn and the Gramophone

themselves. The Labour party in Parliament represents the admission of its members to a share in the "management" of the kingdom. Translate its attendances, its ideals, and its behaviour so as to fit an ordinary business, and you will have a very pretty picture indeed of the conduct, the balance-sheet, and the annual reports and meetings of that business itself.

XXVIII. *A Story of Tallies, or The Bridge of Double Sighs.*—I am inclined to think that there is something uncanny about bridges. They figure, of course, largely in mythology, especially (but by no means solely) Mahometan and Scandinavian; the rainbow—one of the uncanniest, if also of the beautifullest of things—carries their allegorical significance almost to the furthest possible by apparently bridging heaven to earth, and really bridging nothing to nothing. And some curious things have happened to me on them. Once on the very long bridge which spans the Taw at Barnstaple I passed two men—

evidently of a good sort, being also, with myself, the sole occupants of the causeway as far as one could see both ways. When they had passed I heard one say to the other *sotto voce*, but quite audibly, "Did you see that man? He's the biggest Tory in the country." Now they were not in the least like tourists; and I did not, at that time, know anybody resident in North Devon, or South either, as far as I can remember.

This, however, is a mere personal anecdote, of no importance to any one but myself[1]: my "Story of Tallies" will, I think, be allowed a little higher place.

It so happened, once upon a time, that a friend of mine was going over to the Channel Islands by the usual night-mail from Waterloo, and that, as I was then abiding alone in chambers for the working part of the week, it was arranged that we should dine together, and I should "see

[1] I have sometimes thought how nice it would be to have a great white horn like Salvation Yeo's, mapped out for Great Britain, with the places, and some miniature pictures, of odd things that have happened to one.

him off"—a proceeding occasionally most mistaken, but in cases like this unobjectionable and indeed cheerful. It was a beautiful evening, and we loafed down from (I think) the Gaiety Restaurant to Waterloo pleasantly enough. But as we neared the toll-bar place, on the Surrey side, we passed a couple obviously in a state of amatory disquiet, the man saying in a tone of not at all ridiculous misery, "Ah, but ye *did* kiss him!" As we couldn't help by proving that she didn't, we were sorry and went on, and my companion entrained himself; and the mail went; and I loafed back by the way that we came, to the further goal of my rooms in Great Ormond Street. But this time, at the other or Middlesex side, I was rather startled to come upon a second couple of the great company of Love's Victims. This time it was the girl who was miserable and the man who was coaxing. And he said as I passed, in that most reprehensible tone of apology which implies a little triumph at the crime, "Ah! but ye shouldn't have looked"!

Now this (to alter Mr. Kipling's adjective)

Is very *strange*, but so it is,

or rather was.[1]

XXIX. *Le Temps Jadis: Wallet II.* (1).[2]—There is yet another wallet or "poke" whence perhaps we may rescue, if only for the moment, some alms of Time from their destined devourer. Two of them might have found a place in the earliest division of this booklet, and one has indeed been more than once referred to there. It is the great ballad-epic of bonfire, *A Lay written about the Year of the College DCI.*, supplemented by a Latin parody (much altered in subject) of Ovid—the work of a *vates*, to be justly called *sacer*—indeed I should say *sacerrimus*, if the superlative had not (I never could

[1] It "was" some thirty years ago, and, to put things in the most satisfactory manner, I am not positively certain that the two incidents did not happen in reverse order. But, as will be seen, this in no way affects the "tally" of the two.

[2] *V. sup.* p. 157, "Le Temps Jadis: Wallet I.," for motto and explanation.

make out why) a habit of confining itself to the bad sense of the positive. I forget how many copies of this were printed "for private circulation only," but I have never seen one catalogued for sale. It is one of the best of the innumerable *pastiches* of Macaulay's Lays.

The other Mertonian document is quite unprinted, and has, I suppose, never been seen by more than a very few pairs of eyes. But it is certainly curious, and to anybody interested in the great subject of Wine, very curious indeed. It is a letter,[1] dated February 3, 1871, from the late Mr. Wilkins—then a somewhat senior Fellow of Merton and a Harrovian, and, though a good scholar, an odd person in some ways—to the late Bishop Creighton, then not a Bishop at all, of course, and only a Fellow of some four or five years' standing.

Whether at the moment Creighton had anything to do with the important business of

[1] Mrs. Creighton most kindly gave me this a dozen or so years ago, and with equal kindness authorises my comment on it now. But I am not sure that I ought not to bequeath it to the College itself.

"Domestic Bursar" I do not know, but the first words of the letter—written on a round dozen pages of large quarto letter-paper, in a rather sprawling but perfectly legible and pretty good hand—show that Common-room was very seriously concerned about two certainly important subjects, Champagne and Claret.[1] It is really a fine exordium: "My dear Creighton—The question what champagne, what claret to buy is so closely allied to the question *where* to buy it, that I should not like to venture a suggestion, were it not that I have not only no relation, but not even a friend, in the wine trade." That, I think, is worthy of anybody in Enfield's *Speaker*, if not of Mr. Burke himself.

[1] As I have remarked above, I dined two or three times and wined more frequently in that sacred chamber only a few years before this. But champagne would not appear at wines, and did not, as far as I remember, at dinner—it was still, in the 'sixties, an exceptional wine. I remember nothing *against* the claret, but nothing as distinctly in its favour as in that of the wonderful brown sherry. It was a gracious ceremony, and thoroughly emollient to the morals and manners, when the butler stopped you at the Hall door after dinner with "Mr. So-and-so's compliments, sir, and he would be glad if you would take wine with him."

We then learn that "Wulks" (as, *more undergraduatorum*, he used to be called) thinks the College "will find it easier to overtake the effects of the bad system pursued for ten years in champagne than in the case of claret," and (I myself read this with unaffected sorrow) that "we have gone on the hand-to-mouth principle, and have often bought champagne without enquiry either as to the vintage or the grower. *Indeed we have sometimes been afflicted with champagne at 6s. 6d. a bottle, with a fancy brand, a sign that the grower is ashamed to own it!*"

"Grower" is, of course, not the right word for champagne, and brands, other than the shipper's usual one, are not always contemptible; but Mr. Wilkins's indignation is not itself contemptible at all. I fear some "hot young men," as they used to say, will cry at this moment, "What did he expect to get for 6s. 6d.?" Let them wait a little. He proceeds, "Of course you can easily ascertain from Randolph[1] what

[1] An excellent example of the older type of Don—son, I believe, of that

sum the College will invest in buying champagne for present and future use," following this up with what he would do himself.

Here compression and abstraction become necessary. He relies chiefly, and wisely, on the famous house of Christopher in Pall Mall East, who, it seems, at that happy time sold dry Bollinger of '61 (*i.e.*, as he accurately puts it, $9\frac{1}{2}$ years old) at 72s. But the same house would, it seems, also supply a cheaper quality at 60s. He has a very knowledgeable comparison of recent vintages ; and, to my delight (for I had independently come to the conclusion some three years after him, but more than thirty before I ever read his letter), ranks '65 as the finest year of the century. Later, too, he says, " Above all, lay in a stock of Perrier-Jouet *extra cuvée* '65, the finest wine, in Christopher's

remarkable person who was successively bishop of Oxford, Bangor, and London, having previously been four times professor of Poetry, Greek, Moral Philosophy, and Divinity. What an ideal life in its own line ! And what can men know better, for this life and the next, than the four subjects of the Chairs ?

opinion," of that finest vintage. So "we all three saw" it—the expert, the scholar, and the struggling schoolmaster—like Esau and Kate and the other in the song!

But the most interesting thing in this letter is a definition of what champagne ought to be, which is distinctly of *le temps jadis*. Wilkins's ten-year-old Bollinger was, he says, "*delicately* dry" (remember that in 1871 dry champagne was still to some extent a wine militant), but "with the true pineapple flavour and bouquet" and "sufficiently powerful." Now that is exactly the kind of champagne which it is now and has for long been nearly impossible to get, the "brandy and soda" variety[1] having almost completely ousted it. I remember one of my own early mentors—whether it was the same Mr. Thomson of Pall Mall or Mr. John Harvey of Bristol, I am not sure—telling me that '65 was not only the best, but almost the last perfect

[1] My friend Mr. Andrew Thomson of Pall Mall's phrase. See *Notes on a Cellar-Book*.

specimen, of this make of wine. I should not myself have called the flavour exactly "pine-apple," and it was not in the least like the "muscatel" (true or faked, grape or elder-flower) flavour of Moselle. But it was emphatically "*winy*," as Thackeray says of champagne.

After making a note, interesting as a *point de repère*, that "Christopher has a great name for claret, Tanqueray for champagne," and that he himself likes the former best for both, Wilkins passes to Bordeaux itself, on which he is, in general, sound and rather full, but I fancy not so enthusiastic, and not *quite* so well informed in detail, as on the North-Eastern wine. Still he seems to have relied on "the princely merchants Barton and Guestier," and he could not do much better than that. They tell him that "the more a wine deposits, the better they think of it," and he is rather gloomy about "moved" claret. Moreover, he points out, very shrewdly, that as "merchants add every year to the price of claret kept in their cellars," the College has lost both

ways in not beginning ten years ago to lay down '57,[1] '58, '61, '62, '64, and '65. He recommends Coningham of Regent Street (whom I know not) for claret, especially what he calls "the light, pleasantly flavoured claret called *Pichon*," marked 48s. on his list, and Christopher again for "St. Julien and Larose," the latter being also obtainable from Tanqueray, and the prices running from 54s. to 60s. He ranks Léoville above Larose, and Mouton above Léoville, if not also above Lafite, telling the story of the damage done to the premier vineyard by the cupidity of Samuel Scott, and (quite properly) praising the restoration in quality—in its case and Mouton's—by the Rothschilds.

[1] '57 *champagne* was, of course, magnificent, but was '57 claret much good? I never drank it (to my distinct remembrance, though I see, in looking back, that it figures in the list of the "Harmony," recorded before, p. 161), nor '61. Some '62 was good certainly, and some '65, though a good deal of this was disappointing. Of '58 and '64 one need not speak. But the excellent "Wulks" doesn't seem fully aware that laying down *claret* early is rather a risky business, much more so than laying down port or champagne. Even experts, unless I am wrongly informed, get caught sometimes. '65 was, I think, a special case of this.

All this is so good that one wonders at two things in it. Surely Wilkins must have known that to put "St. Julien" on terms with "Pichon" and "Larose" was what, in the other scholarship he possessed, would be called a false concord of the most glaring kind. Why, both Léoville and Larose *are* St. Juliens! And to speak of Pichon, especially if he means Pichon-Longueville (I am not sure that I ever drank the other—Lalande), as "light and pleasant," is rather like calling a marquis "possessor of a very decent rank in the English peerage." But let us not cavil. The document shows a most creditable attempt to check a venerable institution in some slight errors of its ways, and argues very sound principles as regards the particular subject, if no other, in its author. Also it reveals a state of things old now, but how good! Ten-year-old Bollinger, dry but full-flavoured, for 6s. a bottle! and Larose of the same age at 54s. a dozen. Why, Thackeray, a decade before, had given us the price of *his*, or at least Mr. Pendennis's, Larose as 72s.!

XXX. *Le Temps Jadis: Wallet II.* (2).—The rest of this wallet includes some *brochures*, etc., of no little interest in themselves—the Poet Laureate's *Eden*; divers privately printed playlets and stories given me by their authors, or written for literary reunions of this or that kind; a copy of Vincent Amcotts's "Shooting Star" burlesque *Ariadne* (mentioned above), with its memorable cast of the late Warden of All Souls, Judge Selfe, Registrar Hood, my friend Forster Alleyne, and others; an old "Fable for Parnellites" of my own, written to deprecate that party's jubilation over their marvellous escape by Pigott's breakdown; a *Historical Description of the Parish Church of Avebury*, with a letter from its author, the Rev. Bryan King, referring to his old tribulation at St.-George's-in-the-East; divers leaflets of Memorial Services, jubilee and other; a number of the C.C.C. *Pelican Record*, with Professor Elton's spirited *Ballad of Davies Gwynn*, and a most excellent imitation-German note on "Rose Aylmer," suggesting

A sight of memories and of sighs,

as *durchaus richtig*, by E. P. ; a very large and agreeable tabby-cat portrait, seemingly a Christmas card ; a privately printed and signed off-print of Mr. Austin Dobson's *Ballad of the Queen's Majesty*, etc., etc., etc.

But none of these, however important some of them may be in themselves, seems to suggest comment in this place so much as a small collection of public and other dinner-cards, which would appear to have been kept together on purpose ; while the system of collection, if any, of the other contents escapes me entirely. There are not many, for I have never been a great lover of public eating. It lasts (or used to last) so long ; you are, unless you can pull wires or are a very important person indeed, so mercilessly at the mercy of your immediate neighbours ; and then there is the awful nuisance of the speeches ! But sometimes amusing memories attach to them, and sometimes memories better still, if not so cheerful. " When I remember

all" (people run down Moore, but I wish, as King Charles, or King Louis, or King anybody else said of somebody else, "they would write more like him themselves"!) the friends whose names I see on these dinner-cards,—but this, I believe, approaches what is contemporarily designated "tosh," or is it "sop"? It is better to stick to the merely anecdotic, and to some practical observations on the cards and the dinners themselves.

Of course, when I went to Edinburgh, the most hospitable but the most speech-loving of peoples simply inundated me with invitations to come and propose or reply to "Literature" at entertainments which might begin not much after six and did not end much before midnight. One of the cards for these is before me now, and certainly not the least memorable. It was the annual dinner in 1897 of the Edinburgh Border Counties Society, with that most amiable person the late Lord Lothian in the Chair, Sir Thomas Gibson Carmichael and Sheriff Vary

Campbell (another best of fellows) as croupiers, the late Lord Tweedmouth on the Chairman's left, and me unworthy—as a sort of guest of the evening, or English hostage, or what not—on his right. Also there was present the late Mr. Fitzroy Bell, about whom I know nothing bad, except that he died so soon. Now, Lord Lothian, having to propose the Border Counties Association itself, entered into the spirit of the thing famously, and, casting hostile glances at the glaikit Englisher laughing at his side, deplored the dulness of present times, expressed his fervent desire to lead any number of Kerrs and others into Northumberland, and so on. Then he dropped into his seat and whispered to me, "Good Lord! I'd almost forgotten I'm Privy Seal for Scotland. I hope none of the Opposition papers will take that seriously!" *I* had on the occasion to propose "The Literature of the Borders." This must have horribly shocked the person who, objecting to my appointment as Professor, had previously said to Lord Balfour

of Burleigh, then Secretary for Scotland, "Why, the man won't be able to read Burns properly to his class!" [1]

The next is Scotch too, "Palace of Holyrood House, 23rd May 1896." I think there are three places in this island open, by benevolence of invitation, to, as (once more) King Charles II. or King Victor Emmanuel I. might have said, "any gentleman," and where every gentleman should, if he has decent opportunity, dine at least once. Holyrood (thanks to the hospitality of successive High Commissioners) is one; the Mansion House (thanks to that of successive Lord Mayors) is another. The third is neither royal nor municipal, but as in regard to it I am in the second division of the Irish song—

O'Roorke's noble fare
Will ne'er be forgot
By those who were there
And those who were *not*,

[1] That descendant of the Bruce countered this, I think, rather neatly. He only said, as he told me afterwards, "How many of *us* can?"

I will not specify it, lest I should seem to be fishing for a card.

"In my situation," as Miss Bell Black has it, I might have dined under the grim portraits of the Gaelic kings and heard the six pipers skirling, with just room for them to pass between my ears and the wall, pretty well yearly. I would not have failed to do so *once* for anything. But Holyrood, even for an Englishman, especially if he is a Tory, is a place of too sad memories for frequent junketing. "The shapes arise"; and though that exceedingly uncomfortable dinner at which Macbeth behaved so badly, and Lady Macbeth so well, did not, and could not, take place there, one thinks of it, and of other feasts that did. Even the late Stuart reception-rooms, charming as they are in a way, recall too directly the family that might take as motto Helen's lines :

where'er *we* came
We brought calamity.

Nothing of this sort occurs with the third

card (of nearly the same date), "Pembroke College Johnson Society Commemoration Dinner. Monday, June 22, 1896." Nothing more melancholy than the idea of the future doctor, rejecting and projecting those insolent new boots, interfered with an excellent dinner (the Holyrood one was excellent too), the last '47 port I ever drank in decent condition,[1] and a goodly company of guests, ranging from Vice-Chancellor to undergraduate in status, and of personality varied from Canon Ainger to Professor York Powell. As an individual I chiefly remember a most pathetic expostulation from the late Sir Mountstuart Grant-Duff on my injustice (or at least insufficient justice), in one of my books, to poor Felicia Hemans. To have to propose "The Club" was in some ways a little trying; but as, I believe, is not seldom the case with really shy men, I have never in my life suffered from stage-fright.

[1] I wonder how it would compare with that of which *he* drank three bottles at "Univ."? I fear eighteenth-century port was very new and heavily loaded. But I believe some say it was just the contrary of loaded, though necessarily newish.

There are others, some of them illustrated—the prettiest an Omar Khayyam Club one, with the frontispiece signed J. J. S.—and the most elaborate a Greenock Burns ditto, with a full dozen most ingeniously decorated pages. But I must reserve a few words for a batch more numerous than the rest put together and more appealing to me—records of some of the famous *Saturday Review* dinners of the 'eighties and early 'nineties. These were in no sense "public" dinners, and I shall permit myself no personal remarks about those who attended them. One somewhat tragic observation, and another historically business-like, will do. The first is that out of one guest-list of some sixty, scarcely a technical "generation" ago, and including many men quite young at the time, forty-five to my certain knowledge—and probably more—are dead now. The other—this is something in the manner of the famous toast, "The Major *is* alive"—is that in successive *menus* I perceive evidence of one of the few real improvements I have seen in my life-

time. This is the reduction of the *number* of dishes—from a perfectly bewildering crowd, of which no one could possibly partake exhaustively, and which, in order to get the feast over in any reasonable time, had to be hurried round, so that deliberate choice was almost equally impossible — to a sufficient and indeed abundant but manageable assemblage.

XXXI. *Flux and Reflux.*—I have noticed for some time that good people—really good people ; there is no irony in the use of the phrase —have disturbed themselves about foolish political symptoms in the University of Oxford, and especially in the Union debates. There would appear to be approval of the Labour Party ; opposition to measures and despatches intended to bring Soviet insolence and ruffianism to some kind of " book " or " heel," etc., etc. But for this sore—quite independently of certain general tendencies of youth to be naughty, which are eternal, and of the fact that, unless matters have

very much changed, many of the best men in Oxford, if they use the Union at all, use it merely for reading papers and writing letters—there are certain historic facts which supply a comforting oil or plaster. One of these may be "made a note of."

It surely must have struck somebody besides myself how some of the most distinguished writers of University novels in, or a little before, the middle of the nineteenth century, describe the revolution in their heroes' principles when they go to Oxford or Cambridge. Mr. Arthur Pendennis becomes a rabid Republican, or at least as rabid as his not very enthusiastic temperament will permit. His friend, Lord Magnus Charters—Duke's son, and in some ways aristocrat of aristocrats—follows or sets the example. Philip, in the next, or next but one, Cambridge generation, behaves in the same way. At Oxford itself, Mr. Thomas Brown the youngest imitates Horace Walpole, and shocks his father, by hanging up the death-warrant of Charles I. in his room,

though I forget whether he also imitates "Horry's" silliness in scribbling *Major Charta* on it.

Now, of course it is quite true that both Thackeray and Hughes were Liberals. But Thackeray openly laughs at his heroes for playing their pranks; and I do not remember that Hughes expresses very serious admiration in this respect for that curious hero of his who, slightly varying Lamb's friend's mourning over Eton, turns from a very tolerable schoolboy into an unhealthy and rather unnatural undergraduate —scarcely ever thoroughly satisfactory, except when he goes over the lasher. Both authors, however, knew what they were talking about in particular, and were thoroughly acquainted with the society of their day in general.

For my part, if Labour (which God forbid!) did come into power, and *didn't* sell up Oxford and Cambridge to divide among its Commissars, I should expect the uprising of an undergraduate generation of Tory Diehards, to whom the High-

fliers and the October Club of old would be doctrinaire Radicals!

XXXII. *Primerolatry.*—Mr. Philip Snowden, M.P., enjoys, and no doubt quite rightly, the credit of possessing not merely absolute honesty, but as much intelligence as an honest Socialist *can* possess. His manifesto on the great Socialist field-day in the House of Commons this spring was therefore looked forward to with some interest by those who have made it their rule in politics, for such lifetime as may have been given them, to pay special attention to "what the *other* fellow has to say." Its details were perhaps a little disappointing; for of course one knew beforehand that all things bad, from the rise in the quartern loaf to the large blue flies in the butchers' shops, would be put down to Capitalism, without the slightest attempt to prove either that it had caused them or that there were no other causes that might have done so. That we Tories were Bolsheviks did seem a little like

the "You're another" dialectics of some folk, no doubt as honest as Mr. Snowden, but not "on the whole intelligent." And so on, and so on.

But there was one passage which struck the present writer as rather precious. The member for the Colne Valley advised his enemies "to buy some cheap primer dealing with the evolution of human society." The immediate and special object of this purchase appeared to be to teach them that "All the great inventions that were the basis of our present machinery were discovered when men lived together in tribes." Now this latter proposition of itself invites innumerable arguments, from the almost vulgar "Who told you so?"[1] to the very far from vulgar problem whether our old friend the intelligent baby, left on a desert island and somehow or other sustained till it could take care of itself, might not discover the lever (the basis of

[1] People have told me that "cat's cradle" is tribal; and cat's cradle, I admit, is a very great game, and assists social evolution in some ways remarkably; but it is not everything.

most things), the inclined plane, the roller (he'd probably find that out with his toes), the screw, and the wedge, if not even the pulley and the wheel and axle, without any "tribe" to help him. That probably most tribes did, and that the few left do, carry out some principles of Socialism, is no doubt true enough. But that is not the present point; and as the argument would also suggest that we should, as Mr. Lang put it, "live upon oysters and foes," it would not help Mr. Snowden much.

It would ill become the present writer to speak ill of primers as primers. For he has himself written two—fairly "cheap," he hopes, the returns being also fairly divided, without the smallest grudge on his part, between himself, the wicked capitalists his publishers, and Labour itself. The only complaint he ever heard of them was uttered by a young lady who, dancing with a son of his, reproached the guiltless youth with having a father who "wrote that horrid little book." But then these primers contained

only matter either of ascertained fact, or of opinion generally accepted or honestly acknowledged as personal. But a *primer* "dealing with the evolution of human society"! "Nothing but Southey's cumulative ejaculation "Aballiboozabanganorribo!" (which, by the way, I saw quoted the other day for the first time for many years, and then wrongly spelt) will do for that.

If there is any one subject more unfit than another to be dealt with primer-fashion, I should say that it is the evolution of human society. For consider what it involves. The primer-maker must, in the first place, *know* (which is a different thing from writing about) Universal History (as far as actual history goes) in the very widest sense. He must be familiar—though his familiarity will be much more useful to him in the way of rejection than in that of acceptance—with all that has been written of anthropology, sociology, biology, psychology, and nearly all the other -ologies that ever were -ologised. He must have the eyes of the metaphorical lynx

and the courage of the metaphorical lion in separating, and holding on to the separation of, guess-work from proved certainty; and, finally, he must possess the philosophic and literary powers of Job and the Preacher, of Plato and Aristotle, of Ibn Khaldun and Vico, of Thucydides and Gibbon, of Herodotus and Carlyle, selected, blended, concorded, and combined, in order to put his results into shape.

Now I possess, I believe, a fair average knowledge of history and things in general; I could "get up" the technical biology and one or two other things with no great difficulty; I am, if not physically strong or brave, pretty good at facing any literary adventure. Also, I am not at all rich, and have not a few claims on me. But if anybody would give me back the two thousand pounds [1] which, every penny of it

[1] I ought perhaps to allow a small rebate for that not very common incident, a piece of humour from a Government Department. I had sold a house for half what I gave for it, and not much more than half what Mr. Lloyd George's Land Valuers allowed as its value. They informed me, after due delay, that "No Increment Tax was payable."

"earned with hard toil"[1] and quite independent of increased income-tax and cost of living, the war took from me—no questions asked, no sale stipulated for, and plenty of "puffs" guaranteed, as the price of a hundred-page primer on the Evolution of Society, which I could dictate in less than a week to any agreeable and accomplished stenographer—I wouldn't take it, although it would be great fun and most agreeable profiteering. For it is a thing that no fairly honest and fairly intelligent man (and I hope I do not overrate myself as being such) *could* do. An archangel, using up all the feathers of his own wings, with ink made of the gall of Leviathan, on parchment levigated from the skin of Behemoth, *might* do it, but I only say *might*.

Now the further and really important point is the ghastly misfortune—instructive, of course, as all fortunes and misfortunes are to those who

[1] These pathetic words, most strictly applicable in my case, come from another work of Southey's, written when he was more in sympathy with Mr. Snowden, to wit, *Wat Tyler*.

can profit by them—that an honest and intelligent man like Mr. Snowden should believe in these tabloid universal medicines as he evidently does. The cheap primer on such subjects apparently is the Socialist's Bible. I fear there is another excellent old title for it, The Gull's Horn-book.

Nor was this the only point of permanent interest in the speech, though perhaps it was the most novel. Once more one perceived the curious belief[1] of all revolutionists in *systems*. When Mr. Snowden and others talk of "the capitalist system" they seem to think that at some period or other a committee of specially selected fiends of the pit was got together, and drew up a programme which has since been more or less faithfully carried out by gangs of agents, something in the fashion of detective novels. So if they (some of them would not be complimented if we said, "like angels from

[1] Sometimes, of course, they "believe and tremble," or at least curse and try to destroy. Sometimes they believe and work for; but it is always *systems*.

Heaven") draw up an opposition programme and get *it* carried out, all will be gas and gaiters. They do not know—their cheap primers evidently do not tell them—that the great evolutions of society are not brought about by programmes, though they can be, and often have been, wofully interfered with by them. They are not brought, but "come": they "grow," like Topsy. The growths are better or worse in centuries and millenniums, just as other and smaller ones are in years or decades. But, great or small, they are usually too big for the cheap "primerist" and "outliner," and those who follow him will assuredly, except by the special goodness of Providence, find themselves in the end of all such following — the ditch. A "Primer of Ditches" *could* be written, for there is safe historic guiding for it, and it could have quite a nice little frontispiece, representing one peculiar kind of ditch and its appurtenances—a guillotine and its basket.

XXXIII. *The Higher Communism.*—Who invented, with its present villainous meaning, the word Communism? I suppose I knew once; but I have forgotten. Louis Reybaud has the credit of inventing "Socialism"; but that was so obvious a derivative from Rousseau that anybody might have done it. Who first—taking the diabolical sense of the harmless word *Commune* from that fresh volcano-mouth of diabolisms, the French Revolution—*ism*'d it? Anybody before Marx and Engels? I am rather bookless; but in any case I suppose it bedevilled itself anew after the Commune of 1871 had supplied *it*self afresh from Tophet.

The curious thing, however, is that there is not the slightest need—apart from arbitrary past limitations and ignoble present-day use—for attaching any fraudulent, tyrannous, and foolish meaning to the word. "The Community" is a quite excellent name for the very best kind of political and social system—monarchical, aristocratic, and free; whereas what has usurped the

name means—as logic shows it must mean and history shows it has meant—oligarchy, ochlocracy, and slavery. Even the Utopias of fancy are dreary enough places, and the historical attempts at them have always gone steadily from bad to worse, till Russia has almost reached the limit. No one who is not either an absolute fool, an accidental or deliberate ignoramus, a straight-up-and-down liar, or a partisan who has reached that stage where sense, knowledge, and truth do not exist for him, denies that Bolshevism has contrived to unite, with really diabolic cleverness and success, the worst characteristics and performances of all the worst systems of government, in their worst examples, at the worst of times.

But a wise Communism need be nothing of this kind. The best example, by parallel or analogy, of what it might be politically is a perfectly healthy human body, directed by a thoroughly but not in the least superhumanly intelligent mind. Of the insane notions of equality in such a creation there is no vestige,

nor need there be in the body politic. The old Belly and Members fable might have extended very far in this direction; indeed one knows of some attempts of the kind, and doubtless there have been many more. I should like to have an illustrated version representing the feet kicking off the head for its insulting exaltation; the arms insisting that the legs shall be sliced up to equality of length and girth; the toes in a fury because they are not as long as the fingers; and the ears, eyes, and nose raising Cain in their central place of communication because of the abominable fixity of distribution of senses between them.

XXXIV. *On "Waning"—and Thackeray.*—Not very long ago I saw that, in somebody's opinion, Thackeray was "on the wane." The passage had nothing to do with the silly Victorianophobia which has prevailed so long, and not much, I think, directly with the rather halting and hesitating, but in the main all the more

healthy, convalescence therefrom which has been welcome lately to those who try to regard literature *sub specie aeternitatis*. It took, as far as I remember, a sane and just enough view of the relative vogue, popularity, or whatever you like to call it, of certain writers of the last century at the present day; and it was, if not only, certainly in the main, the word "wane" which caught my attention.

We all know how that word is generally used. Starting from the moon—which is "regent" of the meaning, as a certain pleasing poet calls her "of the skies"—it implies a past origin, growth or "waxing," fulness, and declension. Flowers wane and human life wanes. Red wine wanes sooner than white. There is a remarkable waning in the niceness of salmon from February to August, after which— ("O sir, don't eat salmon when partridge is in!" said the venerable waiter at the *Fountain* in Canterbury once to me.) If my author had applied the word to Thackeray's *work*, intimating that

he thought *The Virginians* and *Philip* declensions from *Vanity Fair*, *Pendennis*, *Esmond* the apex, and *The Newcomes*, it might have been matter for argument on the opinion, though not for objection to the term. But this, as I have already allowed, was not his meaning. He meant that Thackeray's *popularity* had, or has, "waned."

And as I read him, the question rose to me, "Was Thackeray *ever* 'popular'?"

That some of his contemporaries were popular and that their popularity has waned, though in some cases it has waxed, or shown signs of waxing again, is perfectly true. Putting questions of justice, taste, etc., aside, as we are doing here, and merely going by historic fact, there is no doubt about it. In this particular limited field there need be, and between reasonable and instructed persons can be, no quarrel. Tennyson was enormously (I will give the knowing ones their advantage on that word) popular at one time. Even best-rubbish-sellers of to-day do

not, one thinks, often, except by baiting the appetite for scandal, sell seventeen thousand copies, on the day of publication, of a book like *Enoch Arden*, which, except in one passage of one longer poem and in two or three whole shorter ones, is, for its author, distinctly second-, if not third-rate. You can only do that by being "popular." And he has paid for it—whether justly or unjustly, remember, does not, in this particular method of accounting or auditing, matter one scrap. So in a lesser degree and a more curious kind was it with Browning. So was it, in a fashion, with Carlyle and Ruskin—in the plainest and most obvious form with George Eliot. Dickens has actually had the beginning of a series of waxings and wanings, for he was certainly far less popular thirty years ago than he had been thirty years earlier, and is far more popular now than he was thirty years ago. Trollope waned, and has, for some years, begun to wax. But was it ever so with Thackeray? I venture to think not.

Of course it is quite true that he had a long

time to wait (though not quite so long as Browning) before he got any public recognition at all, or even any recompense for mere hack-work equal to that which some of us (God forgive them, and may His Nemesis not take it out too harshly!) have received for hack-work how different! It is also true that for about as long a time afterwards, when he had "found himself," the public did, after a fashion, "find" *him*. But to take one instance out of many, for the very same times, £1000 for *Esmond* looks rather pitiful beside £20,000 for Macaulay's *History* (only part of it, too, was it not?), though I am the last to run down Macaulay.

To change the line of argument, an ingenious special pleader might urge that Thackeray has *not* in any true sense "waned." In the last forty years (which leave some twenty more behind them since his death) there have been at least four, and I think five, more or less "complete" editions of his work, besides I do not know how many partial ones of separate books

in various "libraries." How many novelists of the last hundred years, bar Scott and Dickens, can beat that? But, once more, this is travelling out of the real record.

What I wish to insist upon is that Thackeray has not "waned" and never can "wane" as long as there is one Thackerayan left who has not bowed the knee to Baal or failed to hold out against the Moors. He never appealed to any majority, and it is almost impossible to conceive any majority liking him. This is not because he went out of his way to be eccentric, or improper, or temperamentally artistic, or anything of that sort—quite the contrary. It is not because of his faults, many as they are and rather serious as some of them are. Dickens has quite as many (though very different) and quite as serious ones, and no one worth counting minds either set much. No one worth counting "minds" the faults of any genius, though he should not be blind to them; for the merits eat them up, and present themselves all the fatter and merrier for the meal.

But it is the peculiar character of Thackeray's *merits* which, while making any wide popularity unlikely, if not impossible, at the same time ensures an abiding recognition from the predestined recognisers. To superficial observers —and without any *outrecuidance* or "high brow" nonsense, it may be observed that most observers are, and must be, superficial—he might appear to be too much of a particular age ; and this, I suppose, accounts for his so-called waning, now that the age is past. But it is of the first and last importance to observe that his own age did not think him so. While his "Victorianism" may blind present-day judges to his "all-timeness," that all-timeness, in some cases admittedly, in most pretty certainly, was found to be a stumbling-block or a choke-pear to Victorians. I have both long ago, and not long ago, heard people—who had sense enough to discern and express the fact, though not quite enough to understand and digest it—confess or complain that he "gave them too much," that he was "not easy to get

on with," and the like. And this difficulty was not one of style or phrasing, as with Carlyle among his elders, Browning among his exact, and Meredith among his younger contemporaries. It came from what, of two men who knew him well, FitzGerald called the "terribleness," Professor Masson the "apartness" (you have to be a little way off to see clearly), of his *in*-look on life. Thackeray's grasp of character, except (and hardly except) in his deliberate caricatures, is rather uncanny when you more or less fully perceive it; when you don't, it is, I suppose, puzzling, if not actually irritating. Now puzzlement, and irritation, and inability to digest do not make for popularity.

In fact, *Esmond*—Thackeray's greatest book, and one of the great books of the world for unvarying and all-penetrating grasp of life and for faultless *mimesis* or reconstruction of it—is in all sorts of curious ways an illustration or experimental demonstration of this. It is rather like the Fountain of Lions in the *Astrée*, and

other places and matters in romance and fairy-tale from Carbonek downwards. The archaic outward form and non-modern subject revolt some people; the intensely modern (because eternal) inwardness of spirit and treatment baffle and puzzle others. And so it always has been, and probably always will be. There will be no ordinary waxing or waning; but he will be a fixed star, enormously distant, requiring a sort of telescopic assistance (though the telescope may be part of the individual mind) to perceive him, perhaps brighter or less bright to more or fewer people at different times, owing to intervening atmospheres and circumstances.

XXXV. *A Text with "Uses."*—"*We have come to the conclusion that the presence of non-unionists is a challenge to our progressive freedom, and we will compel them, in the interests of freedom, to join Trade Unions.*"—*Reported Speech of Labour Leader.*

We have come to the conclusion that the presence of purses in the pockets of travellers is a challenge to our progressive prosperity, and therefore, in the interests of prosperity, we will compel them to give these up.—*Dick Turpin and Friends*, 17—.

We have come to the conclusion that the inviolability of Belgium is a challenge to our progressive *Weltpolitik*, and therefore, in the interests of *Weltpolitik*, we will force a way through it.—*The Kaiser*, 1914.

We have come to the conclusion that the presence of Trades Unions is a challenge to the progressive freedom of England, and we will compel them, in the interests of freedom, to leave other people alone or cease to exist.—*England—when it becomes sane.*

XXXVI. *Haeresis Virgiliana.*—It would be

an obvious error to make this Second Scrap Book anything like an apologia for the First ; but in one or two instances one Scrap may be allowed to patch another. I see that some excellent persons have been made unhappy by my personal " panel of greatests " (*Scrap Book I.* pp. 214-15). " Where is Virgil ? " they say. " Where are Chaucer, Rabelais, Cervantes, Molière, Dickens," etc. ? Now that anybody should accuse *me* of belittling Rabelais in especial is rather comic, considering that for forty years at least I have been, again and again, such a standard-bearer of Gargantua and Pantagruel that I wonder Master Alcofribas (who knew most things past, present, and to come) did not put me in the wars of the first or the Bottle-voyage of the second. But the funniest thing is that, on the opposite page and elsewhere, I had excluded him and all his companions *by the titles of their masterpieces* as not entering the particular competition. The twelve I mentioned are expressly described as the " *serious* " writers, who

have appeared *to me as such*, and as such consummately.

But there is, I admit, one excluded name which is that of an author serious or nothing ; and that is Virgil's. All my life I have been a heretic as to Virgil, and have shocked many good men by being so. In order not to shock them more, I have, I think, never yet given reasons in anything like detail for the *un*faith that is in me. A page or two here devoted to these reasons may not, therefore, be quite improper.

That Virgil is a very pretty, indeed a most elegant writer, I have not the slightest intention of denying. That he gives us in verse, with Cicero in prose, the most perfect expression in literature of the *sophisticated* Latin temperament, I not only admit, but will maintain *totis viribus*. That his power over phrase and metre is that of a most accomplished craftsman, I am ready to testify. His narrative power is remarkable, and would, I think, have made him a really good

novelist. The *Eclogues*, which are probably the best things he ever did, are also charming things; and the *Georgics* are about as good as didactic poetry, not sublimated after the fashion of Lucretius, can be. As to the *Aeneid*, since it is the piece which, as being most ambitious, shows his failures most, one had better examine it somewhat more narrowly.

Little need be said about its complete and allowed *second-handness*. Shakespeare is often second-hand in this or that respect, but he seems sometimes, if not always, to be so, mainly in order that he may transcend his original. With Virgil it is just the other way. The inferiority of the Dido part to the Medea part of Apollonius Rhodius is hardly less glaring than its imitative character; and in none of the innumerable Homeric *pastiches* does Virgil succeed in being more than second in both senses. The regatta and indeed the games generally are really good, but scarcely of first-rate *rank*. The "Destruction of Troy" would be good, if it were not for

the fatal and ubiquitous presence of the hero in it. I am not sure that the games do not escape because he has very little personally to do with them.

For a more disgusting hero than Aeneas there is not in the range of epic. And in some astonishing manner he combines uninterestingness with disgust. He is such a poor creature that you would almost be ashamed to kick him, as he deserves, because he would begin complaining to his mother, and you wouldn't like to annoy *her*. I should like to hear her private opinion [1] of her offspring, also the remarks both of Vulcan [2] and of Mars [3] on the subject.

[1] There is a touch of disgust when she stops him from his second-greatest infamy, the intention of killing Helen. And, by the way, her speech here is followed by, and almost seems to include, one of the finest phrases in Virgil:

> Apparent dirae facies, inimicaque Trojae
> Numina magna deum.

[2] Vulcan, of course, *had to* make the armour, and was well paid for it. But the language of forges is often free; and I imagine that Brontes' and Steropes' comments were less amiable than, say, Joe Gargery's might have been.

[3] It has been too much the fashion to regard Mars as a sort of Rawdon

That, however, Aeneas is not a very heroic hero is practically admitted by those who insist so strongly on his "piety"; and that Virgil belongs rather to the polishers and decorators than to the real "makers" I can hardly believe to be seriously denied by anybody save fanatics or hopeless traditionalists. But his polishing and decorating seem to appear to some so exquisite that they *make* him a "maker." It may be *mea maxima culpa*; but I cannot see it. There is a sort of *synthetic* character about his jewels. Even the famous and constantly cited

Tendebantque manus ripae ulterioris amore,

owes most of its beauty to artful construction, and has not the sudden earth-born blaze of

κεῖσο μέγας μεγαλωστὶ λελασμένος ἱπποσυνάων

Crawley; but, though I like the Colonel, I think this unfair to the god. It is true that Rebecca's husband would not, when wounded, have howled like Aphrodite's lover, though he might have said, "D—n"; but this is merely due to the difference of nationality and manners.

or of

ἐγὼ δὲ μόνα κατεύδω [1]

or of

The rest is silence,

or even of

Gregor's Kahlkopf
Und die Brüste der Mathildis,

and

Et la Seine fuyait, avec un triste bruit,
Sous ce grand chevalier du gouffre et de la nuit.[2]

Even where magnificence is not required, and

[1] Whether it should be *κατ-* or *καθ-* here is, I believe, disputed.

[2] The "modern" examples from Heine's great Canossa piece and Hugo's *Quatre Vents de l'Esprit* are, of course, of a more "composite" order than the Greek and Shakespearian which I have chosen, and than divers from Dante, between which I hesitated to choose. But I think they both have the "blaze"—the "transport"—which I desiderate in Virgil. He has no doubt (as I acknowledge that Tennyson is against me, I need not apologise to any one else) a wonderful "measure," but even in that, how Homer "puts him down"! And where does he show such command of *it* as does Hugo when he makes the French iamb solemn and mysterious in the picture of the dark river flowing beneath the statue; or Heine when he lifts the German trochee to scornful triumph, or indignation if you prefer it, as the Pope's white skull and the Countess's white breasts gleam from the lighted window on the Emperor crouching in the night below? As for such intensity of simplicity as Sappho's and Shakespeare's, or (I might have added another four-word jewel) Dante's in "dove il sol tace," where is it in him?

even if we confine comparison to his own country, time, and language, how far does he fall short of Lucretius and Catullus, nay, of Horace himself at his very best[1]—I do not say of Ovid. Take the two coaxing scenes in the *De Rerum Natura* and the *Aeneid*, and you would really imagine that they had been written purposely to illustrate La Rochefoucauld on Marriage—but in reference to the quality of the poetry, not of the situation. Where has Virgil anything to match the *Ave Frater* in passionate tenderness, and

Et, quod vides perisse, perditum ducas

in passion unfortunate?

No: Virgil is essentially *not* a "greatest." He is even less of such a thing than his companions Pope and Racine, because he has hardly

[1] Some people call Horace "unpoetical." Well, he certainly does not affect me as, let alone the First Three, many different poets do. But if *Pastor cum traheret*, with its wonderfully *scenic* character, and the best parts of *Tyrrhena regum* and *Qualem ministrum*, and the passages that are recalled by the words *Atqui sciebat* and *Surge quae dixit* are not poetry, I think a very small book-case, or even shelf, will hold what is, and a very large court-yard will be required safely to burn the rest.

anything but form ; while Pope has a *diable au corps* in satire unsurpassable in its kind, and I am told, by persons better qualified to judge than I am, that Racine has exceptional theatrical quality. Now I have myself been blamed for putting too much value on form as apart from matter. But then it must be *live* form ; and what is more, form which has not merely craft, but art and "art magic" in it. The poet makes, but he does not manufacture.

The fact is that the rhetoricians of the later Empire did better than they knew for themselves, and worse than they knew for their idol, when they went to Virgil as above all a master of rhetoric rather than poetic. He *is* a master of rhetoric in the wide but proper sense—of tropes and figures, of *ordonnance* and ornament, of convention and rule. And another fact, more curious still, is that when the Middle Ages, in that Heaven-guided blindness of theirs which somehow surpassed the clearest ordinary sight, made him a magician, they made him just what he ought to

have been to be an *altissimo poeta*. This last they were told he was ; the other therefore he must be. But, to me, he is neither.

XXXVII. "*Magnificence*."—Some time ago one of the ladies whom St. Paul "did not suffer," returning from America, told us some of those interesting if not always strictly novel things to which we are accustomed from persons who *trans mare currunt*. The old style (Mrs. Trollope, Marryat, Dickens) is, of course, not merely old, but obsolete ; yet it was perhaps more amusing than the new. One traveller seems to think that his having gone West so many times makes him, *ipso facto*, an authority on all medical questions ; another that it confers equally "cathedratic" (as they say in Spain) qualities in regard to politics. The lady-preacheress seems to have been rather sociological. She told us that the Americans do not like us, which perhaps had gone near to be thought some little time before ; and she seemed to think that we specially justify

that dislike by our wicked laughing at their "magnificent" effort of Prohibition. Not, I believe, that she declared herself a Prohibitionist —it is curious that the people who are most angry with scoffers at, or denouncers of, Prohibition never do. But it was so shocking of *us*, because it was so magnificent of *them*.

Now I should be the last person to deny that public interference with, and even uncivil public comment on, the domestic affairs of another country are both grossly indecent. I have printed some jibes, and even some invectives, against Prohibition; but both have always been directed against Prohibition in the abstract, or as threatened to be insinuated here: as regards America, I have expressed regret and surprise, but nothing more. Even in private I have gone little further. I once wrote to one American gentleman, "You have been jockeyed into this," and he wrote back agreeing heartily. I once said to another, "The worst of it is that we can't imagine what on earth induced you to do it,"

and *he* said, "No: the worst of it is that *we ourselves* can't imagine what on earth induced us to do it." I don't think there is anything that any rational representative of Uncle Sam can resent in that sort of attitude.

But when we come to the "magnificence" of Prohibition—the magnificence of forbidding other people to do what you don't want to do yourself—"that do seem going far," as my beloved American poetess made the bull-pup say when his young mistress dared to "'cratch his tum." If all the drunkards in the United States had assembled at Mount Vernon (by the way, the only brand of American whisky I ever liked was called after Washington's home), had collectively and personally "sworn off," and had kept their vow, while leaving their country and their countrymen free, I should have allowed that, though it was still not the most excellent way, there was a touch of magnificence about it. I acknowledge that when St. Paul himself, though he did not suffer persons like the lady

who gives us our text, and did most sensibly prescribe alcohol to Timothy, did also suggest resignation of wine *if* (please remember the " if ") partaking of it " offended " others, it was a rather magnificent piece of altruism.[1]

But really, considering that we know how for generations " temperance " has been a fashion and a fad in America ; how the American Podsnaps and Grundys have put the screw on public officials,[2] and so forth — the entire *reversal* of St. Paul's attitude—the insisting that

[1] It was, at least, what people are so irritatingly fond of calling a *beau geste*. But I think St. Peter, in one of those little friendly altercations which we know they had, might have made some points against his brother apostle on this matter, resting on a certain vision that appeared to him on the house-top at Simon the Tanner's, by the seaside at Joppa, about the ninth hour of the day. And, if casuistically minded, he might have asked for an explanation of the curious fact that of the two passages on this subject the *general* one (Rom. xiv. 21) includes *flesh* and wine, while the particular and personal offer (1 Cor. viii. 13) only mentions " flesh " and does not include " wine " at all.

[2] How long is it since those dreadful prigs in *The Wide, Wide World*, John and Alice (Ellen, if left alone, was not so bad), " smilingly drank healths in water " ? About half-way between then and now an American professor expressed surprised envy at an English colleague who drank good liquor in a public bar.

other people shan't drink wine because it offends *you*—can hardly be called "magnificent." At any rate, if it is, Mr. Tupman's celebrated practice of referring suppliants to his friends for clothes and money was supermagnificent. For in that case there was no tyranny or unpleasantness on any side. The referees need not give unless they liked; the suppliants were all the better if they got what they wanted, and at least not the worse if they did not; while Mr. Tupman had a pleasant double sense of direct and of vicarious benefaction. Of course in the case now under discussion there is certainly one pleasure —the pleasure of tormenting other people—but the magnificence of that hardly requires much talk.

XXXVIII. *Improvers.* — The word "improver" has various meanings—the general one derived directly from the verb, and capable of very numerous applications; the technical one for an employed person who is neither an actual novice nor a fully skilled workman or work-

woman ; and, I believe, a third, concerned with the mysteries of feminine attire. Under the first head, though only as sarcastically applicable, may be ranked a kind of book-maker or rather book-spoiler, who appears to be multiplying rather horribly nowadays. This creature concerns him- or herself with cutting, reducing, abridging (there are many words for the vile process) masterpieces of literature, either in the interests of pure Bowdlerism ;[1] or to make them more easily misusable for scholastic purposes ; or sometimes, I believe, merely to pander to the general contemporary appetite for tabloids. Just before writing this I have actually seen an "abridged" edition of Southey's *Life of Nelson* promised. Perhaps one of Carlyle's *Sterling* will follow, and, in time, an abridged translation of the *Agricola* of Tacitus (nobody will want, or indeed be allowed to read, the original) may keep

[1] It is always a foolish and sometimes a fatal practice ; but Thomas Bowdler himself must have had some wits. He has done his mischief rather cleverly.

them company. But the most monstrous experiment that I have actually seen and read recently was performed on my beloved *Mr. Midshipman Easy*.[1]

An angel, knowing that I was no longer in possession of the material book, though it was represented almost *literatim* on the grey shelves of my mind, took it into its angelic head to supply the loss ; but was in a way ill-served by the mercantile ministers of this grace, who sent me a modernised and mishandled version. I say "in a way," because the amazing folly of the modernisers and mishandlers was diverting, if loathsome. Also there was a certain innocence which is diverting only ; for the editor, while hoping that his treatment will not render it less enjoyable to young readers, remarks that their elders can obtain the original text. This is not quite so provocative as the Delphin arrangement, but is pretty certain to send any "young reader"

[1] Let me liberate my own soul by confessing a slip of the pen in *Scrap Book No. I.*—"Falcon" for "Sawbridge"—which I noticed too late to correct.

of natural and wholesome quality to the " blessed original " itself.

The actual results of " editorial pruning " are funnier still. That Sarah should appear on the scene " promiscuous " without her immortal examination and reply,[1] and that the preliminaries of Jack's own appearance should be materially shortened, was inevitable ; surely not quite so that all the jokes about Nicodemus, old Nick, etc., should go ? Why should " boys and girls " be " protected " (as the Pussyfoots say) from the scene where the keepers duck Jack for his poaching, thereby " putting him in possession of the property " which, on his own Communistic principles, he has claimed as his ? It is a capital passage, and useful at this very day. All the Gibraltar fun, with the incident of the boatswain's trousers, goes, taking the intelligibleness of the " threesome " duel at Malta with it also. But perhaps the most monstrous crime is the

[1] This, I am informed, can be traced beyond her ; but it is *hers*, for all time.

excision of practically the whole of the Tetuan business. The editor *may* have only taken, too literally and extensively, the admiral's gentle reproof that "it might have been done without putting the Vice-Consul in petticoats": but one is sure that no one who commanded the Toulon fleet in the brave days of old would ever have contemplated such a carrying out of his remark on the matter.

No more instances of this "lost labour and light-minded folly" need be given, but the last mentioned is so typical that a very few words may be allowed on it. What conceivable reason is there for leaving out this Tetuan business? It is not the very best part of this "abounding book," perhaps; but it is good broad farce, and not even "broad," in the worst sense of the word, at all. Of course if "petticoat," word and thing, is fatal, it must go; but, as Miss Lavinia's lover in *Our Mutual Friend* so wisely observes, "We know it's there," even when, as in our time if not in Marryat's, there *is* very little of it. The

conclusion, indicated, if not included, in the marriage of Captain Hogg and the Vice-Consul's sister, is of the strictest and most immemorial propriety; if harems are mentioned, nothing improper happens in or is said about them; Gascoigne is saved from a hopeless misalliance, and the poor girl from a marriage which would very probably have brought her more actual unhappiness than the harem itself. Also the whole thing shows the hero as a very sensible as well as a very good fellow, who can use his brains as well as his fists, and lets no bad blood influence either. One cannot see why every boy and every girl should not be not only none the worse but as much the better for it as every healthy human being is for a good laugh.

But the more important fact is that all this "improving" and "pruning" and what not is hopelessly wrong. As Southey so admirably said when he was plaintively asked by one of the pruners, "Can he have daughters, and if so, would he let them have the run of his library?"

"Yes, he has daughters, and there is not a book in his library [a huge one, be it remembered, and with almost every famous book in it] which is shut to them." To no wholesomely bred and minded child of either sex will Fielding or Smollett, or even Swift, do the slightest harm. But I own that a rather different state of things may arise when the new Parenthood classes are actually introduced into our schools. And it will be very interesting to see whether, in those days, this process of Bowdlerising will be rearranged and extended so as to cut out all references to Toryism, property, religion, aristocracy, and other dreadful things. I understand that Soviet education is not at all pudibund, and that the principles of parenthood are treated and illustrated in it with a fine "candour"—that is the right modern word, is it not?

XXXIX. *Barracking*

[*I have never seen why this perfectly respectable word—on a par with "camping," "shearing,"*

and a hundred others as meaning "using or having to do with a barrack or barracks"—should be given up to the disgusting misbehaviour imported from abroad to defile our cricket and other grounds. So let us clean it up with better things.]

There was a curious habit in "literary gents" [1] between the Napoleonic wars and the Crimean, if not also later, of sneering at the Army, and even, though to a very much less degree, at the Navy. Thackeray notoriously indulged in it, though not very unkindly; [2] Dickens, with the great exception of "Richard Doubledick," seems to have in the main kept clear of the subject (though there are "digs" in *Pickwick*),[3] and when that very poor creature the other Richard

[1] Not being definitely military or naval novelists.

[2] Major Dobbin and Colonel Newcome are exceptions, of course, as far as moral and military qualities go; but their creator has taken it out of them by making them almost fools, though in different ways.

[3] The military section in *Sketches of Young Gentlemen* is purely offensive. But nearly all that collection of juvenile imitations of Leigh Hunt is rubbish, and can hardly have been written, though I believe it was published, after *Pickwick* itself.

(Carstone) goes into the Army, he might as well be in a City office for anything that we hear characteristic of his occupation or mode of living. Mr. Matthew Arnold deplored the absence of proper culture in officers because (if I may versify his words in rhythm close to that of a famous passage in *The Anti-Jacobin*) [1] once at mess—

> A cornet took his rings from off his hands
> And spun them on the table ! ! !

For my own part, I do not know why I should have been so lucky ; but on either side of the abolition of purchase, as an undergraduate and as a schoolmaster, for some ten years, from 1867 to 1876, I saw a fair amount of barrack life, and found it distinctly good. I was guested for several days at Devonport by the 20th Regiment, and for at least one night at Fort George by the 78th. During my six years at Guernsey almost all the regiments who took turn at garrison—

[1] She whipped two female prentices to death,
And hid them in the coal-hole !

the 43rd, the 22nd, the 15th, the 84th, and for a short time the 6th [1]—kept their houses as open to us as we kept ours to them.

From the, I believe, fairly trustworthy testimony of certain books, it would appear that the ancestors, not merely of the Labour but of the Liberal parties of to-day, regarded the *old*-old English officer as a person whose functional inutility was only equalled by his personal wickedness. Entering the service by the accursed means of gold, he distinguished himself there by wasting his time, neglecting or bullying his men, occasionally ruining the peace of outside families, gambling frightfully, and getting continually drunk. It is true that he did some pretty things in India all the time, and not seldom had disgusting work in Ireland,[2] assisted to that by the same influences which

[1] Their successors—all glory to them!—will pardon me, I think, if I keep the old names.

[2] One officer I knew had captured a blackthorn, artistically decorated with nails, each knocked into a knot of the stick, and the blunt head wrenched off as jaggedly as possible.

have at last succeeded in making such work for a time unnecessary by funking it altogether. It is also true that, when the time came, he would "stand and be still to the *Birkenhead* drill" as if he were on parade at Aldershot, and pass a Crimean winter and its warfare without gas and with not much shell-shock, no doubt; but also without any decent commissariat, with few doctors, and with no nurses, or next to none, nearer than Scutari. He would also accomplish that astounding quelling of the Mutiny, the repeated necessity of which, as in the case of Ireland, we are economically evading by the simple process of throwing India away.

However, let us not be too serious, for the purpose of this note was not even to talk personally of the men whom I knew in barracks, and who afterwards actually held Rorke's Drift, or, alas! died at Majuba. It was simply to remark that barrack-life, as I then saw it (I don't know what it is now), was very much college life over again, "duty" taking the place of

"lectures," "mess" of "hall," etc. I cannot remember seeing any one drunk in barracks, though I have been there at all hours of the day and night. Shilling[1] points (or less) at whist and shilling loo (*un*limited ; *limited* loo is camouflaged ruin) are not exactly disastrous gambling. But there was plenty of fun and good fellowship, and I do remember two rather comic incidents.

One reminded me of my own initiatory experience at Oxford, for it was a sort of mild "drawing," intended to inculcate good fellowship itself. There was an ensign—no matter of what regiment or in what quarters—who was considered to withdraw himself from general society unduly : and on one occasion the unlucky youth was observed to be asleep in his room, with the door partly open. Thereupon a wicked plot was laid, at the execution of which I—of course as a guest and looker-on only—assisted, in the French if not the English sense. The said execution required, it will be seen, some

[1] Or franc—the commoner currency in Guernsey.

small courage as well as skill on the part of the tormentor. A sheet of foolscap was first smeared with something sticky, then sprinkled pretty thickly with cayenne pepper, then twisted into a tube, lighted at the further end, and the ensuing smoke quietly puffed through the door-opening. Of course, if the executioner had once *in*haled, the result would have been—literally—filling with the fruit of his own devices. But he didn't, and the draught from the open door impelling the cayenne smoke inward, the unfortunate sleeper was (to turn tragedy into comedy) "gassed" some fifty years before date. He began to snuffle and grunt, then burst out coughing; and no doubt awoke to wonder whether the devil was about him, and to hear his tormentors scuttle downstairs with shouts of laughter.

The other was pure comedy, with no naughtiness about it. Somebody after dinner suggested a game which I have never seen or heard of on any other occasion. You take the poker, stand

it upright on the floor, and then stoop down, put your forehead on the knob, and shuffle round the poker itself three times, keeping it perpendicular to the carpet. Then you rise, and if you are not giddy you must have a fairly steady head. I could no more do it now than I could fly; but at that time I was in pretty frequent practice of waltzing, and a good steerer thereat, so that I got off all right. Others had varying fortunes. But at last an exceedingly tall and very young ensign tried it. He was so tall that when his forehead was on the knob his back was at a sharpish slope *down*wards, and his head, of course, none the clearer therefor. At any rate, whether involuntarily or half playing, when he dropped the poker he spun off, still stooping, doorwards, and, as that portal opened, plunged like a combative nigger, or the small boy with the large head in *Pickwick*, straight into the waistcoat of—the Colonel, who had gone out of the room and was re-entering! That warrior took it *like* a warrior—and like a good-tempered

gentleman too—but to persons, especially *pékins*,[1] of proper feeling it was rather a terrific occurrence at the moment.

XL. *Science and Art.*—"Oh yes! go in; he's quite good-humoured to-day," said my servitor at Edinburgh once to a girl-student of mine who inquired anxiously at the door of my retiring-room. At least the young lady (whom I should not have suspected of extreme alarm at the animal within) declared some time afterwards that this was the case. I quote the assurance in order to echo the words of that excellent old soldier of twenty years' service[2] on my own behalf in regard to the present article. For undoubtedly utterances, on the one side as on the other of the debate between Science and Art generally or Science and the Art of Literature

[1] Or *péquins* if any one prefers it.

[2] Our servitors were all of that rank. I saw the other day a statement that the Labour party particularly objects to this class of its country's servants, which, if true, is very interesting, though not in the least surprising.

in particular, have rather a habit of *not* being quite good-humoured.

What put me in a good humour—as not a few things of the same kind have done recently—was the improvement in tone, as it went on, of a scientific review which I happened to read. It began rather unpromisingly with an allowance—if not a full acceptance—of the "popular view" that the Middle Ages were times of dulness, folly, ignorance, etc., etc.; whereas the popular view to that effect is itself as great a piece of ignorance, folly, dulness, etc., as can well be imagined. But the reviewer proceeded to "make good" by pointing out, what all persons of education and intelligence ought to know, that many, if not most, so-called superstitions of the past (he very sensibly specified astrology) are themselves only "discarded scientific hypotheses."

I am inclined to think that the Einstein *v.* Newton business—as to which, on its own merits, I do not pretend to be qualified to give

any opinion at all—has done a great deal to put our "scientists" in a more reasonable frame of mind than they used to display in the nineteenth century, when, as it was once pointed out in a review, "their agnosticism was more intolerant than our *gnosis*."[1] The weakening of this positivity (to distinguish the thing from "positivism") became first apparent in regard to Evolution, which at one time was peremptorily insisted upon for a universal master-key in physical, as Association was in intellectual, matters. "Relativity," whatever it means, at least deals a *croc-en-jambe* to positivity of any scientific kind. In fact, in a short time I fancy the only people of the mid-nineteenth-century scientific type will be Deans and Canons of the Church, who have convinced themselves that there is *nulla salus*, though there may still be *multus profectus*, "intra *Ecclesiam*." Somewhere else, a little less recently, I think I saw in a purely

[1] And *their* gnosis—! but that was not at the moment the reviewer's business.

scientific quarter a wholesome scepticism expressed as to whether the light from, say, Antares, in the time and distance which it had taken to get here, might not have been playing all sorts of tricks on the way which we knew nothing about. This shows a really healthy frame of mind.

Even the geologist-anthropologists are beginning sometimes to admit that something they have supposed to be a human head exactly 8642 years old is possibly a primeval bear's skull, or even a bit of something shaped out of mineral; though I think geology is still the most recalcitrant of the sciences in clinging to assumptions about the calculable uniformity of nature. For it is only the feeblest of physiologists who go on the supposition that the human interior is a long twisted test-tube, and nothing more; and as for chemists and botanists, they have no excuse for any irrationalities, because they have all the facts before them, and have only got to observe carefully and experiment judiciously.

But undoubtedly, on the whole, there is something in science which reminds one of the result of digging up an asparagus-bed—a most interesting and instructive proceeding (though not to be indulged in unless you have provided on-coming substitutes). When you do this you discover that each *super*terranean "grass" is something like the handle of a broom or a nigger's leg, growing out of a *sub*terranean head or foot of dead matter, representing the amputated growths of former years. And so, as my admired reviewer suggested or admitted, is each (apparently) succulent stick or beautiful feathery off-growth of actual science based on "discarded scientific theories" centuries, perhaps millennia, old.

But when we turn to Art—art of literature most of all, perhaps, because it happens to be more easily preservable; and art of sculpture next to it, for the same reason, but in essence if not accident; art of painting, music, and whatsoever other art there be—how different is the

condition ! There is about it, except in the most deceptive and ephemeral appearance, no thought of the "priest that slays the slayer and shall himself be slain," whereas every prominent man of science has that grim sacerdotal character or lot. *Fashion* changes in literature and the rest, as in everything human ; but it does not affect *them* at all—only their more or less wise and more or less foolish worshippers. I do not know enough about the other arts to speak *ex cathedra* about them ; so I will confine myself to literature, about which, I believe, I may speak with some little authority, or at least knowledge.

If elsewhere in this very little book I have said why I don't like Virgil as much as other people do, don't I know perfectly well that this affects me rather than Virgil ? Has not Homer passed certainly over two thousand years, and perhaps nearer three, unscathed, un-"discarded" in any *real* sense ? [1] Has it not been, and there-

[1] When I speak of Homer, or Shakespeare, or any one else in letters, I mean the *book* called Homer and the *book* called Shakespeare. Squabbles about the *men* do not interest me.

fore will it not be, the same with all great writers since, down to those not long dead, who may be talked about ever so foolishly now ? and all who follow them ?

Yea, verily ; and perhaps the reason of the difference is that Art has an immortal soul, and Science only a mortal one, if any.

XLI. *Margaritae* ex *Sterquilino*. — To any collector of (rather synthetic) pearls of politics I recommend remarks on Capital Levy. It will take some time to make up this string, but I offer a beginning, free to anybody to continue.

(1) By a Labour Leader.

> You say that the levy will lessen the amount available for income-tax. Ah ! but we shall increase the tax on what we leave unlevied.

(2) By a Professor.

> A capital levy on War Loans is not repudiation ; for it will also be levied on those who have not lent.

(3) By an Ex-Minister, who has lost not only his place, but his seat, and for whom, therefore, allowances must be made.

(This must be quoted verbatim, for it is fearsome in language and almost unbelievable in substance.)

What right has any party to divert *that live capital, which is being created by the young men, when the dead wealth of the old remains immune from contribution towards that war debt incurred for its preservation, and without which it would have been destroyed?* "Igsplain this, men and angels!" (A few notes are given to help the explanation.[1])

[1] "Created." How do you "create" capital? By saving, I suppose, though it appears to become "dead" when it *is* created. Do you think you'll encourage the "young men" to save when they have the prospect of another capital levy before them? *Qui a bu boira.*

"Immune," the immunity taking the form of a four- to six-fold income-tax, including taxation of war loans, which have never brought more than, if so much as, double pre-war interest.

(Plenty more if wanted.)

XLII. *The Order of Drinks.*—There is, I think, no doubt that "Te(a) *veniente die*" is more than a joke or a jingle. I do not, like most people, drink it *before* breakfast; but I have never discovered anything to equal it *at* that meal. Coffee, though nice enough, is not sufficiently thirst-quenching; chocolate still less so; the cocoas made-up with flour or what not, least of all. Clear cocoa-*nib* infusion, though by no means easy to make, does quench thirst when well made; but it has not the peculiar *clean*-ness of tea, when well made likewise, not too strong, not over-milked, and, above all, kept free from cream. A worse *mésalliance* than tea (except green tea, which is all the better for it) and cream I hardly know, though there are few commoner. Of the irreplaceableness of tea I can speak with better justification than most people, for twice in my life, during considerable periods, I have been "ordered off" it. The cocoa-nib-cocoa above mentioned was the prescribed succedaneum in the first stage; but one

got dreadfully tired of it. In the second, claret and water was suggested ; and I think if anything could have made me hate claret this would. Beer, tea's predecessor, is not fully satisfactory *with* breakfast, though some strongish beer just *after* it is *probatum* of many choice scholars, good sportsmen, and, " in the best sense of the term," *men*. But for regular breakfast drink there is nothing like tea.

Between breakfast and luncheon the choice lies, of course, between beer and " pegs," but, except when one is taking much exercise or for special reasons, I think drinking between meals should be avoided. That it is recommended by the modern " test-tube " doctor is an additional but unnecessary reason for this. Old tradition and common sense are against it, though of course not to the extent of prohibition. A whisky and soda or potash, a mug of cider (for those who can drink it) or shandygaff, a tankard of sound plain beer, will hurt no one now and then, and perhaps are at no time more enjoyable.

At luncheon the choice is large, but I should say that beer is decidedly the most appropriate of many not inappropriate liquors, without prejudice, of course, to a glass of sherry or port after it.[1] If wine is insisted on, it had better be white, not red, and *I* should say, without wishing to dictate, still rather than sparkling. Champagne at a populous lunch always reminds me of that dismallest (except when it was your own) of all feasts, the wedding breakfast of yore. But when you are hand to fist *en fête* either with your own wife or another (I do not say another's), "the foaming grape of Eastern France" is permitted—nay, recommended. The affection of the sex which has always, till now, groaned in servitude (and made others groan in another kind of ditto) for champagne, is extremely interesting.

[1] With fish or soup, equally of course the sherry may come before. But I think fish is better at breakfast and dinner than in the middle of the day; and I have seldom been a great soup-eater. There is, however, no better lunch than the old (Birch's) kind of turtle-soup; but with that you naturally drink Madeira. And it is not economical. My own humble substitute for some years was a bowl of *pea*-soup, bread and cheese, and a pint of "College" ale.

If Dom Pérignon had lived at the proper time, and (as a good "Dom" doubtless would) had tried to outmanœuvre Satan by offering Eve a glass of it instead of the apple (you *can't* drink champagne *with* apples), I feel sure that our ancestress would have accepted the beaker. Is it not recorded at a later date that "for champagne and lobster salad in the way of honour" the divine Miss Fotheringay "would have gone anywhere"? And do I not know a singular corroboration of this statement of Thackeray's? A vast number of years ago an actress, of considerable repute at the time, was staying with her husband "on tour" in the same lodging-house with us. According to what I have been told is a habit of the profession, they lived with doors open, and once we heard the star speak. "You'll give us a drop of fizz, won't you?" it said plaintively, and I hope it got it.

The afternoon is as the morning, though (with the same licences) even less should be required if the luncheon has been, and the

dinner is going to be, duly *arrosé*. If people will have afternoon tea, they must ; but I can greatly extol the practice of a late distinguished physician with whom we used to stay, and who, when one came in to that intrusive pseudo-meal from walking or driving, used to say, " I'm sure you'd rather have an antiphlogistic," and to provide the materials thereof in the shape of whisky and a " cyphon," as old French hotel-bills pleasantly spell it.

And now I come to a less pleasant part of this prattle. One or two of the very kind reviewers of my *Cellar-Book* expressed surprise at the absence of detail (there was a mention of the thing) about cocktails. The simple fact is that I detest, abominate, and in the extremest Rabelaisian variety and floridity condemn the " cocktail habit." Of course the mixtures are agreeable in themselves, and particularly so because they never need be " as before." But they undergo, in a complicated and intensified degree if used too frequently, the strictures I had

to pass in the *Cellar-Book* itself on "Liqueurs" and on "Mixed Liquors." And there is one thing about them which is worst of all: it was by the way of cocktails, more than by any other, that Prohibition made *its* way in the United States of America; and anything that helps the invasion of that Blatant Beast (by Tyranny out of Folly) should be avoided at any price.[1]

As for dinner itself, anything may be drunk at it according to taste, except tea (which converts it into something not dinner) and milk, which is nasty and fulsome *with* food; while coffee, of course, comes after, not with.[2] Even mere water is less unwholesome at dinner, in the intervals of wine, than at other times; while of course it—plain or aerated—combines with wine and spirits *as* at other times. And the liberty continues more or less till bed-time. I never,

[1] I was young at the height of the sherry-and-bitters-before-dinner mania, and of course have often gone through that ritual, chiefly for manners' sake. But my principle is "No liquid immediately before eating." After your first spoon- or fork-ful, what you please.

[2] It seems to me that coffee *and* food are incompatible.

indeed, could approve the French habit of drinking beer more or less immediately *after* wine. The general "Order of the Day" (as far as alcoholic liquors are concerned) should be Beer—Wine—Spirits. But so much depends on the occupations of the evening that no general rules can be laid down. Nothing is so good to dance on as beer; champagne is unpleasantly provocative of heat and perspiration, so are cups. And though you often, in Victorian days, had to make private interest with servants to procure it in houses where you were not very familiar, I always found that the prettiest and nicest and best-dancing girls liked nothing so much. And when, hours after dinner, you come home, theatre-wearied, how welcome is the voice of the Bass as it poppeth and poppleth, with the surging of the Guinness to meet it!

As for the conclusion of an ordinary home evening, any of the four spirits with "mineral" or hot water will do, always remembering that rum and *brown* brandy are not good with soda

or potash, though they go well enough with lemonade as a sort of minor punch. Of the major kinds of that great liquor I have spoken elsewhere.

XLIII. *Scorn.*—Of all human passions and affections there is perhaps none that has been so little written *about*, and so often in proportion written *against*, as Scorn. The reasons for this reticence or denunciation are fairly obvious, and by no means contemptible. Some one (I cannot remember who it was) has spoken of "the luxury of Scorn," and perhaps there is no greater. But every gentleman, and almost every person who has any of the qualities that make a gentleman, feels that it is a dangerous and double-edged luxury—dangerous even to those who have some right to indulge in it—and quite fatally double-edged or boomerangish to those who indulge in it without that right.

There has been in the past, and will doubtless be in the future, when catholic opinion has

settled itself about Tennyson, a certain controversy as to the exact meaning of his description of the poet as

> Dowered with the hate of hate, *the scorn of scorn*,
> The love of love.

Some would have it that all these " of's " are simply examples of our extra-superlative use—King of Kings,[1] etc.—they mean that these passions are intensified in the poet. Others insist that the poet loves love, hates hate, and scorns scorn, thereby insinuating that scorn is bad. They seem to forget that they thereby commit him to committing the bad thing himself.

I prefer to take the other view, partly resting upon one of the finest phrases in one of his own finest poems—" the *scornful* crags " of the *Palace of Art*. Scorn is not amiable to others or

[1] It is sad to see how, in the present possibilities of uneducated clergy, the " of's " in the second section of the Nicene Creed get slurred, suggesting this usage—which is, of course, the wrong one there.

exactly comfortable to oneself—it is one of the "between pleasure and pain" sort of luxuries—but if genuine and justified, it is grand, and there *is* a pleasure in it which is at once subtle and massive. I am not sure that it is an "infirmity" at all; but if it is, it deserves, much more than what has obtained the title, to be called

The last infirmity of noble minds.

Ambition, after all, is a childish thing. Ὑπείροχον ἔμμεναι ἄλλων, "to be superior to others"? What a compliment to the "others" to care whether you are superior to them or not! And Revenge, which some would have so great? What is the revenge*e* worth that you should take the trouble to do things, almost necessarily in themselves discreditable to *you*, in order to distress *him*? But Scorn (some instances of which have just been adumbrated) is quite different from Revenge and Ambition. The "scornful crag" takes no trouble to make itself higher than other things—it simply *is*. Some people say that

Scorn is wicked, as involving *Superbia*. Not in the least : the true scornful man would scorn himself if he felt any pride in being what he is ; the operation of his temperament is purely external.

" Oh, but," says somebody, " this is our old friend the Pharisee." Again, not in the very least. In some sort you may, of course, thank God that you are not as other men are, simply because you are expressly bound to thank Him for *everything*, which includes your individuality, which in turn *ex*cludes other personality. But that was not the sense in which the Pharisee spoke at all. There was absolutely no reason why he should scorn the Publican ; but his attempting to do so gave the Publican just cause to scorn *him*.[1]

The two greatest scorners in literature are, I suppose, Dante and Swift. Lucretius comes

[1] The Pharisee was not scornful, but insolent. The vulgar often confuse the two ; but Insolence is not even the corruption of Scorn ; it is only an utter failure to reach that passion, and a confession thereof.

near them, though his subject only now and then invites scornful expression. Prometheus inspired Aeschylus greatly that way, and Shelley not badly. The famous line of Persius—

Virtutem videant, intabescantque relicta,

embodies Scorn with all the unmatched terseness of Latin. The two speeches of Queen Margaret (which some, I am sure mistakenly, attribute to Marlowe), especially the second, show what Shakespeare could do with his prentice-hand in it —his "gentleness" may perhaps have made him avoid it later. Dryden has a somewhat milder type of Scorn, showing the necessary element of effortless *superiority* very finely. Pope, even in the "Atticus" masterpiece, does not attain Scorn, because of the constant alloy of spite, which is fatal to the greater passion. A curious instance of Scorn aimed at and failed of, in literature to some extent, and in life wholly, is Landor. Heine is too mischievous, and Hugo too devoid of self-control, though he just misses

it a hundred times.[1] But Dante and Swift have it at command, if not always (for both of them let mere temper rule them sometimes [2]), yet almost always, when they choose. The two greatest pieces of Scorn I know in literature are the famous lines—

Offending race of human kind, etc.;

not certainly authenticated as Swift's, but attributed to him by Chesterfield (who must have known, and, though able to appreciate them, could not have written them himself); and the passage of the *Paradiso*, C. xxvii., alluded to elsewhere in this booklet—

Non fu la Sposa di Cristo allevata, etc.

Yes, Scorn is great in literature, though not common; and perhaps the same may be said

[1] The *Chasseur Noir* comes nearest; but is not pure Scorn. It has, however, a magnificently scornful *atmosphere*. The German poet's best is, perhaps, the Canossa piece quoted already.

[2] The late Mr. A. J. Butler once said to me, "Dante *knows* he is unfair sometimes." I am not quite sure of this; but if he does, it weakens his scorn.

of it in life. Of course *corruptio optimi* applies here, as everywhere, and there is nothing more contemptible than unjustified contempt. But the *alma sdegnosa*, unless unjustifiably so, has a good chance of having some greatness in it ; and the luxury of Scorn, unless indulged without due cause and claim, is one of the keenest of luxuries.

XLIV. *Lost Leaders.*—When, in *Scrap Book No. I.*, I ventured to say how much I should have liked to write a *History of the Oxford Movement*, no part of it was more in my mind than the " Chapter of the Deserters "—the study of those who could not hold the Faith after they had cleared it of moth and rust. In a very curious section of Old French Epic, which, when I last studied that matter, had been but partially investigated—the section which deals with the Crusades—there is a subsection entitled *Les Chétifs* (that is to say " The Captives "), devoted to certain of the Crusaders who were carried off for a time by the Saracens. I have only read it

in abstract ; but it seems to be distinctly lively. These *chétifs*, however, were faithful to *their* faith and their leaders, and came home all right : there was nothing of the modern meaning of the adjective applicable to them, except as to the ill-luck of the captivity, and that captivity itself. But the subjects of the never-to-be-written chapter, and of this written and printed Scrap, were more ill-fated, if it be too harsh to say, in the old phrase, that " by their ill-doing they suffered *beyond* their fate."

Of certain of them we will not speak at all. I think St. Peter's light must have blushed, even redder than in the passage quoted in the last section, when he was expected to receive, into his special fold, men who called their Mother Church " Old Mother Damnable." Nor could we busy ourselves here with the main company of weaklings who accepted the current Evangelical theory of individual salvation, and feeling uncomfortable about their actual securities, sold them, and, as they thought, bought others.

Persons like "Ideal"[1] Ward, half-mathematical, half-mischievous, though very interesting, must also be almost pretermitted. But Newman, Manning, Froude, and Pattison should not be so, and even Ward must have a word.

If ever I write anything disrespectful of Newman may my right hand drop off! He was a poet who in other circumstances might have been, and who in the actual circumstances very nearly was, a great poet.[2] He had few equals and far fewer superiors in the management of English prose. His influence on other people—neither by "bluffing," as so often happens, nor by coaxing, nor by tragic or comic histrionics — was almost incredible. Of the charlatan or the profiteer there was in him no trace. He was neither ambitious, nor touchy, nor insincere. At one time, at least, he had

[1] I would give something to have reviewed this curious book when it came out. But its author took the base advantage of publishing it the very year before I was born.

[2] He wan crownes ten
If he wan not twelve.

no inconsiderable sense of humour. And at all times, after the very earliest, he was that rarest—if questionably greatest—of creatures, a thoroughly *spiritual* man. Perhaps this was the source of his error; for, true as are those great lines of Mr. Kipling's—

> Spirit and ghost and flesh,
> And man that's mazed among the three,

God put man *in* the maze, and he has got to get out of it by reconciling all, not by suppressing one or more, of those three.

Intellectually, too, Newman was great: in mere dialectical logic—for there is a logic of premisses as well as of deduction—he was splendid, though with the splendour of the special pleader only. I remember how, as the parts of the *Apologia* came out, and one saw what a hopeless mess poor Kingsley had made of his cards, one used to stamp and cry, "Give *me* the daggers!" For there was one "sense" of the intellect (as one may perhaps be allowed to call

it) in which Newman was wholly wanting, and that is the historic sense. I am only a layman or amateur in history, of course, and I apologise to experts in it, some of whom are some also of my best friends, for talking about it. But considering that the late Mr. Freeman (who, I suppose, *was* an expert—he certainly had the expert's fate of being slain, or very badly wounded, by successors in *expertise*) is said to have denied the existence of a historic sense at all, I take my chances.

Newman, of course, could see—anybody could—that *apparently* in the sixteenth century the Church of England affected to step into the spiritualities of the Church of Rome, and did actually step into its temporalities, besides disowning any kind of allegiance to that Church. What he did not see, and what, I fear, a good many other people do not see,[1] is that the allegiance necessarily ceased at the disruption of the

[1] The great old toast "Church and State" is, I suppose, nearly obsolete now, except in the garrison of the Little Tower. But to those who drink it with understanding, many things on both sides of the subject are revealed.

Roman *Empire*, though circumstances (fully explicable) might delay the assertion of freedom from it ; and that the command of temporalities followed this assertion as a matter of course, while that of spiritualities and ceremonial remained subject only to the Scriptures and Catholic (which was by this time by no means the same as Roman) tradition.

This historic insensibility found an unfortunate ally, or two allies, in Newman's Evangelical training. Evangelicals have always sat loose to Church loyalty, partly because of the actually Catholic character of the Church of England, but still more because of their intense concentration on their own individual safety. The Church is for them in religion only a means to that : it is not, as it is to others, what the State of England is in politics—something infinitely bigger than ourselves, something to which we owe fealty and loyalty and service in life and death, whether it does us material good or not. This being so, persecution—for the treatment of the Tractarians

for years was very near persecution ; in some cases, as in the silencing of Pusey, more than near it—from without, and spiritual struggles from within, were too much for him ; and he went out from us, though I verily believe that to the last not a little of him was still of us, and nearly all of him would fain have been.

Manning's was a very different and a much less unique case. Over-spirituality never troubled *him*: not that I mean to charge him with hypocrisy, but that he was essentially a practical man, a man of business and of the world. His hesitation about going to Oxford without a larger allowance shows at an early age his practicalness generally : the time of his " 'version " also showed his business ability. He had kept out of the " Tracts " ; he had not joined in the first " trek " to Rome. It is perfectly certain that a possible Cardinalate (which, after all, did not come to him for a generation) had nothing whatever to do with Newman's action. It is, I think, almost equally certain that if Manning had seen

the slightest chance of a Bishopric in 1851 he would not have gone over. The Gorham judgment is the assigned impulsion ; the real one was the spirit that prompted the Ecclesiastical Titles Bill. London and Canterbury he must have thought (perhaps miscalculating) were hopeless : a hat was extremely likely, and soon came ; while the tiara, as we know it to have been at one time, was on the cards. All his energies, after he went over, were practically directed—in strictly ecclesiastical matters, to back the Ultramontane party ; in social ones to favour growing popular fanaticisms for temperance and other things. Carlyle might have called Manning a Swiss of—never mind what particular Power or Place. The Church of England did not bid high enough for his services, and so lost him. There were some points of resemblance between him and his brother-in-law, Bishop "Sam" Wilberforce, whom we kept. But Samuel was much less of a statesman than Manning.

Of Ward I have undertaken to say little or nothing, though the *Ideal* is, as I have also said, a book to make the fingers of a reviewer—able and trained to "smash" what deserves to be smashed—begin to itch mightily. Somehow I always think of its author in terms of the story of his saying, "Give my love to the Blessed Sacrament." One of the points which for centuries has distinguished the Church of England from some other religious bodies is Taste. Some of the Tractarian *transfugae* seem to have thought that their proceeding authorised a double portion of *un*-Taste. And Ward seems to me to have had a certain quality which, without exciting oneself too much, one may call genuinely diabolic, that of disturbing other people's convictions "for fun." Of course the people were fools to let their convictions be disturbed, and probably had no convictions much worth disturbing: but that doesn't help him.

Froude and Pattison were, again, very different people, and the problem in their case is very

different likewise. Newman was spiritual or nothing ; Manning was temporal or nothing ; Ward was a sort of belated scholastic, with an extra dose of the " mischief " which we can still actually perceive in scholasticism, and can believe to have very frequently accompanied it, as an almost necessary contrast and safety-valve. But Froude was not only a brilliant man of letters, but a man of very wide interests (among which the spiritual could hardly have had a prominent place), and though the curious dead-set against him did not exaggerate his inaccuracy in historical detail, he possessed a real grasp of historical plot and character. He was, in fact, an " open air " and rather worldly person. Pattison, as elsewhere confessed, I had some private reason not to like. I think, while quite forgiving him for that little outburst of donnishness, that he was a morbid and rather bad-blooded creature. But he was, personalities apart, a pure scholar, almost entirely indifferent to anything but scholarship. That two such persons should have found

Tractarianism insufficient for them is not in the least wonderful ; that finding its water choke them they should not have cared to choke down the choker with Romanism is simply what one would have expected. But how did they ever begin to drink that water ? How did they ever get into that galley ?

Of the undoubted *sequelae* of their engagement in and desertion of it, there were no room here to speak. Froude worked them off *tant bien que mal* (or rather *mal que bien*) in his early books ;[1] Pattison, a deeper, if narrower, nature, never at all. But what made them lift cup and take ship in the first place ?

I suppose there is no answer but the common and obvious one—the personal influence of Newman. Of what that was, even much later,

[1] *Shadows of the Clouds* and *The Nemesis of Faith* are really rather grubby little things. Putting aside the personalities alleged against them, the first is extremely ill-written. One can hardly believe it to be Froude's. The second is better in this respect. But both have an extraordinary and most unpleasant mixture of silliness, cheap free-thinking, bad blood, and, worst of all, a sort of greasy sentimentality which approaches grime.

I had myself a vague but impressive piece of evidence. A man, now dead, but in his life one of the very "cleverest," in no superficial sense, that I ever knew, and a slightly senior "comrade of college" with me, came under the spell afterwards, 'verting and reverting. I renewed acquaintance with him nearly twenty years after we had both gone down, and (I think not too inquisitively) said something once about his Edgbaston experiences. "Oh," he said, "*you* know that when a man has come out of Armida's garden he does not talk of what befell in it."

XLV. *Heads and Backgrounds.* — One has heard of, and sometimes seen, though in even the former case not often and still seldomer in the latter, collections of pictures formed on this or that common principle of size, treatment, class of subject, etc. In the apparently impossible situation of my ever having been rich, I should have formed one on the following lines : Identity

of size, say about kitcat ; Limitation of subject to a head or heads, not simply vignetted or put on the ordinary subjectless background, still less against gold, thunder-skies, light blue, etc., but backgrounded with suggestions of incident and circumstance such as the following : (1) Branches of trees—one hand held up beside and over the head as if to hold them back, and perhaps let them go again on some object, out of the picture, to which the eyes are directed. (2) The head leaning out of the hood of a victoria and partly medalled against a low full moon on a rainy sky beyond. (3) Bent forward and sideways over a dinner-table, with a vista of outlined other faces beyond to the head of that table. (4) Against a distant background of green down, specked with "grey wethers," the intervening atmosphere crackling and waving with that curious frosty light not uncommon in winter.

Such a collection, begun early and continued through life, might be interesting. I daresay Turner's famous *Fallacies of Hope* would yield

mottoes for it, and *shouldn't* I like to see his idea of some of the above backgrounds ![1]

XLVI. "*Children*."—I remember that when I first went on a rather wild-goose[2] chase—to start a kind of grammar-school on something like English lines, in the north of Scotland, fifty years ago lacking one—nothing surprised me more than the way in which people spoke of schoolboys and schoolgirls, well into their teens and sometimes of some station in life, as "the *children*." At that time, and for a considerable time afterwards, no one in England would have thought of doing so, except with some special reference to their parents and to their *home* existence. In your family you might be a "child," at school you were a "boy" or a

[1] Somebody else would have to put in the heads, though!

[2] The wild goose itself was not of my hatching. It was one of a flight (the proper name, they say, is "gaggle") started by Scotsmen of the purest breed. Only one bird—Fettes, the strongest and best fed—survived. *My* chase brought me some pleasant friends, and gave me a not unhappy time; but it lost me about a third of my scanty patrimony.

"girl," and the difference was not merely verbal.[1]

But I don't think this forty-nine years' old surprise was so great as that which I felt when, not forty-nine hours before writing these lines, I saw that the Incorporated Association of [English] Headmasters had spoken of "the children" and "the teachers." The use of the horrible word "teacher" made me at first think that this Association must consist of "Board School" headmasters only; but an examination of the useful Whitaker showed me that among its members were not merely Heads of almost all English "Grammar" schools, but even those of the biggest "Public" ones. For a moment the idea of certain of my old friends from Eton and Harrow, Winchester and Rugby, having been called in their time by the affectionate appellation of children, and some of them afterwards by that of "teacher" instead of "master,"

[1] "Sunday" or "parish" schools had "children," but then they usually *were* children, *i.e.* under thirteen or fourteen.

provoked laughter. But as laughter, in persons not entirely (though doubtless partly) fools, generally turns to some serious thought, I began to wonder whether the change in language did not, as far as "children" went, correspond—and correspond after a sinister fashion—to some much larger changes in the thought, attitude, and action of the public towards its own constituents and their offspring as individuals.

The fact is that since the Second Reform Bill the general drift of legislation—always during Liberal administrations and too frequently during Conservative—has been in the direction of what we may call "childifying" England, though (not out of accordance with the laws of the universe generally) relaxation of constraint has in some ways been accorded to children themselves, and even to "grown-ups." Nobody need any longer, unless he chooses, fear God, honour the king, or keep the commandments—except that the abrogation of the sixth and eighth has only been formally recognised in Southern Ireland,

and that you still have to dodge the seventh a little. Manners have gone by the board—and the board-school. But in place of these old restraints whole shoals of new ones have come into force. If an Englishman's house is his castle, it is most emphatically a Sham Castle—a title well known to Bath visitors. He may not work for how long, for what wages, for what person or institution he pleases ; it is a prae-munire for him to be thirsty except at particular hours ; and for a time, at any rate, he might not, I believe, eat the deer in his own park or the pigs in his own pigstye. Lord Rosebery's lively picture of himself walking from Dalmeny towards Edinburgh, with an inspector on each side indicating what particular crop was to be cultivated in each field, was only a picturesque anticipation. And it was some weeks, if I do not mistake, before the crowning absurdity—revising the Scriptural " Physician, heal thyself " into " Physician, you must go to Dr. Somebody-else to heal you "—was revoked.

But even such things are perhaps not more absurd than the celebrated "Under Eighteen Bill" which Lady Astor introduced and stage-managed this year, and which passed with some of its folly-teeth (it had no wisdom ones) drawn. Eighteen has usually been recognised hitherto in England as a sort of minor majority. It is the usual time for a man's leaving school, after having for some time enjoyed more than mere "schoolboy" rank; for his going to Oxford or Cambridge; for his being capable of admission to guestship, if not actual membership, of good clubs; for several other advancements in definite status. For no small time before it he has been preparing for them. Many if not most young men have by this time taken journeys—walking or cycling tours—by themselves or with others. In town some have for years walked to and from school,[1] through more or less fishy neighbour-

[1] I am, however, told that now motor omnibuses collect and take them, especially when it rains. And of course the multiplication of railways, and the fancy for removing schools to the suburbs, have affected what was a practice of good discipline for body and mind.

hoods. In lower middle-class life usually, and in lower class life almost always, they have, despite the modern mania for keeping folk idle, been "doing something for themselves." Yet they were not to be trusted, till they were past eighteen itself, to order themselves a glass of the liquid which, in all sensible homes, they had been drinking for years! And a large majority of the Headmasters above referred to actually supported this ridiculous proposal! Well, when Headmasters were all, more or less, in a condition to become "Greek-play Bishops," there would have been at least no danger of their doing that.

Some physiologist of distinction the other day announced that modern brains were getting smaller, and certainly there would appear to be considerable evidence, quite independent of actual measurement, to support the statement. Perhaps no single fact is more conclusive than the contention that this absurd "Under Eighteen" Act was required for the "adequate *protection*"

of its victim-boys and girls. Protection! A young man of all but eighteen who can't protect himself against the wicked bar had much better be chucked into the Caeadas at once, in mingled justice and kindness to himself, his family, and the state. Or, if this seem cruel, let us haste to protect the poor darling in other ways. Let it be, again, a praemunire to sell, and a felony to give, him a knife lest he cut his little fingers. Let there be guards at every level crossing to see that, in the heedlessness of infancy, he try not conclusions between his body and a train. Nay, most of all, as that phrase "boys *and* girls" suggests, let *him* be protected against *her*, and *vice versa*! Not only before eighteen, but increasingly for a long time after it, the most *dreadful* things may occur if the two are not "adequately protected" against each other!

Seriously, outside the imaginary worlds of the satirists, was there ever such a silly real one as ours to-day?

XLVII. *Tory Democracy.*—That there are certain nets which, though displayed in the sight of the bird, with other birds already caught in them—nay, with the whole process of spreading and results of capture liberally revealed again and again—retain their fatality, is common enough knowledge. From Eve with the apple[1] to the confidence trick and the Spanish prisoner, in all varieties of speciousness, there they are—vain, visible, victorious. And though by no means the oldest in fact, for reasons obvious enough, but irrelevant here, almost the most modern is what is called Tory Democracy.

One might find analogies to it in the Bible, certainly in Greek, Roman, and earlier modern history, but with sufficient differences to make it desirable to confine attention, in such scope as we have, to its appearances in England since the establishment of our Parliamentary system. Bolingbroke is usually given the credit of inventing the idea in the eighteenth century,

[1] Of course Eve *had* no warning; but she set one.

Disraeli and Lord Randolph Churchill of reviving it in the nineteenth, while towards the close of the first quarter of the twentieth Lord Birkenhead seems sometimes [1] to be making the strongest bid for their succession. I have heard of people who would include Mr. Chamberlain in his latest days in the list, but this may savour of paradox. So let us confine ourselves to the other four—all very clever men, all experienced in politics, all gifted beyond the common with that power of speech which in modern and indeed in ancient statecraft has counted for so much. But for the last named his net is as yet opened only; the other three are hanging up in theirs as dried preparations for study.

Let it be at once pointed out that against any such scheme of politics as Mr. Baldwin professed (soon after taking the Prime Ministership) to have adopted from Mr. Disraeli himself, there can be no objection here. I understood him to profess standing for (1) the Constitution; (2) the

[1] But not always. *Vide infra.*

welfare of the whole people, not that of any class to the ill-fare of any other ; (3) the maintenance of the Empire at home and abroad. For these three things all true Tories will go solid ; and—I don't quite know about Lord Birkenhead, but certainly, I suppose, Bolingbroke, Disraeli, and Lord Randolph would at one time, if not at all times of their lives, have done ditto. The means of support necessarily differed with the times at which they lived. Bolingbroke was for a Patriot King, which was the most obvious way in his time, and continued to be so for nearly the whole of the century, as George III. (while it was day with him) showed. I cannot say that I feel for St. John the admiration that some of my political friends express. I *have* "read Bolingbroke," and I fear he was not much more than a rhetorician, not "in the best sense of the term," to adopt once more Mr. Jowett's celebrated "silencer" phrase in testimonials. However, St. John was safe from the great temptation and danger of the matter we are discussing, that

of endeavouring to "steal the Whigs' clothes." Except the bare distinction of "Georgabite" from Jacobite, the Whigs of that day had no clothes. It is quite curious to read the letters of, say, Gray, a man of great ability and a furious partisan, and discover that, *except* partisanship, he has no political principles at all. But after the French Revolution and the treason of the Foxites, Whiggery, in part or whole, *did* procure an outfit, *sansculott*ish below and red-capped above, in a modified sort of way; and then the temptation to steal or copy began. Can't we let *our* shorts half-way down, or at least try excessively drooping "plus-fours"? Isn't pink a becoming colour for night-caps?

To go through the full history of this Temptation of more than Forty *Years* would be impossible here. We don't yet know all about Disraeli, and, though he has never been a special hero of mine, I do not think he succumbed as much as some would have him to have done.[1] Lord

[1] His worst blunder—the Church Discipline Act, which started Radical High Churchmanship—is a doubtful instance.

Randolph's politics were, I think, purely, or almost purely, personal, by which I mean nothing in the least offensive, but that he played politics as another might have played cricket, not disdaining the pad-bat when in, or "yorkers," "googlies," etc., when out.

Now, of course, the Whigs are dead and lapped in appropriate metal; the Liberals, their heirs, are apparently preparing for each other similar snug lying in various abbeys. *Requiescant in pace!* In this century the clothes-stealing has been rather between them and their nondescript successors of the Left, whether we are to call them Labourites (which they don't deserve), Socialists, Communists (which they would not all accept), or Revolutionaries, which, though they might also kick at, they undoubtedly are. But there is evidently a danger—and not a small danger—of *our* competing for the very unsavoury rags of the Extreme Left, and sending them to be turned (cleaned they can't be), pressed, and ticketed "Tory Democracy."

Therefore it may not be ill to point out certain things, not merely of the future, but of the actual present, which are entirely incompatible with even the most elastic Tory programme as indicated in tripartite above. In the first place, the recent legislation in regard to the House of Lords was in more than one or two respects flagrantly unconstitutional. (1) It ought to be clear that a measure affecting either House should be originated in, and in the first place accepted by, that House itself, and not by the other. Fancy a Representation of the People Bill started by the House of Lords![1] (2) The duress under which the House of Lords notoriously accepted the Bill was of a hopelessly unconstitutional character. The Tory precedent of Queen Anne's time was more than doubtful, but, after all, it was "a very little one," and it might be pleaded that the actual majority it effaced was still smaller. The circumstances

[1] It would probably, but a few years ago, if not even now, be an excellent one; but I could not regard it as constitutional.

under which something of the sort was threatened in regard to the first Reform Bill were entirely different. (3) But the strongest point is the last. It is of the essence of the House of Lords to be hereditary; and therefore the actual members could not throw away their heirs' rights as well as their own.

With regard to the general welfare of all classes in the realm,[1] the Trades Disputes Bill was still more improper, for it conferred on the members of Trades Unions "rights" of directly oppressing their fellows and indirectly plundering the nation at large, which in reality, if not in stage appearance, far outwent the most odious privileges of the old *noblesse* in France.

[1] A person whose complaints I should never neglect complained of the politics of *Scrap Book I.* that there was in them "no true facing of the question whether the present world is not better for the many to live in than it was." Well, you can hardly face a question before it is put to you. And to answer *this* question exhaustively would take a book to itself. But perhaps one may give provisional reply by two counter-questions indicating the substance of that book. "Why are 'the many' to be specially considered?" and "What is the meaning of 'better'?" I am quite ready to fight the point on both these heads—and a good many others.

As to the maintenance of the Empire, how about what has been done in Ireland, and what is being done in India? Perhaps these are points a little more open to arguments than the others. They are, however, almost equally with those others, instances of stealing the clothes of the Revolutionists, and therefore of things which, if consistent with Democracy, are not consistent with Toryism.

It must be confessed that the curious debate in the House of Lords itself on June 14—where Lord Birkenhead appeared in his Dr. Jekyll mood and attacked Socialism, and Lord Salisbury and others, if they did not defend it, pooh-poohed its dangers—was not comforting, except as to the attitude of the late Lord Chancellor himself. And when Lord Salisbury declared that he believed in Trade Unions and "looked forward to the day when they would be the strongest organisations in the country" [what are they now?]; that "the days of swaddling clothes for them were gone" [handcuffs certainly

might be more suitable], and that if they did anything naughty with their present privileges he would "earnestly appeal" to them to forgo these privileges — why, then one's shoulders and one's eyebrows certainly did go up. Has Lord Salisbury ever tried the celebrated game of getting butter out of a dog's mouth? Or would he "earnestly appeal" to a mangy old man-eater to bring a plump child he has caught to the end of the village, and drop it like a well-trained retriever?[1]

XLVIII. "*A Little Place to Wait In*" (*with apologies to it*).—Many years ago there appeared—whether in *Punch* or in some evening paper, I forget—a rather ingenious "skit." A policeman was supposed to be explaining the things of London, and especially of Pall Mall, to a stranger, who was particularly struck by the venerable appearance of the persons going up and down the

[1] It was not a little amusing to see how, in some Labour comments on this debate, Lord Salisbury's offers were entirely ignored. "Catch us!" one can imagine the ignorers thinking.

steps of the Athenaeum, and concerned when he was told that they had nearly always reached maturity before they were allowed to enter the sacred precincts. "But what did they do till then?" his fine mind prompted him to ask. "Oh," said the policeman, "they've a little place to wait in, up in Piccadilly somewhere."

Everybody who was anybody knew that the "little place to wait in" was (though some of its prouder and haughtier members might resent the designation), by its own name, the Savile Club. This, after for a time being anonymous or called the "New Club," in Spring Gardens, settled itself and acquired a *nomen proprium* in a very delightful old house in Savile Row, and kept the name, though it quitted the place, when it moved, forty years ago or more, to 107 Piccadilly, buying that house and its Byronic and other memories from Lord Rosebery. Of this establishment a very excellent *History*,[1] privately printed,

[1] *The Savile Club, 1868–1923.* Privately printed for the Committee of the Club (1923).

the "literature" of it, as they say, admirable but anonymous, and all besides "calendar" work—the whole regulated by irreproachable taste—appeared about midsummer in this year, arousing, of course, in many minds a very much larger bulk of anecdotic and other memory than it expressedly contains. Perhaps, without departing from the same principles of taste which have governed its composition, some of these memories may be put on paper by one who was for more than a quarter of a century a member of the club, and who for twenty years scarcely passed a single week-day, save during his rare absences from London, without crossing its threshold in Savile Row or in Piccadilly. He doubts very much whether he would have left it, even when he was translated to Pall Mall, if it had not been that London had ceased to be his headquarters, and that membership of two clubs there would have been cause for justly reproachful looks on the part of his family and his creditors. As it is, he has frequently in

dreams forgotten his resignation, and intruded with the most scandalous impudence into the place where he no longer has any right to be, except as a guest.

The fact is, that I doubt whether any club, except, perhaps, the Garrick ("the little G" of some twenty years earlier), has ever been regarded with such personal affection as the Savile, though, or because, it took particular care not to advertise itself (as some others did) in the columns of gossipy newspapers. Different people may think differently on the question which of its "principles" produced this affection. There was a superstition that its *table d'hôte* dinner (you could not get a separate table, even for guests, or sit at wine with them after dinner, unless you engaged the private dining-room) was its talisman; but this the present writer never shared. On the contrary, it gave him the opportunity of one of the best "scores" he ever made. He was expressing his rebellious sentiments to an amiable guest, who exclaimed, "Oh, but the common

cup is such a noble thing." "Yes," said the Evil One, "but it's not the noble common cup I object to; it's the nasty common people who share it." "Oh! hang you," wailed the other, "*why* did I let you in like that?"

However, it was very seldom indeed that I experienced any need of this part of the institution. Thackeray—the *vates* of English clubs in those *Letters of Mr. Brown to his Nephew*, which are the *locus classicus* thereof[1]—glances slightly at the curious way in which clubs have different populations at different times of the day, the difference going so far that members of these different populations never, or hardly ever, meet. For my part, I think I never breakfasted at the Savile (it then had no bedrooms) but once, and was only in it at night on the rare occasions when I was giving or sharing dinners in the private guest-room. But for nearly twenty years I used to lunch there at least three times in every

[1] The Club papers in the *Book of Snobs* are too much coloured by the general purpose of that production.

week, with a regular prolongation of the stay before luncheon to write letters and do odd jobs of work; after it to smoke and talk "in the best and most orgulous manner" till one had to go to work again.

In many ways besides mere size the Piccadilly house was an improvement on the original and eponymous abode in that Row, which is almost as much a "Row" to itself as the Rotten one west and the Paternoster east. But the smoking-room of the old house was, though small, unmatchable. It projected backwards towards Regent Street in a fashion which always made us think of the ci-devant surgery in *Philip*, and it was decorated with an "Aristotle" paper which was one of the earliest works of Morris in that kind. Like most smoking-rooms, it was a card-room too, and therein, visiting the club as I passed through London just after my election, did I meet once more my intimate friend at Oxford,[1] the late Mr. Registrar Hood, who for

[1] *V. sup.* in the opening papers of this book.

some quarter of a century was the guardian angel of the Savile itself. If anybody prefers a "principle" to an individual in the matter of guardianship, I should say that the peculiar arrangements of election at the Savile preserved it better than anything. There the "black-ball"—that two-edged or back-and-front-firing instrument which sometimes does as much harm as it prevents—was unknown, the election being purely by the committee, the committee having to be unanimous, and there being no place for the unpreferred after they had failed a certain number of times. I do not think I ever met an intolerable person at the Savile, unless he was a guest. But perhaps the morning and the evening were the Intolerables' times, and some Providence kept the midday and early afternoon hours free of them.

Though there is a great deal of bad luck in this world there is some good, and an instance of it is that, though some of the luncheons and conversations referred to already are nearer fifty

than forty years old, and the youngest of them nearly thirty, there are still a comforting number of live participators to be barred from mention by the etiquette recognised above. But of those who used mainly (though, of course, not solely, for it would not have held them all) to frequent a certain table then jacent at the right-hand-window end of the coffee-room, and adjourn to the smoking-room upstairs, many, alas! by the closing of their own lips have opened those of others, subject, of course, to the rules of "decency and gentility." Lang and Henley and Stevenson were all there at different times, though none of them was a habitual luncher. In fact, though it was at the Savile that the present writer was introduced to Stevenson, and though he saw him there oftener than anywhere else, it was in the smoking-room chiefly. Luncheon at the Savile was a marvellously cheap meal, and consequently a plain one. I remember mild astonishment expressed in a French paper, and, I think, mild contempt, or something like it, in

an American one, at our addiction to roast beef and tankards of beer. Nevertheless, "there was wine, Costigan, if you preferred it," and excellently good wine too. By the way, the *History* does *not* mention the fact that on one occasion some of us, noticing that some good stuff was obviously not being treated as it should be, inquired and learnt that a hot-water pipe was passing through one of the bins. If the wine had been Madeira this might have been excused, even commended as a thoughtful, if somewhat too zealous, preparation.

It was, however—as at the Mermaid—not the frolic wine or the cates therewith consumed that made, though they assisted, the memories of that little place, so different from those of the Megatheriums and the Sarcophaguses with their furlongs of brocaded sofa-covers. It is true that some living may still remember how the last bottle of a certain Burgundy (it was '68 Musigny, was it not?) was consumed in the old house, and how, when a certain Roederer '84 (our

cellar had no large stocks of individual brands) was drunk out at a private dinner in the new, we had to take to Perrier-Jouet of the same year, and how a certain great general, appealed to as umpire, assigned a dead-heat (or shall we say coolness ?) between them. But these were occasional occurrences. The "good talk" was constant and the accidents of good talk frequent.

For instance, there was the interesting incident when, after lunch one day, an eminent and most agreeable American physician and novelist happened to mention that he had never smoked Indian cigars and wished to do so. A case, filled with Oakes's best, was, of course, promptly produced, and he was supplied. The consumption was markedly unenthusiastic and the weed suffered early extinction, upon which a further supply was naturally tendered. "Oh, thank you," said good Dr. ——, nervously and hurriedly, "I think I'll have a *cigar* now," and of course nobody sniggered as he drew forth his own case. In yet another it will be admitted

that Uncle Sam achieved with grace the most difficult of all manœuvres. His representative had been, I regret to say, indulging slightly in the habit of teaching the Britisher (not that he used the word) the way he should go. At last he said, " Look at those things in the dish. Why do you people call them tom*ah*toes when you call the others pot*ay*toes ? " " Because," said an English voice of the Englishest, " the one is a fruit and the other is a tuber." Now a dull person would have protested that this was inconsequent ; but here the Stars instructed their man to bow to Stripes. " I'll come down," he said softly, and smiled.

Many such idle and pleasing memories cluster round luncheon and post-luncheon time during the last quarter of the nineteenth century in the Little Place to Wait In. Some of them, no doubt, may seem worse than idle—all, perhaps, to the serious minds which, we are told, are quite convinced that the second quarter of the twentieth will see an entirely new world, and are rather

cumbered about getting comfortable positions in it. I am afraid most of *us* were pretty well convinced that "the thing which hath been that shall be," and quite content to do the day's darg as it came, and drink the day's dose as the Fates ordained it, whether it was beer or wine, nectar or jalap. Once I remember Irving, who was a member, but did not often come, bringing Toole as a guest, with a very merry after-lunch time in consequence. At another time, and at lunch itself, a quite genuine effect of spookery was produced by something uttered with no uncanny intent. One member of the usual group, at the particular table mentioned, happened, instead of "taking the joint" in the fashion consecrated by Mr. Titmarsh, to have ordered an independent chop or steak, or whatever it was, so that he was not eating while his companions were. Being asked why the cloth before him was bare, and being himself for the moment in a sort of brown study, he answered more sepulchrally than he knew, "Something is coming

for me," when one of the *convives* dropped knife and fork, and cried, " Heavens, I hope not ! "

Very few unpleasantnesses chequer these good memories. I think " an adverse movement," as they would say elsewhere, was once created against a member, of no inconsiderable fame at the time, by the fact that he had, in a loud and impressive voice, bidden a waiter to obtain him change for a fifty-pound cheque or note. For, in the first place, there was a distinct rule of the club that such transactions were to be limited to either ten pounds or five—I think the latter—and, in the second, it was an incident rather " casting a cold on the congregation," few of whom were accustomed to feel fifty pounds in their pockets, except on quarter and other pay days. But such things seldom happened. Unclubbableness is so much of the nature of a man that even the most careful forms of election and selection will hardly keep it out. But I can never think of any one utterly unclubbable whom I came across in my time at the Savile.

I remember some one saying that it was a club from which, with all its attractions and advantages, a man was bound to retire when he reached a certain time of life, in order to let youth in—that fogies had no right there. This application of the Fixed Period principle was plausible, and, of course, fits in rather neatly with the statement or theory with which this paper of idle but affectionate jottings opened. Also, it suggests, for these days of ever-increasing State regulations, a pleasing project to occupy the energetic when Labour is "in," Prohibition achieved, Capital abolished, five minutes' work and five pounds wage the rule, etc. This is the proposal of a series of clubs for each decade of life—membership compulsorily terminable at ten, twenty, thirty, etc., till seventy, after which, I suppose, we might be left alone, or brigaded with the infants.

Meanwhile, it is certain that this Little Place *was* a pleasant one, and I rejoice to be told that it is so still.

XLIX. *Little Necrologies:*[1] V., *W. P. Ker.*—It was scarcely surprising, to those who knew William Paton Ker, that innocent and quite amiable surprise itself was expressed, by some who did *not* know him, at the quality of the praise and the warmth of the regret displayed in the obituary notices. For Ker "was a rare man," in more ways and senses than one; and he was at the same time at least as free from the sin of self-advertisement as any one known to the present writer. Except his friends and his pupils—both, it is true, goodly companies—few people probably did know him, or of him, and, though widely, he was not universally popular with those who did. Some people (most mistakenly) took his undoubtedly odd manner for affectation; and others (God pardon and help them!), happening on one of his not infrequent "dumb" moods, classed him as "dull." The facts were that he was never at any time anything but his very idiosyncratic self; and that the conversation of

[1] Nos. I.-IV. will be found in the First of these Scrap Books.

"William the Silent II." (as he might have been, and probably was by more people than one, called) was, when it gained utterance at all, as brilliant as it was brief and broken. Also, while he was as learned as the stupidest Dryasdust could be, he was as good-natured as the most typical compound of amiable brainlessness and innocent know-nothingism. Like almost everybody who is worth anything, he had a temper, though it very rarely showed. But in nearly thirty years' acquaintance I never heard him say an ill-natured thing, while of doing one I should consider him as simply incapable. This acquaintance began in circumstances and at a time contradicting the generally true enough dictum that "After youth, or earliest middle age, friendships do not begin." I hope I was a friend of Ker's : he certainly was a friend of mine.

But I was nearly fifty, and he nearly forty, when we met for the first time at dinner *chez* a common friend, and talked a good deal. As his house in Gower Street and my chambers

in Great Ormond Street were pretty close together we shared a hansom on leaving Kensington, and went to my rooms, where we continued the talk, in the good old undergraduate fashion, till one or two in the morning. He was already working on Dryden, and I think it was my copy of Malone's edition of the *Prose Works* which was the bait; but this may have been later. At any rate he used, till I left my chambers and London on being appointed[1] to the Chair of English Literature in Edinburgh, a year or so afterwards, to drop in for similar "tonvelsasens" (as Swift puts it) pretty frequently. And from that time till his death few batches of weeks, and never, I think, more than a month or two, passed without my seeing or hearing from him. He might not have liked his correspondence to be published; but he did not use, against that con-

[1] Before "going in" for this I had asked him if he was a candidate, in which case I certainly should not oppose him; but he disclaimed any idea of moving. The post had been actually offered to Lang, but declined by him. These two united all claims beyond question: I had no scruple about fighting "the lave," whoever they might be.

tingency, such unfair weapons as my own, his writing being, though rather "splashy" and very unusual, perfectly clear and good; often, too, illustrated with the quaintest pen-scratches, rather like Thackeray's.

He generally embellished, with one or more of these, my wife's visitors'-book when he came to stay with us at Reading or (later and more frequently) at Edinburgh. But, in the way of visiting, it was *χρύσεα χαλκείων* to his credit. I used to say that he re-established me at Oxford, by the frequency of his invitations, week-end and other, to All Souls. Colleges and clubs[1] would indeed have had to be invented for Ker, if they had not existed before his time. He was

[1] Being (no doubt like other people) apt to associate special folk with special surroundings, I think of Ker most often in connection with two clubs, in one of which he was, and in the other of which he was not. One is the *old* United Universities Club in Suffolk Street, where I once dined alone with him at a singular and very fascinating table, isolated on a sort of landing at the foot of the stairs leading to the smoking-room. The other is the University Club at Edinburgh, where a party of three—the late Mr. George Wyndham, my living colleague Professor Millar (who, I hope, will not object to my naming him), and myself—once agreed that the function only wanted Ker on the fourth side of the table to make it perfect.

the most sociable of persons, though there was something about him which might have suggested love of solitude too. And, as is curiously usual with sociable persons, his enjoyment of company was even greater by night than by day. There was nothing he liked better than "*a* Noctes," which atrocious false concord he was fond of borrowing from the Ambrosian original.

Somebody has called him "a fierce old Tory," or "a stout old Tory," or something of that sort. Undoubtedly he was so by nature, though he did not often talk politics. But I should have been more or less than human if I had not been pleased at his telling me, early in our acquaintance, that he had been brought up a Gladstonian, but had been converted partly, if not mainly, by certain "second middles" in the *Saturday Review*, which, though their anonymity was strictly preserved at the time, were kept up in continuous battery by the present writer from 1880 onwards. The main link between us, however, besides that intangible soul-kinship which is the

mainest of all, was community of taste and ground in literature. He knew a great deal that I did not, and perhaps I knew a little that had escaped his curiosity in the Johnsonian sense ; but we were joint-tenants, under Apollo and Pallas, to a not inconsiderable extent. I had the great good luck to be the begetter,[1] in a sense, of his admirable *Dark Ages*, the very best thing of its kind that I know ; and I owe him no small debt for " proof-reading " of books of my own.

But, as a matter of fact, it was difficult to know at any given time what made one like " W. P. K." so much, because it was sure to be something else the next moment. He was extraordinarily fond of children, and they of him, which, with the fact that he was certainly no misogynist, made some people wonder that he never married. But I should say that he was a

[1] In a " vacant interlunar cave " of my fortunes, between the *Saturday* and Edinburgh, Mr. William Blackwood had most kindly asked me to design and allot a series of *Periods of European Literature*, and I at once asked Ker to take the first. He was some time over it ; but when it came it was a masterpiece.

bachelor born ; though if a really suitable wife had been found for him, I should have liked to know *her* very much indeed.

We are told now that private gift-giving is immoral : things should be taken by the State from those who have and given to those who have not. However this may be, Ker was one of the cheerfullest givers I ever knew : he was always giving somebody something, and suborning third persons to take him where he could buy these gifts. Nor did he mind receiving ; as some of not the best sort of givers do sometimes. The " Gwin-o-eur " (" Wine-from-gold," the Peacockian motto in *The Misfortunes of Elphin*) seal, which at least one obituarist mentioned, was engraved for him on a piece of Connemara marble, at the instance of somebody whom he requited by discovering in some sale catalogue, and procuring, a gold and crystal signet inscribed " G. S." The marble [1] was a friendly gibe at

[1] And so was the language of the inscription ; but there was no difference between us as to the purport thereof. Ker knew wine and liked it as well

his fondness for the Celtic languages, which were *not* Greek to the giver ; but the gold and the crystal were far more appropriate to his own nature than to that of the receiver of them.

For though no one made less parade of Faith or, in the theological sense, of Works than Ker did, I have known few at whose death one could more confidently think of the great text quoted towards the beginning of this booklet, whether in Latin, as there, or in the equally, if differently, magnificent English : " The souls of the righteous are in the hand of God : and there shall no torment touch them."

L. *An Omnibus Box.*—(1) Mr. Asquith will probably be regarded by posterity as the best master of re-embodied or " resurrected " *phrase* in a time not very good at it. The way in which he persuaded [1] the public at large that " Wait

as he gave it freely. But I think we both took the words *un*literally—that wine *deserved* the most precious mode of serving possible, not that gold suited it better than glass.

[1] Of course he never *said* it was, and was not in the least responsible for

and See " was quite original was very remarkable. But, personally, he has never given me such public pleasure as in a phrase I saw assigned to him not long ago :

> " Youth would be an ideal state if it came a little later in life."

This is true and good, and looks quite original. But if you examine it, it is only an extremely ingenious translation of

> Si jeunesse savait, si vieillesse pouvait.

It is, I think, a masterpiece of Drydenian or paraphrastic version. Only one *word—jeunesse*—for " if " does not count, kept ; but the whole meaning new put, though not really changed.

(2) " One woman reduced her partner to a state of temporary insanity by dancing con-

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the public's error. The original author was the Devil at Monte Cassino was it not ? Doubts had been expressed as to his and his abode's reality. " You wait and see," quoth Satanas.

tinuously with him for forty-three hours." And any number have done it in less than forty-three seconds !

(3) A curious instance of a characteristic, not uncommon at any time, of course, but perhaps rather unusually common now, occurred (probably more than once) in the discussions this spring about the taxation of betting.[1] It might be possible, said the objector, to get twenty millions out of such a tax ; but just think what that would mean at 5 per cent. An " expenditure " of four hundred millions on betting by the nation ! Now, to begin with, as taxation of betting would hardly *increase* it, the argument would seem to imply that if the " expenditure " were not publicly acknowledged and defined, it wouldn't so much matter. But a very much more extraordinary evidence of muddle-mindedness is the use of the word " expenditure " at all. In a sense, of course, it is justified ; for

[1] *V. sup.* " The Sin of Betting."

the individual, if he keeps accounts, undoubtedly puts his losses down as "expense." But as this involves a corresponding "receipt" entry on somebody else's part, there is no "expenditure," no "loss," on the *nation's* part at all. I think nobody will suspect me of championing Pacifism or Pussyfootism. But undoubtedly there is real national "expenditure," besides that due to taxation, on liquor, and a most terrible—though, as I hold, indispensable—expenditure on ships that cost millions, and guns that cost thousands, and cartridges that cost some pence at the smallest and cheapest, and God knows how many pounds at the biggest and dearest. Also when a man drinks a bottle—I beg pardon; a glass, of course—of port or claret or champagne, he not only "expends" the money he hands over for it, but, in a fashion, destroys—"expends"—what he buys with it.

Betting is in an entirely different position. Except the trifle for betting-cards, lists, offices, etc. — a thing paralleled in every kind of

business—there is absolutely no real expenditure, in the sense of loss of a national kind, whatever. "Money," *i.e.* the instrument of expenditure, is handed from one person to another, and that is all. The national property is held in ××× pockets, and some of it in this case is transferred from one pocket to the other. That *is* all. No destruction, not even any "consumption," has taken place. The whole transaction is what, I believe, is called "a matter of account."

Of course this consideration does not touch the question of the *morality* of betting, but then neither does the argument we are discussing, which appears to be purely economical. The moral aspect is dealt with elsewhere.[1] But the

[1] Since the text was written and printed, my friend and kinsman Canon Green, Chaplain to His Majesty, has, in the October *St. Martin-in-the-Fields Review*, which he has kindly sent me, more definitely defined his objections to betting as *morally wrong in itself*. The italics are his, and I reprint the objections exactly, with my demur. "The bettor," he says, "implicitly asserts":

"(1) That he is not 'his brother's keeper.'" This I deny *simpliciter*.

objectors dealt with here do not *ostensibly* put their objection on that ground at all. I quite admit that betting is a luxury, as all amusements are, and that it is quite fair to put, say, a 5 per cent tax on luxuries. Indeed I should be quite happy with a 5 per cent tax on my whisky and my port and my beer and my tobacco, which are, doubtless (except, perhaps, the beer), luxuries also. But this, once more, is beside the actual question.

(4) I endeavour to keep out of these little

"(2) That he has a right to do what he will with his own."

So he has; unless it is a wrong thing—which is exactly what has to be proved here.

"(3) That he may benefit by another's loss."

He may—having given the other an equivalent right to benefit by his.

"(4) That he has a right to wealth for which he has rendered no useful service to the community."

So he has—except on purely Communist principles, which are not yet either Law or Gospel or matter of common, let us say, consent, for I wish to be most amiable.

Therefore I still wait for proof—that betting is in itself wrong logically, theologically, or morally—more conclusive than that contained in the Canon's evidence, his *Nineteenth Century* article, or this later one, though I pay all due respect to his motives and attitude.

books one of the subjects of my big ones, to wit, Prosody, because I know that it is to most people horrific, and even to those who take an interest in it, for the most part a fruit from Ate's garden. But a point I came upon not long ago in a very learned, able, and, from its own point of view, though not from mine, valuable book on the subject, seems to provide a not unsuitable "Scrap." The author expressed a slightly contemptuous surprise at anybody holding the first syllables of "little" and "pity" to be what I call "long." This interested me. I have not the slightest hesitation in calling both these syllables long—sometimes "as long as they make 'em," to speak slang. But there is a curious difference between them. "Little" is what we prosodists call, in our other slang, "common," because it has a quaint habit of being used, as would be said in Greek accentuation, "enclitically" after strong monosyllables—"Gōod lĭttlĕ," "Rīght lĭttlĕ," etc. Without such prefixes it is never anything but long—"Līttle Bo-peep,"

etc. "Pity," on the other hand, is simply unshortenable: you would kill the meaning, as well as go contrary to the usage of the word, if you shortened it.

(5) "The average layman is incompetent to judge works of art." (*Twentieth-century person: I forget who it was, and it doesn't matter.*)

"Every man is a judge of art who has not been connoisseured out of his senses." (*William Blake.*) [1]

(6) I once had a curious lesson in human nature from the usual babe-and-suckling. In my schoolmastering days a mathematical colleague who had to be absent for some reason, asked me to take his class. It was a mere expense of time, for he only asked me to "invigilate" at an examination from certain pages of book "sums"

[1] This is not aimed in any way at such expert reproofs as Sir Reginald Blomfield's of "*ex cathedra* pronouncements" on the part of amateurs. The amateur *has* no business to "pronounce" for others; but he has the right to judge for himself.

and problems already set. Strolling about in the usual manner that beguiles this dreary occupation, I noticed one youngster—the class was virtually the same as my own classical form—well known to me, who was doing nothing and looking very solemn. So I said, "Hullo, X, why aren't you working?" "Oh, sir," he said, "I *can't* do question *y*." Now question *y* was one of the fine old staples about cattle and grass, and the quantity actually eaten in such a time by such a number, and therefore to be eaten by another number in such another time. Only, in giving out, I had altered the book-form, and read "sheep" for "cattle." I said to my young friend, "But Mr. Dash says you've done all these already." "Ah, sir," quoth he, "but that was in cattle. I can do it in cattle, but I've never done it in sheep, and I don't know how." What a number of minds, supposed to be "grown up," but constructed in that fashion in regard to politics, religion, and things in general, does one meet in one's walks abroad!

(7) It is true that what may be called the Problems of Applied Mathematics in relation to Conduct are not always so simple, though they may be more interesting. For instance, "How to distribute seventeen dances between four sisters, of all of whom you are fond in different degrees? or, "Given three brides at one dinner, which of them ought the host to take in?" "The most recently married" I suppose the etiquette books would say, but this is cutting the knot. It is admitted that ordinary laws of precedence disappear in the presence of one bride in bridal garments, but do they not reappear as between three of the same status? Of course this question assumes archaic states of things; but that does not matter.

(8) There is no doubt that when the late Bishop Creighton hoped that he might take as his motto or epitaph, "He tried to write true history," he indicated an endeavour which is no child's play. I came across a curious illustration

of this in a review—and no mean review either—of those lively letters of Sir William Hardman's, which seem to have entangled the ideas of the Victorianophobes still further. We of the 'sixties used to be prigs and sentimentalists; but our crimes were now rather contradictorily complicated by brutality and turbulence. For instance, we committed "horrors" (the accidents on Ludgate Hill) on the night of Queen Alexandra's marriage. Now it so happens that the present writer—being then between seventeen and eighteen, and so, according to the ideas of those days, though not according to Lady Astor's, capable of taking care of himself—spent the greater part of that night in wandering about London looking at the illuminations. He did not, luckily for him perhaps, go as far as Ludgate Hill, having started from a good way west. But the whole length of Oxford Street to Holborn, and the regions north and south of it, especially south to Piccadilly and Pall Mall and the Strand, he "did" thoroughly. And, to drop the awkward

third person, I never saw a more good-humoured crowd in my life. In fact, the whole air was full of one roar of laughter. One grovelled under horses' bellies, and they didn't kick ; one took the inside instead of the outside of area railings, in order to make a loop-line and attain clear spaces ; when 'twould no better be, one stood still, experiencing the sensations of sardines turned alive. Of course an ugly rush *might* have occurred anywhere, and I suppose it did on Ludgate Hill, though I had forgotten the fact. But I can swear that (to give fresh delimitations) from the Marble Arch to Trafalgar Square and from the British Museum to Hyde Park Corner I saw nothing of the kind in many hours' struggle, though I confess that next morning my ribs felt rather "stove in," and the rest of me in concatenation accordingly.

In the same context, I gathered that in those days we divided our time between fighting with what Borrow calls "the naked morleys" and associating with Anonyma or Skittles. All *I*

know of Skittles is her photograph, which, as I remember it, was, I am bound to say, lovely. Of Anonyma, not even that: she was once pointed out in a Park pony-carriage, I think, but was invisible to me. And there were quite interesting heresies about these two persons, some even maintaining that they were two *names* but only one *person*. "Others said, 'No,'" to quote Bunyan. Then, two or three days afterwards, I read of "the tame propriety of Victorian times." What kaleidoscopes and kakeidoscopes we must have been! And of course there are no Anonymae or Skittleses *now*! I admit that we sang "Champagne Charlie" and "Kafoozelum." But they were such pretty tunes!

(9) One used to be told orally (I forget whether it ever appeared in any of the abundant "literature" of the rather disgusting subject) by persons who wished to be "down" on Carlyle for his supposed ill-treatment of his wife, that once, when she was ill and could not keep her

mouth shut, he made brutal suggestions, in variously reported Carlylese, on the subject. Between forty and fifty years after his death comes Mrs. Carlyle's own account of the matter, independently related at first hand by Lady Rose Weigall :

> " She talked much of his attention to her in an illness she has had, and said, ' He was quite distressed because at one time I had a nervous affection, and could not close my mouth owing to neuralgia in my jaw, and he used to say, ' Ay, my dear, it's terrible to see you. Ye'd be so much better and more *compact and precise* if ye could shut your mouth.' "

I think, my brethren (the more recent *cliché* is " dear people," isn't it ?), that those of us who accepted the ill-natured version may be a little ashamed of themselves.

(10) " Good blood," according to the French

axiom literally translated, cannot make inaccurate statements; though it really means, of course, something different—that a gentleman cannot behave in an ungentlemanly manner. Our "bad blood" is, again, rather a literal than a faithful translation of the opposite of *bon sang*; but, curiously enough, it justifies the axiom itself by reversal in both senses, for it, too, is always consistent, and it apparently has a difficulty in making *accurate* statements. Last Derby day some honourable gentleman, who had not gone to Epsom, talked about "the British aristocracy masquerading in its luxury" there. Now masquerade is an odd word for morning-coat and top-hat; the British aristocracy is an odder, for the myriads of every class, from prince to costermonger, who were enjoying themselves on the Downs; and the Derby was won by a tenant-farmer.

(11) As in *Scrap Book I.* I exercised considerable *parrhesia* about Education, I owe much thanks to more than one educational paper for

treating me very good-humouredly. In return I will testify, as a tolerably expert Robert, in favour of one complaint of "teachers" at the present time. They are perfectly right in protesting that no man or woman can *teach* a class of sixty boys, girls, or a mixture thereof, in elementary subjects at an early age. You can, as I think some one has sardonically observed, *lecture* to them; but in these conditions "lecturing" is utterly useless. Perhaps you may do something in the kind of cheap-jack fashion which some people call education.[1] But *teach* anything to sixty you cannot, except in the way in which Gideon, the son of Joash, "taught" the men of Succoth, by allotting one minute of the hour to each and caning the class all round. I do not say it would not do them good; but it would not convey direct instruction in the particular subject, and there would probably be a row about it. For such instruction *forty* is

[1] Of course by a system of "devolution" to monitors or pupil-teachers something real *might* be done; but I gather that this is not contemplated, and I don't much believe in the system.

about the limit, and pretty hard work is that. Of course *I* should say that classes of sixty ought not to be required, for the simple reason that more than half of them had better not be at school at all. But that is not the point at question ; and what you do do you should do well, and be allowed the chance of so doing it.

(12) One of the kindest, and therefore, of course, one of the most intelligent and honestest of my scholastic critics, while admitting (as no intelligent and honest schoolmaster could fail to admit) the enormous variation in the educableness of children, was sad at my " failing to see that " no State has a right " to add artificial handicaps to inevitable natural ones." But surely, if we are to use racing illustrations, this is not the right one ? Our present system of education to a great extent, and that which " educationists " avowedly wish for to a still greater, is as though we were to take every four-legged donkey in the kingdom, train him for the Derby or the Grand

National, engage Donoghues and Anthonys to ride him, provide Epsom and Doncaster winners to get him his gallops, give him

> Gold rings for his ears and gold shoes for his toes,
> And a brace of detectives wherever he goes.

Also my friend should not say that I "would have *no* ladders from the primary school to the University." On the contrary, I argued that there always have been such ladders, and quite properly so ; but that we should not use them as the dustmen do, for tipping whole schoolfuls of rubbish into the University cart. But the best of men will make mistakes in the heat of argument.

(13) The difference between the Ages of Wisdom and the Ages of Foolishness is that the former know how to let well alone and the latter don't.

(14) "The children of to-day, turning to

their elders, may say, 'Grandmamma, did you wear such a dress as that when you danced at ——'s? There was very little of it, grandmamma.'"

A foolish anticipated satire on the costumes of twentieth-century twenties, put by some banal satirist in the mouth of some future generation? Oh *dear* no! A literal extract, with the name of the dancing-room blanked to postpone identification, from one of the less-read works of Thackeray, written, for the Christmas *Quarterly* of 1854, on Leech's *Pictures of Life and Character*, but with contrasting reference to the illustrations of *Tom and Jerry* and the costumes of the twenties of the nineteenth century. *For there is nothing new under the sun: neither shall there be as long as the sun endureth.*

(15) Was it wholly wise of a distinguished Labourite to invoke the presence of Oliver Cromwell? or was it one of the results of confinement of study to "cheap primers," elsewhere

touched upon ? You see Oliver was not occupied in chopping kings' heads off *all* the time, while, of course, considering all things, the honourable gentleman could not even be thinking of that. He did once literally walk certain persons out of Parliament, and repeated the operation less cavalierly several times. And, do you know, if he began that process to-day, some who, though they do not love him, have studied his character, entertain a shrewd idea that there are few quarters of the House where an Oliverian purge would begin sooner than that the manners whereof so do delight Mr. Sidney Webb. Those of Mr. Webb's followers who are a cut above Primers might read the *Speeches* as edited by Thomas Carlyle. But oh ! what would one give for a collection of "Labour" speeches edited in the same way by the same hand.

(16) The "rare spirit of delight" has not often visited my soul, if not my body, more delightfully than when it showed me a member

of one of the Church or Anti-Church parties of to-day informing a guileless newspaper correspondent that the Prayer-book *must* be revised, because it was evidently addressed only to "a Tudor God." The vision that arose (part suggested by *La Tentation de Saint Antoine*) of a series of Prayer-books, addressed to an Anglo-Saxon God, a Mediaeval God, a Tudor God, a Stuart God, a Hanoverian God, a Victorian God, and a Catch-who-catch-can Twentieth-century one, was sublimely ridiculous. And after it there came, in the proper way, a still small voice, "Yesterday, To-day, and For Ever," the title of a not exactly brilliant work of literature, but the only temporal qualification to be coupled with the word "God."

(17) *Othello*.—By a coincidence, very shortly after the copy of this booklet was sent to the printers, I received from India an *Oriental Study of Othello*, written by Mr. Smarajit Dutt, M.A., and obtainable from the author at Taki 24,

Pirganas, Bengal. This, of course, deals more or less fully with the character of Iago :[1] I mention it here, however, from a more general point of view. Mr. Dutt thinks very badly, not merely of Iago, but of Othello and indeed of Shakespeare. He has some mercy for Desdemona, but thinks her in a way justly punished for her wickedness in disobeying her father and eloping with her husband. Now it must be understood that Mr. Dutt (with whose previous work I was not unacquainted) is neither a "rotter," like some of our own denigrators of Shakespeare, nor a merely stupid man, like others of them. He is quite serious and quite intelligent. But he is starting from premisses quite different from ours, arguing with a wholly different logic, and seeking for utterly different objects. Indeed he illustrates all this most interestingly by passages from Hindoo drama and poetry, which he prefers to Shakespeare. So that the little book supports strongly the doubt which I, in common

[1] *V. sup.* "Mr. Irving's Iago."

with many others, have always felt as to the wisdom of using English literature in the education of Orientals. Its spirit and theirs are, as the pharmacists say, "incompatible"; even in the best cases there is left a chasm of misunderstanding; in the worst its very virtues become toxic to them; and harmless, interesting, even valuable, as Mr. Dutt's book is in itself, it shows us infallibly one great cause of the present unwholesome condition of India and of Egypt.

LI. *A Chapel of the Holy Ghost.*—It sounds as if it came out of the *Morte d'Arthur*; but in these motoring days a good many people probably know what and where it is. Indeed it was from a motor that I myself last saw it, in the course of a hundred-mile drive from Surrey to Somerset, three or four years ago. But I happened to have been familiar with it for all but seventy years previously, under very different conditions, once walking in the cross direction from the Channel northwards, and scores if not

actually hundreds of times passing it by railway.

For the Chapel of the Holy Ghost is quite close to a great junction, and till a very short time ago you could see it from the platform. The first time I passed it must have been when I left my birthplace for London in 1850, probably not then paying much attention to such things. The subsequent acquaintances were brought about by the widest range of circumstance—visits to my kinsfolk ; starts on holidays in the West of England ; journeys from Oxford or London on the same errand as Jacob and Tobit Junior and "Froggy" ; honeymooning ; recovery at the refreshment-room from the effects of a first experiment on Boer tobacco ; two long, unbroken journeys from Scotland to the South in charge of invalid carriages—all sorts of conditions, grave and gay.

And yet somehow, even in the liveliest circumstances, there has always been a touch of shadow, actual or dreaded. For not only is the Chapel

of the Holy Ghost a ruin, but it has around it a large churchyard, whether at this moment I cannot tell, but certainly till not long ago, still open. And so for hundreds of years, while all other services and offices of the Church have been silent there, it has seen and heard the one that is never out of fashion—the Order for the Burial of the Dead.

THE END

Printed in Great Britain by R. & R. Clark, Limited, *Edinburgh.*